

LIFE

SECRETS OF SECRET POLICE BY THE MOST VALUABLE SOVIET AGENT EVER TO ESCAPE—AND TALK HAWAII—14 PAGES OF COLOR



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OF WORKING RED AGENT

MARCH 23, 1959 **25** CENTS

"Any corn flakes please the experts...
as long as they're
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Those who know, serve them with pride—because Post Toasties are the corn flakes that happen to be "just a little bit better." They're crisp and light, with a sweet corn flavor that's just right. Try them!



"ALL POST CEREALS HAPPEN TO BE
JUST A LITTLE BIT BETTER"



The Breakfast Foods of General Foods

B.F. Goodrich

Would you say these B.F. Goodrich truck tires have traveled 100,000...150,000...200,000 miles?

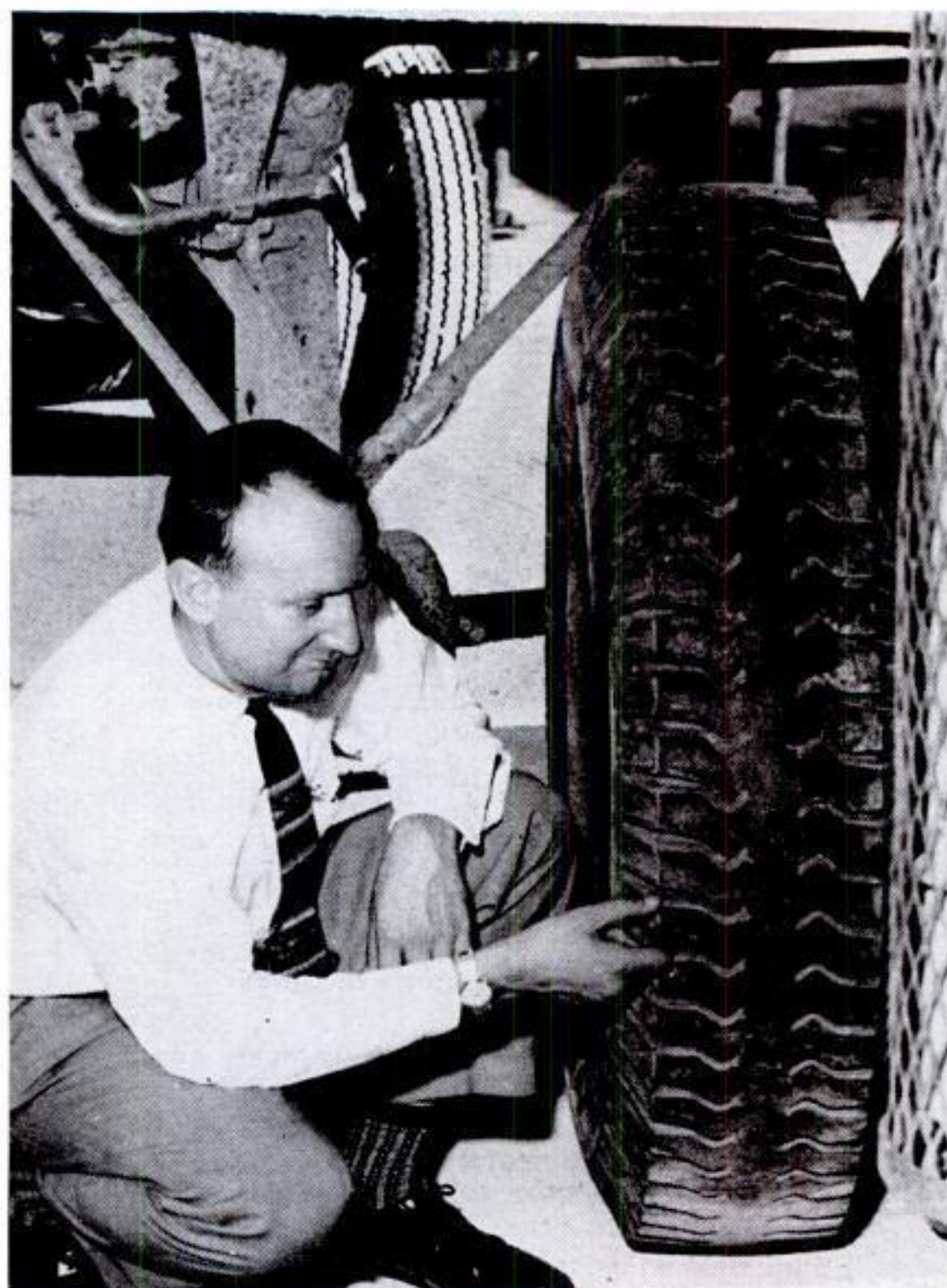
**Make your estimate
Win a
Thunderbird or
Corvette or one of
310 other prizes**

Here's all you do!

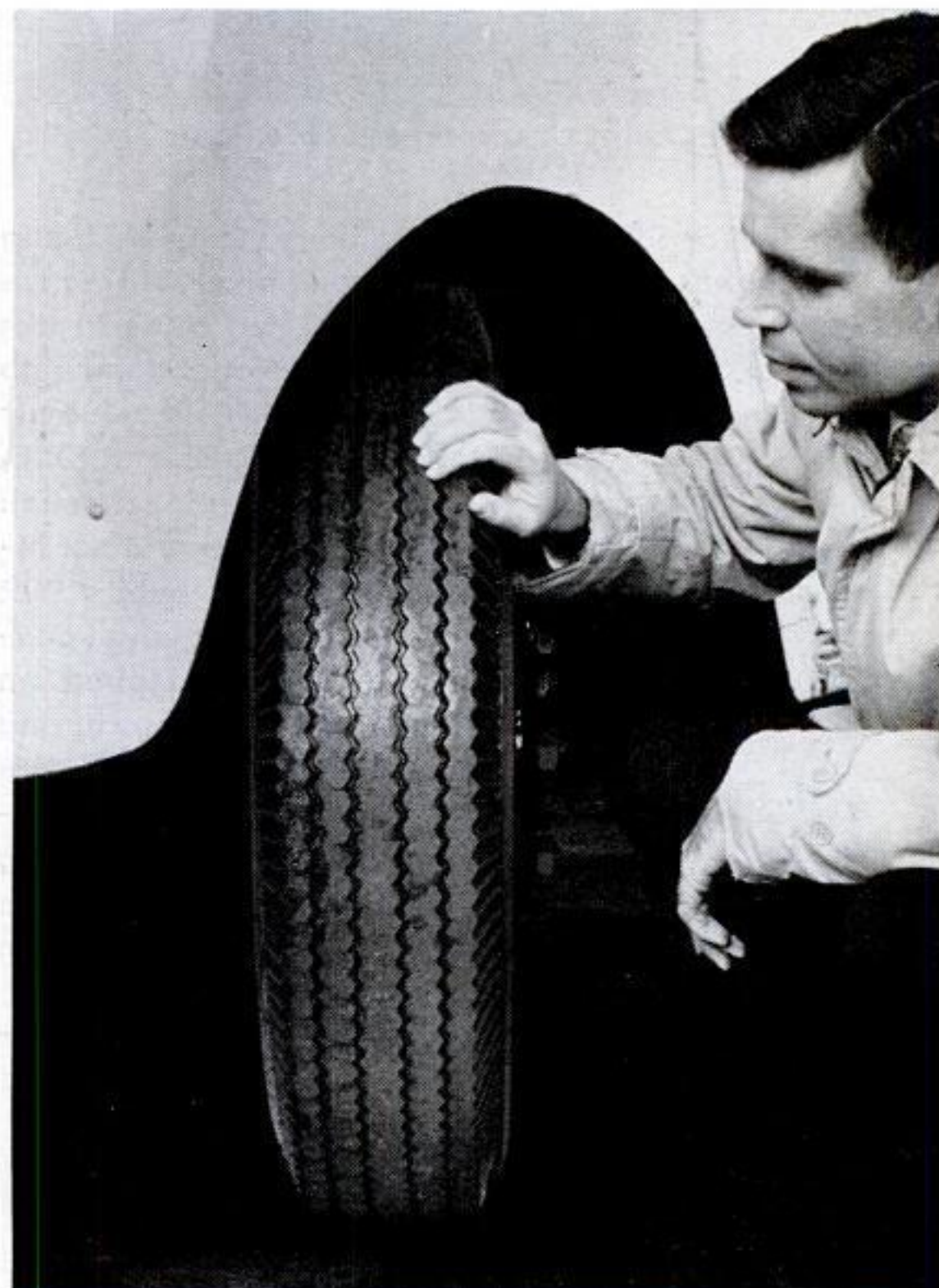
Anyone who owns a truck or is employed in a transportation activity in a company operating trucks is eligible. Visit your B.F. Goodrich Smileage dealer for entry blanks and complete details. There's nothing to write, nothing to buy. Just make an estimate of the combined mileage of these two tires.

YOU CAN WIN . . .

- 1st Prize**
Your choice of a 1959
Thunderbird or Corvette
- 2nd Through 11th Prizes**
Motorola Portable Television Sets
- 12th Through 61st Prizes**
Motorola Transistor Radios
- 62nd Through 161st Prizes**
Watch Cuff Link Sets
- 162nd Through 311th Prizes**
Cigarette Lighters



CONTEST HINT: This has been called "The 100,000-mile" tire. The user of these Traction Express tires (size 10.00-20), a large freight operator, drove these all-nylon tires ten hours a day for five days a week in all kinds of weather, on all types of roads.



CONTEST HINT: This is the original equipment tire on many new trucks. These Power Express Tubeless tires (size 8-19.5) travel almost 100 miles per day making stop-and-go deliveries. This tire wear continues seven days a week, summer and winter.

GUESS the combined mileage on the two B.F. Goodrich truck tires pictured here and you can win one of 311 prizes.

Simply add your estimate of the mileage on the Traction Express tire on the left to the estimated mileage on the Power Express Tubeless tire on the right for your entry. The closest estimate to the nearest tenth of a mile wins.

These user reports will help you make your estimate.

Consolidated Petroleum Corp., Oshkosh, Wisconsin . . . "All-Nylon Traction Express Tires rolled 165,000 miles without ever being off the wheels."

Brown's Bakery, Defiance, Ohio . . . "We obtain over 35,000 miles on the original tread of our Power Express Tubeless tires, in addition to reducing road delays caused by punctures by 20 per cent."

tion to reducing road delays caused by punctures by 20 per cent."

Chelsea Milling Co., Chelsea, Michigan . . . "B.F. Goodrich Traction Express tires roll 140,000 miles before retreading and have virtually eliminated failures and bruise-blowouts."

Your B.F. Goodrich Smileage dealer is listed under Tires in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. *B.F. Goodrich Tire Company, A Division of The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.*

**Specify B.F. Goodrich tires
when ordering new equipment**



Smileage!

This One



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PHOTOGRAPHER'S LEGACY: FRIENDS



LISA LARSEN AND VICE PRESIDENT BARKLEY ON CAMPAIGN TOUR

Lisa Larsen liked people. And because, while being thoroughly professional, she was a very attractive person the people she photographed came to like her too. During the 1950 congressional campaign Vice President Barkley (above) got to calling her his

Mona Lisa. In Russia in 1956, Khrushchev developed such admiration for her and her indefatigable work habits that he gave her a bouquet of peonies. Later she inspired an aside from Khrushchev during one of his cocky anti-Western speeches. "Don't misunderstand me," he said, eying her in his audience. "There is an American girl standing in front of me. Americans are good people."

Miss Larsen had a way of bringing out the endearing side of people—as in her portrait of Dulles (right), which she took on a yachting trip after Dulles had got soaked by a wave trying to steer into calm waters and save her from being seasick. Like all good photographers, she also had a way of being in front row center where the news was (below).

Last week Lisa Larsen died. In 10 years with LIFE she had made a brilliant name for herself and won a shelf full of photographic awards. Her colleagues on LIFE—photographers, reporters, writers, editors—share the never-flagging interest she had in people. They will try to fill in the gap, but they will sadly miss her vivacity and warmth.



UP IN FRONT TO PHOTOGRAPH PRESIDENT HARRY S. TRUMAN

COVER

Four different identity cards, all owned by one man, document the many lives led by Soviet Intelligence Agent Deriabin, alias Korobov, alias Smirnov. Top card permitted Korobov to enter HQ of Commission for Soviet Property in Austria. Second from top did same thing for Smirnov. Third let Deriabin enter Vienna's Imperial and Grand Hotels. Last is Deriabin's official identity card from Soviet consulate. Photographs have been retouched slightly to disguise Deriabin's present appearance (see pp. 110-126)

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- 12, 13—RAY SOLOWINSKI
- 22, 23—LT. RALPH MORSE
- 24, 25—LEONARD MCCOMBE
- 26, 27—LT. CARL IWASAKI; RT. THOMAS MCAVOY—ALBERT FENN—A. Y. OWEN
- 28, 29—LT. CARL IWASAKI—DON CRAVENS FROM B.S.—CARL IWASAKI; RT. PAUL SCHUTZER (2)
- 30, 31—LT. U.P.I.; ROMA'S PRESS PHOTO—LONDON DAILY EXPRESS, WASHINGTON STAR, ROBERT LACKENBACH
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- 38—JAMES BURKE—LARRY BURROWS
- 38B—MAP BY TONY SODARO
- 43—ALLAN GRANT EXC. BOT. © 1959 MON-ARCH MUSIC COMPANY, INC.
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- 49—ROBERT PHILLIPS
- 50 THROUGH 54—RENE BURRI FROM MAGNUM
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- 80, 81—PETER STACKPOLE
- 82—PETER STACKPOLE EXC. GEN. JOHN WEATHERILL A.R.P.S. FOR BERMUDA NEWS BUREAU
- 85—JOE CLARK EXC. BOT. RICHARD SAUNDERS
- 89, 90—WALLACE LITWIN
- 94A, 94B, 95—LEIGH WIENER
- 96—U.P.I.—LOS ANGELES TIMES—LEIGH WIENER
- 101—ROBERT W. KELLEY
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- 110, 111—ILLUSTRATION BY HARVEY SCHMIDT, HERBERT ORTH
- 112—ERICH LESSING FROM MAGNUM
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- 119—WERNER WUNSCH, U.P.I.
- 122—RALPH CRANE
- 126—ERICH LESSING FROM MAGNUM
- 129, 130—STAN WAYMAN
- 132—PHIL STERN FROM ZINN ARTHUR-TOPIX

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LATEST FINDINGS AGAIN SHOW CORN OIL IMPORTANT TO HEALTH

Continued on page 2, column 3 a little closer to the sun and

Diet Cuts Blood Fat In Anti-Coronary Club

A diet of ordinary foods, liberally laced with corn oil, has been successful in reducing the amount of cholesterol in the blood of members of the city-run Anti-Coronary Club, it was announced yesterday.

Cholesterol, a fatty substance, found in many foods but also manufactured by the body, has been incriminated in the formation of fatty scales on the inner linings of arteries feeding blood to the heart muscle.

The theory behind the diet is based on the experimental data that certain kinds of fats tend to make blood cholesterol rise, while others make it go down. The blood cholesterol-lowering fat is called polyunsaturated; the other saturated—both in chemists' terms.

For the layman, the polyunsaturated fats are mostly those found in plant oils which are liquid at room temperature. The others are animal fats and are solid. Fish oils are also unsat-

An excerpt from one of the many recent reports appearing in leading newspapers.

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Every well-balanced diet includes carbohydrates, proteins and fats, along with adequate amounts of vitamins and minerals. Many nutritionists now suggest that one-third to one-half of the fat we eat should be the unsaturated ("L-plus"—rich) vegetable oil-type, particularly when cholesterol control is a problem.

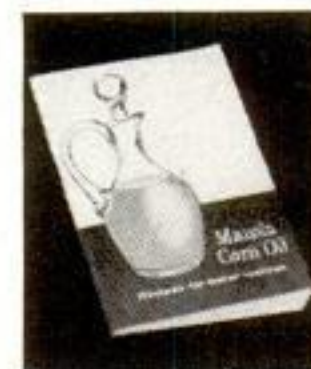
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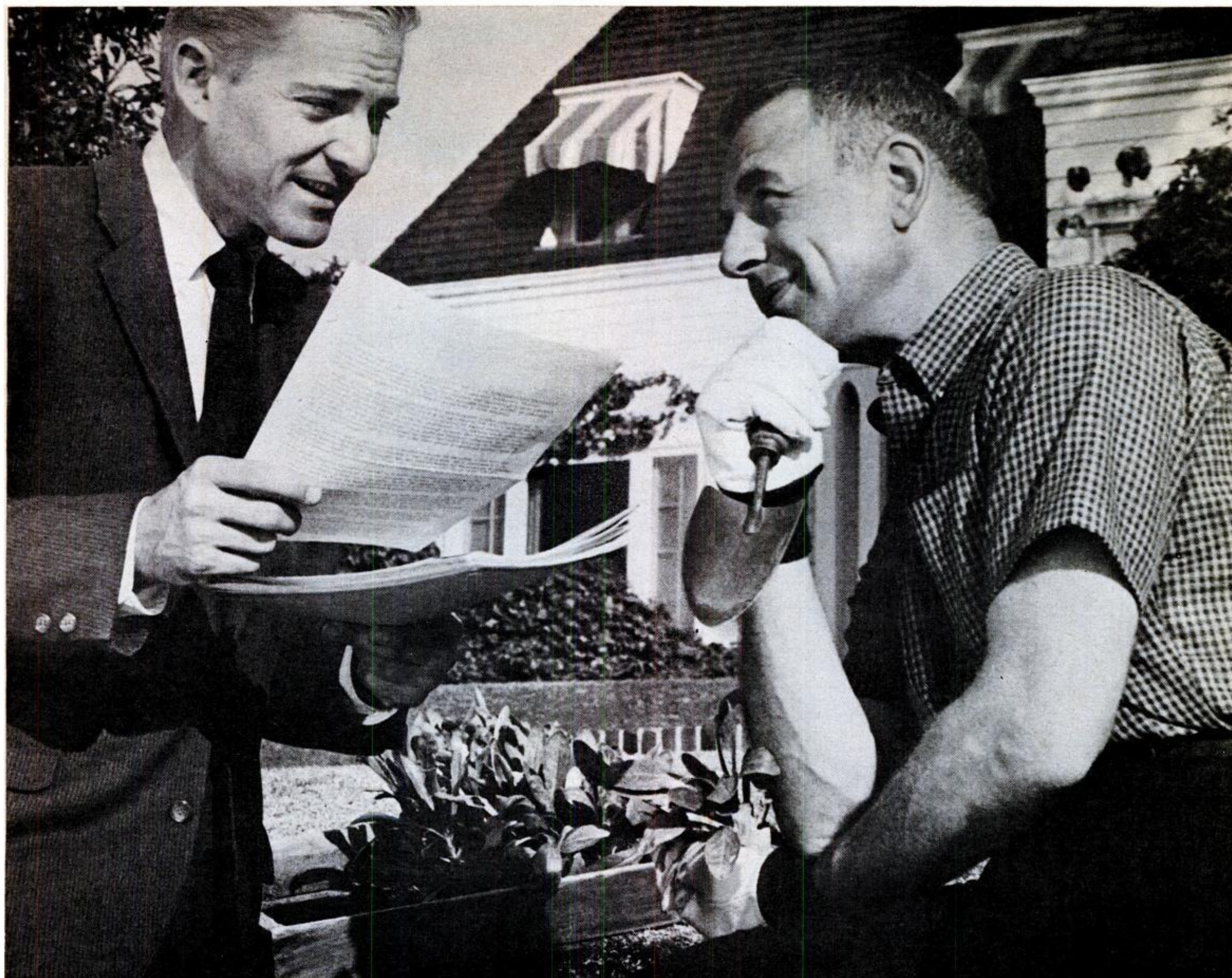
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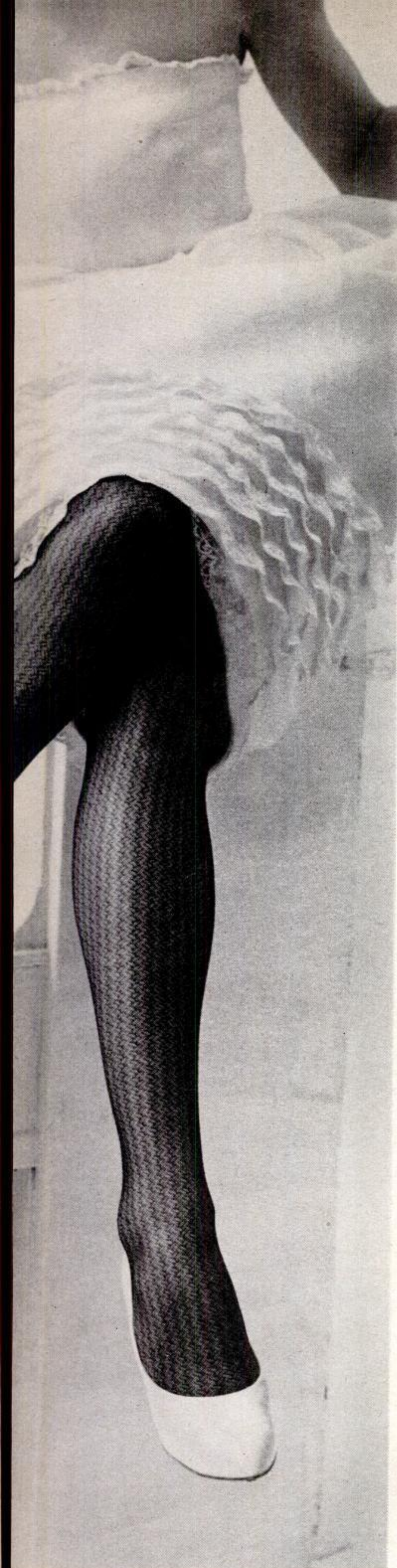


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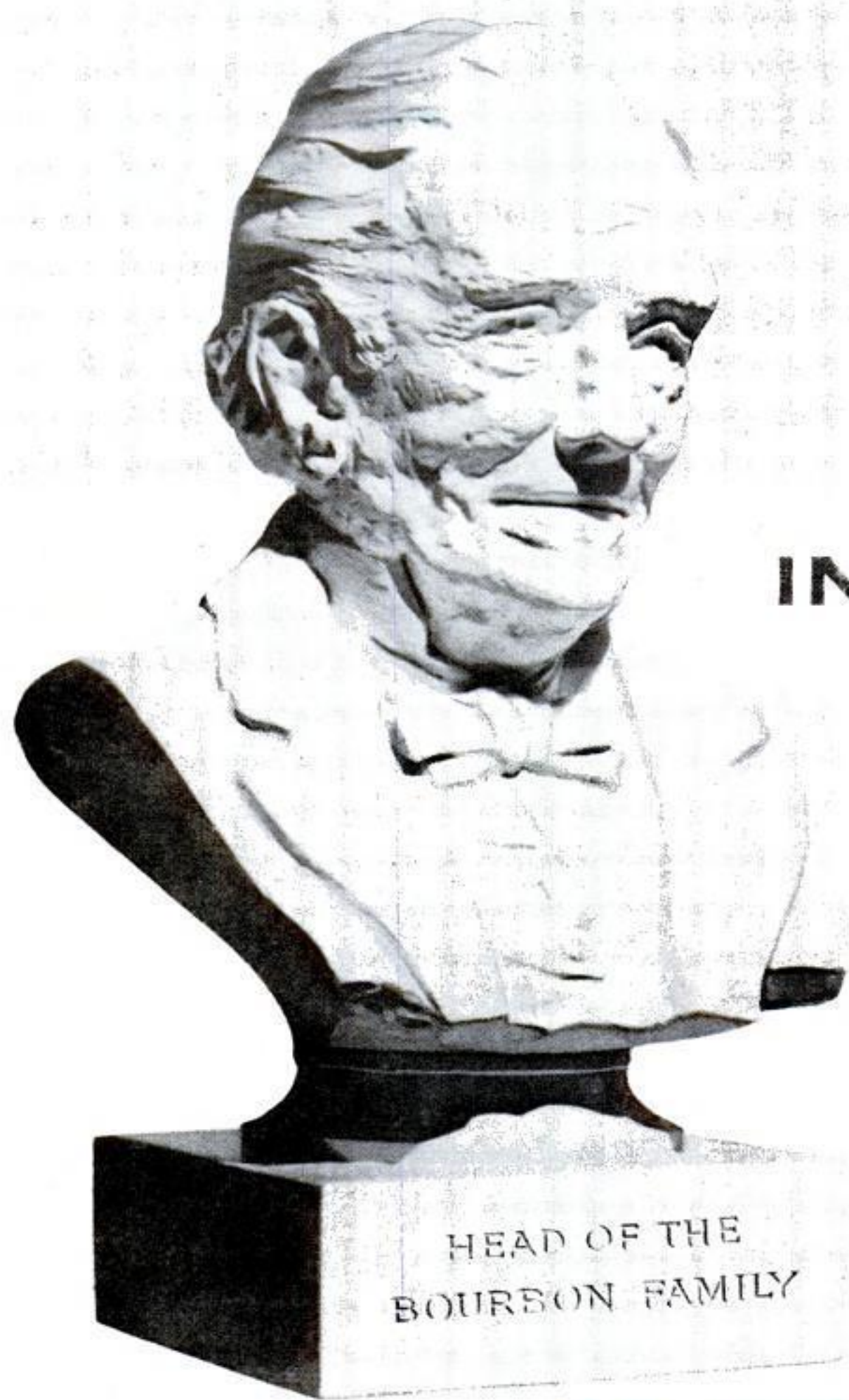
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PAISLEY PRINT STOCKINGS, MOST STARTLING OF ALL NEW PATTERNS, MAKE A WITNESS STAND DEBUT

By time-honored news photographer tradition there are certain moments in a girl's life when her legs become her most valuable asset—when she takes the witness stand, makes a transatlantic sailing or perches on a piano. Photographer Ray Solowinski chose these classic cross-legged situations to illustrate the newest wrinkle in stocking styles, hosiery made in lace, tweed and paisley patterns. These printed or textured stockings, made by Phoenix, are selling at such a clip at \$4 a pair that they must appeal to women who lack such camera-catching excuses for displaying their legs but who want them just to be eyecatching.

A great
moment in Kentucky
bourbon history
is here!



INTRODUCING

*Lighter, milder
86 proof*

OLD GRAND



Now, from the fabled Old Grand-Dad distillery, comes an 86 proof straight Kentucky bourbon—a perfect balance between rich flavor and subtle mildness. Old Grand-Dad 86 is exactly the same whiskey—from the same barrels—as our famous 100 proof bonded bourbon. The *only* difference is the more gentle proof. That is why—smooth, mild, and gentle—it is so rich in flavor, so appetizing in aroma, so rewarding in satisfaction. Try Old Grand-Dad 86. It will be a revelation to you! *The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company, Frankfort, Ky.*



DAD

“Head of the Bourbon Family”



Old Grand-Dad bottled in bond will always be available for the millions who prefer it over all other bourbons.



Will the stove you're using make any pan automatic?

1959 General Electric Ranges with new automatic unit let you cook without watching—without scorching!

It's automatic! Dial the temperature you want—you need not go back to turn it up or down. It's maintained automatically.

It's clean and safe! No open flames to smudge pan bottoms! No-stain oven vent keeps walls clean. No worry about drafts blowing out pilot light or low flame. Units are self-cleaning, too!

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It's dependable! G-E quality—and prompt, courteous service by G-E-trained service men with G-E parts always on hand—assure lasting satisfaction!

(*National average for eight hours of cooking.)



Model J-308. About \$3.00 per week, after small down payment.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



Can you cook meals while you're out—or if you have an oven timer, is it too complicated? New G-E Oven Timer is easy to set as a clock! Set top dial for "on"; bottom dial for "off."



Can you cook enough franks or pancakes for a crowd all at the same time? Big G-E griddle maintains any temperature you set—yet needs no wires or plugs! Wash it at the sink.



Can you barbecue indoors? This family-size rotisserie barbecues with speed and ease right in the porcelain oven! Meats are self-basted—evenly browned—juicy and delicious!



Can you lift off the oven door at cleaning time to reach every part easily? Every G-E Range—both in 30- and 40-inch models—has lift-off oven doors; bake units lift up; broiler units pull out.

Your old stove will make a good down payment on a new G-E Range!

PRICES START AT

\$149⁰⁰*

*Factory recommended price for Model J-299 (not shown)

About \$2.00 a week after small down payment. In Hawaii freight and handling extra.

Range Dept., General Electric Co., Louisville 1, Ky.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

INNOCENTS AFLOAT

Sirs:

I enjoyed "Innocent Landlubbers in a Piratical Fiasco" (LIFE, March 2) enormously. A very funny and very adroitly written story.

PETER DE VRIES

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

After 20 minutes of uncontrolled laughter, I decided I just had to write and say it's the most hilarious article I've ever had the pleasure of reading.

CLARK D. LEWIS JR.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

As oftentimes skipper and sailor on the *Serene*, I enjoyed the story immensely.

Schmitz messed us up too. The *Serene* had been chartered by five of us from both sides of the Atlantic for our annual Labor Day cruise in 1957. As captain of the group, can you imagine spending a weekend dealing with a mutinous crew in a landlocked hotel room (below)? We could have strung Schmitz from the yardarm by Monday evening.

By the way, where is the *Serene* now?

FORD KING

Norwalk, Conn.



LANDLOCKED SAILORS

Sirs:

Your fascinating tale of the *Serene* filled me with nostalgia. I was in the Canary Islands when the *Serene* sailed in and the Spanish authorities arrested "Joseph Schmitz." I saw him every day sitting on the yacht with an armed guard watching him until they could decide what to do with him. An American friend of mine, Lars O. Roedahl, bought the yacht from the insurance company and he left the Canaries on Oct. 4, 1958 alone and arrived in the Barbados 29 days later. He picked up a companion there and sailed on to Beaumont, Texas.

CHARLOTTE BALDWIN

Washington, D.C.

FABULOUS SHEIKDOM

Sirs:

In times of international tension nothing could be more comforting than to observe means of communication bringing the peoples of various sections of this troubled world to a better understanding of each other. The article "Kuwait: The Fabulous Sheikdom" (LIFE, March 2) is an excellent visible image on these lines.

This article represents an attitude of objectivity and accuracy which will make it appreciated not only within the United States but also in Kuwait, Iraq and the United Arab Republic.

FOUAD K. HUSSEIN

New York, N.Y.

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Sirs:

My compliments on an excellent story. As one who visited the area frequently during the early days of World War II, it is most interesting to see changes that have been made in Kuwait. My own recollections are of an area of abject poverty where the rulers had what they needed and the vast population had nothing they needed.

The scenes of the silvery metal oil tanks, the highly mechanized docks and the ships themselves are quite a contrast to the desert desolation, poor docking facilities, the small native dhows of some 17 years ago. It is encouraging to read of the beginnings of schools and hospitals and better housing.

THOMAS J. RUCKER

Falls Church, Va.

EDITORIALS

Sirs:

Your editorial "Wheels on Campus" (LIFE, March 2) is illuminating. It seems to me, however, that your reasoning may be backwards. You appear to argue that car ownership causes poor grades and thus to place the blame on "permissive" parents. Quite the opposite may be true. Poor grades, poor study habits and intellectual apathy may be responsible for car ownership. The A student may not "need" a car since he may derive his sense of security from academic proficiency, whereas the weak and failing students may "need" the car to provide them with a sense of security and to serve as a prestige symbol. The vice of parents may not be indulgence but a failure to inculcate a respect for intellectual achievement.

WARREN G. FRENCH

Gainesville, Fla.

Sirs:

I am with you one hundred percent when you say organized crime is nothing but an intolerable rottenness ("Where Terror Reigns," LIFE, March 2).

But before we cast any aspersions on the cowering American public—which lives "conditioned by a prosperity, expense-account, tax-dodging psychology"—let's be damned sure we have the right to.

In all probability I will never be obliged to stand up before the McClellan committee as a witness against someone like Rocco Pranno or Jimmy Hoffa, though I would certainly enjoy doing so. But before I do so, and take the risk of getting knocked off, I want to be sure that those I testify against are not going to be able to strut pompously out of a courtroom with at most a five-to-ten-year sentence. My life is worth much more to me than that.

Get some legislation—some stiff, effective, enforceable legislation—and you will not only see the American people rise up and fight back; you will see who's really running the country.

HOWARD WILSON

Oak Park, Ill.

Sirs:

It is high time the law decided to be as tough and merciless to criminals as the criminals themselves are to the citizens on whom they prey. Then, and not a bit sooner, will crime be on the decline.

MAXWELL AINSWORTH

Huntington, W. Va.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

Sirs:

I saw the pictures of Bobo ("Sights through Peephole," LIFE, March 2) and thought you might be interested in my dog Roxie's porthole which I insisted was regulation for a dog living beside the water.



ROXIE AT PORTHOLE

Because she has a salty disposition I close the porthole when unfriendly sailors, mainly dachshunds, are visiting next door.

MRS. LEON KERCHER

San Diego, Calif.

CYPRUS

Sirs:

After reading "For Cyprus and NATO, Big Step Ahead" (LIFE, March 2), I decided to point out to you

what I consider a major mistake. Unless there has been a revolution in Turkey during the last week of which I know nothing, Adnan Menderes is the premier and not the president of the Turkish nation.

R. DRAKE MOODY

Los Angeles, Calif.

● Menderes has been Turkish premier since 1950. Celal Bayar has been president since 1950.—ED.

MISCELLANY

Sirs:

The statement that "For no reason at all, college students work their way into unlikely places and positions to do their studying" must be modified ("The Seat of Higher Learning," LIFE, March 2). Usually a very logical reason can be found.

Medical literature is famous for being an infallible sedative. Perhaps the medical students at the University of California found the cramped positions helpful in keeping them awake. Dr. Albert Schweitzer has even written how he used to soak his feet in a tub of cold water to keep awake.

Enclosed is a picture of a method I finally devised to fight off the dregs of somnolence while in the throes of medical learning. Testimony for its effectiveness lies in my degree.

JAMES S. BENEDICT, M.D.

Des Moines, Iowa

A SUPERB SURVIVOR OF VIRTUOSOS

Sirs:

There are many LIFE reports of significance and value that I have enjoyed and marveled at. I thought your article on the prodigious pianist Artur Schnabel's present success and reminiscing most illuminating as to the talent and foibles of this great artist ("A Superb Survivor of the Virtuosos," LIFE, March 2).

L. BARTOLOME

W. Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

The finesse and admirable delicacy of your choice of words to describe virtuoso Rubinstein's incomparable technique ("pounded the piano for two hours") calls to mind great virtuosity in other fields of art; for example, Michelangelo's hacking out his Moses, Shaw's scribbling *Pygmalion*, and Rodgers and Hammerstein's knocking out *Oklahoma!*

ELMER SCHLAGETER

Englewood, Colo.

● "Pounding" was Rubinstein's own description.—ED.

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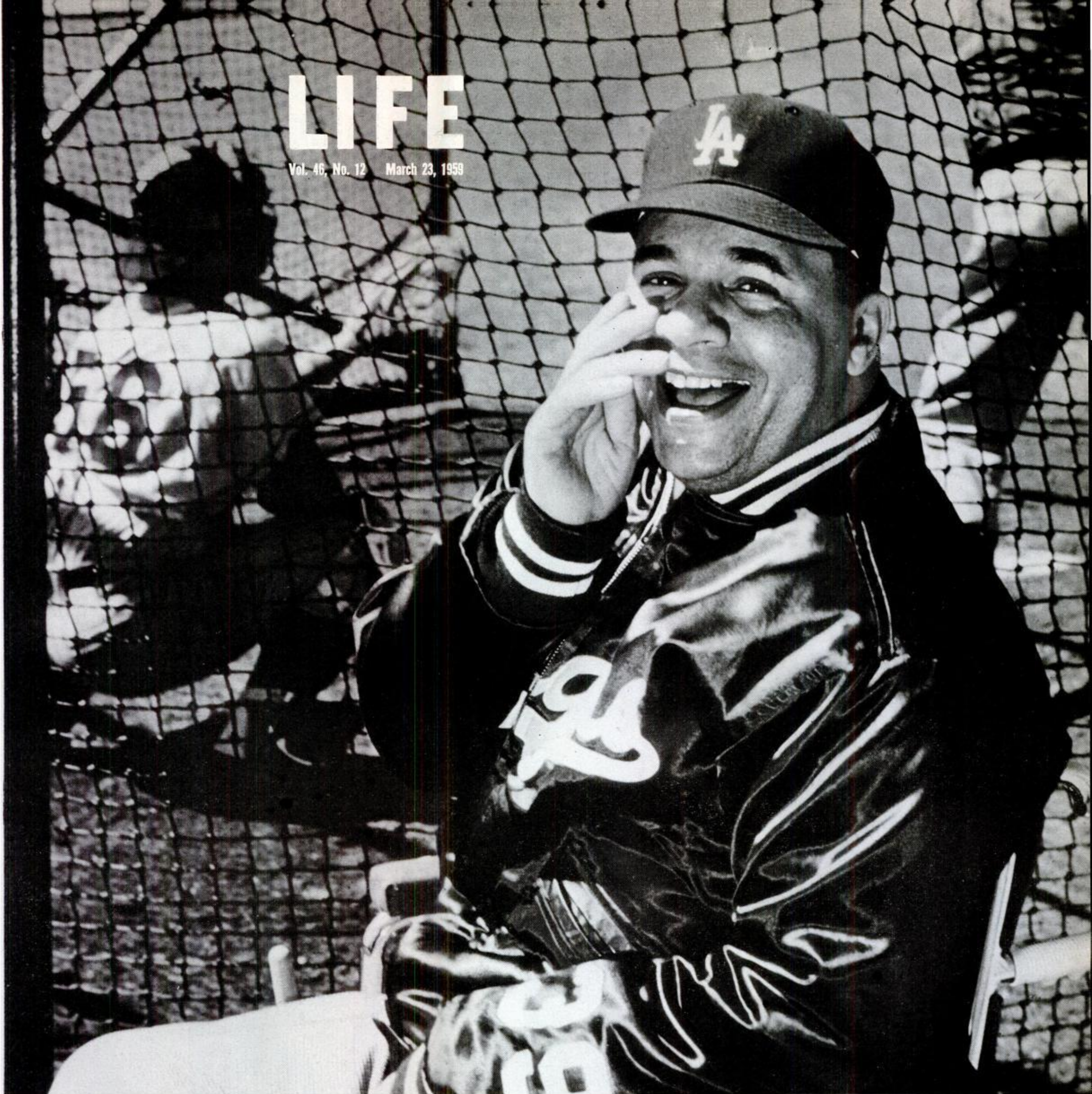
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LIFE

Vol. 46, No. 12 March 23, 1959



BEHIND THE BATTING CAGE ROY CAMPANELLA RAISES HIS PARALYZED HAND TO CUP HIS MOUTH AND CALL ADVICE TO THE DODGER ROOKIES AT VERO BEACH

AND IT'S SPRING AGAIN THAT HOLLER GUY, HE'S BACK

The round big man sat in the sun and told some stories and spoke some professional wisdom and suddenly it was spring in the country. Far and wide sweet shoots of life broke through the softening earth. Baseball had started again, and Americans were taking off their coats, rolling up their sleeves and savoring the taste of hot dogs in their minds. At Vero Beach, Fla.

Roy Campanella, the holler guy, sat and talked.

The man, who could not move from the chest down, sat beside the batting cage, watching the white balls sweep like arching birds out into the green pastures. Some pictures were taken. Old friends held his shoulder. It was an event that could not be compared to Berlin, or Space or Missiles, but it was important,

because one man, one member of the human race, had learned the secret of rebirth.

The man, round and big, tipped back his head and laughed. He laughed because he was alive. He laughed because he had overcome great adversity—physical hurt and the sorrow of a family trouble. He laughed because, after long suffering, he had come home again.

Photographed for LIFE by ROBERT W. KELLEY

HAPPY REUNION WITH OLD SIGHTS AND OLD FRIENDS—



KEEPING HIS LEGS ALIVE, Campanella continues paraplegic's routine in the Dodger infirmary, strapped in an upright position for an hour each day. The tilt board enables him to put weight on leg bones and helps prevent decalcification.



WITH WILLING HELP, after practice, Coach Campanella is pushed across the field by his attendants who came to Vero Beach with him from New York. Catcher John Roseboro (right), Campy's special charge, accompanies them to clubhouse.

AND IN NEW JOB

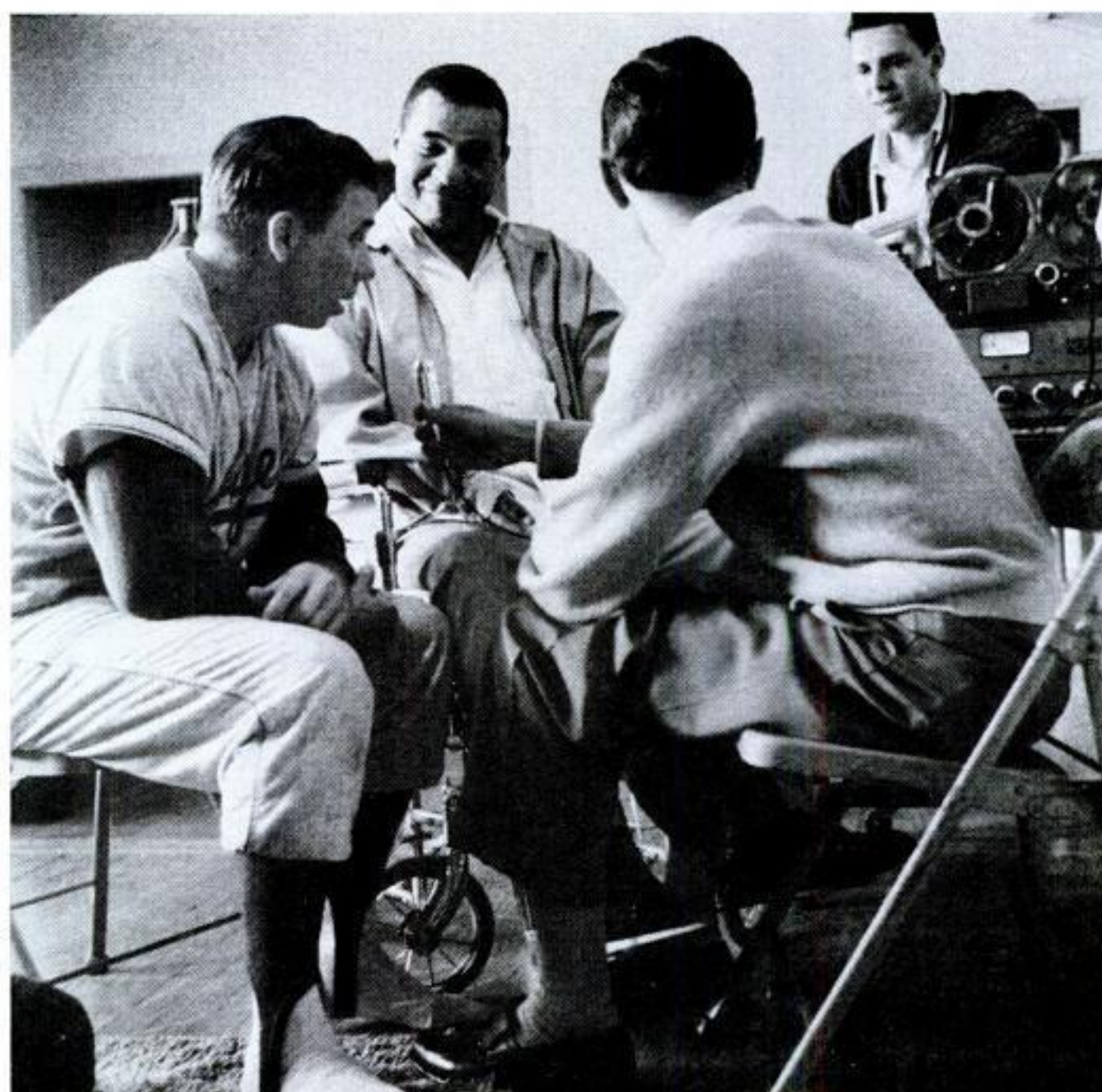


CAMPY'S BULL DEN



← **HOME WITH THE TEAM**, kibitzing behind the batting cage, Campy is surrounded by Gil Hodges, (right), Rip Repulski (20) and Larry Sherry (51).

AT THE OLD STAND, Campanella sits under sign in favorite corner where for years he habitually held court in players' daily post-practice bull sessions.



MAKING A NEW CAREER, Campanella interviews ex-teammate and now Los Angeles Coach Pee Wee Reese as Sportscaster Chris Schenkel holds mike. Campy's daily radio program, which he started in hospital, is now syndicated feature.

← **TUTORING A SUCCESSOR**, Campanella watches Roseboro take a high throw. He told Roseboro and reserve catcher Joe Pignatano, beside him, that in order to call signals effectively they must memorize the pet tactics of rival managers.

'BEING BACK—IT ALMOST MAKES YOU FORGET...'

"I just want to shake your hand." "Good luck, Campy." "God bless you, Roy." Wherever Roy Campanella appeared at the Dodger ballpark, driving his battery-powered wheelchair over the grass and the cement walks, a swarm of well-wishers, young and old, descended on him. "Thank you," he kept saying, "thank you so much." When 13-year-old Billy McCall asked him to sign his baseball (right), Campy

had to tell him no, he couldn't work a pen anymore. "Then would you just hold it a minute?" Billy asked. And Campy took it and held it and made it, at least for one small boy, something more than just a scuffed, dirty baseball.

Another boy, far to the north in New York City, was consuming Campanella's thoughts. His 15-year-old son David (he is a stepson, adopted by Campy) was in trouble with the law. He had been put on probation for two offenses: street fighting and breaking into a Flushing drugstore. To Cam-



DAVID CAMPANELLA

panella, a battler against juvenile delinquency, this hurt deeply. But like any father, he was not giving up on his son. "I tell you the boy's not bad," Campy said. "He never stole anything. I talked to him. I said, 'Listen, son, we're all alone, just you and me, you can tell me the truth,' and he said, 'Honest, Dad, I just broke the window and ran.' And I believe him."

At Vero Campy could forget for a while his family problems. With the crack of bat meeting ball or the clatter of spikes on dugout steps, Campy's solid, resolute features took on their old radiance. Whether tutoring John Roseboro in the art of catching or dropping helpful hints to rookies, he was proving himself an astute and valuable coach. To "Teacup" Wheeler, a rookie pitcher who had just taken a shellacking, Campanella offered this advice: "Teacup, I could talk to you two days and make you into a 25-game winner. Man, with your arm and my head! Teacup, you're gripping the ball too hard out there, gritting your teeth, trying to blow it in. It's not how hard you throw, boy, it's where the ball goes." From Campy's smile it was clear that his return to baseball suited him fine. "Being back here with the boys," he said, "it almost makes you forget what's happened."

ASKED FOR AUTOGRAPH by Billy McCall, Roy admitted he could no longer work pen. Would he just hold it, then? Billy asked, and Campy obliged.







SINGING HAWAIIAN leads an excited crowd of celebrators in *America* during a night parade on Waikiki's Kalakaua Avenue. The flag behind him has 50 stars.

DANCING WAHINE sways through a Hawaiian number for 30,000 spectators assembled in Honolulu Stadium for a special show to celebrate new statehood. →

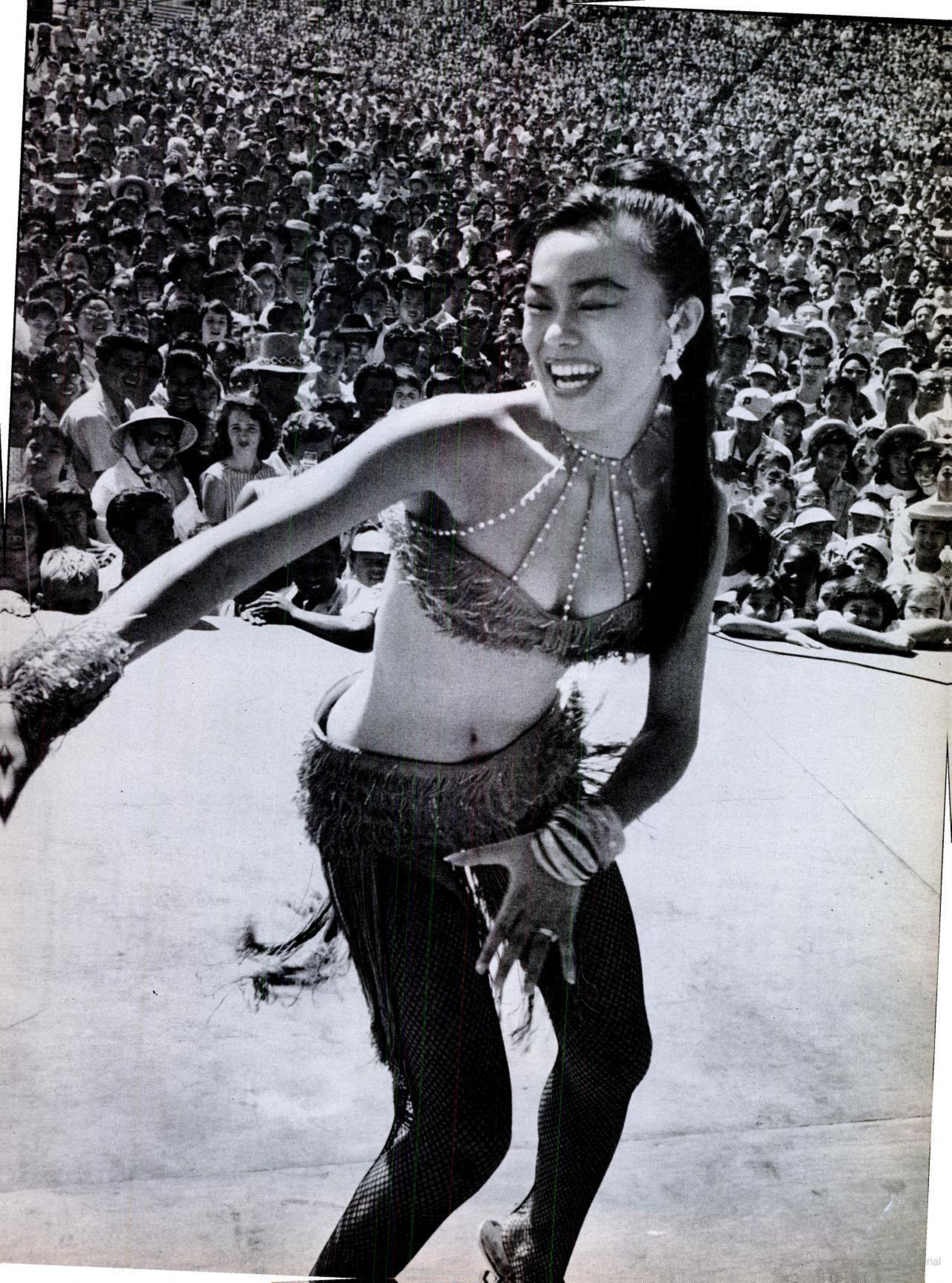
HOOPLA IN THE LAND OF THE HULA

The fiery exultation of a Hawaiian boy leading a night rally under his new flag, and the seductive shake of an island dancer's hips last week told the story of Hawaii's greatest day. After years of trying, the territory had at last won statehood—and Hawaiians poured the high spirits they usually lavish on visiting tourists into their own celebration. Bright orchid leis and fluttering confetti whirled in the air. Bells tolled. Youngsters, freed from school for a two-day holiday, gyrated through the streets to hula rhythms and the blare of Hawaiian Dixieland jazz.

The victory came suddenly. Though it was expected to arrive during

this session of Congress, past experience indicated a fight from southern lawmakers who many times before have blocked Hawaiian statehood. This time the bill was rammed through both the Senate and the House and President Eisenhower announced he would sign it—all in just four days.

Now, to confirm their statehood, Hawaiians must in the next few months approve their new position in a referendum and elect a new governor, two U.S. senators and a representative. The new island statesmen have other problems. Already there is a big controversy over whether Hawaii will be known as the Pineapple, the Sugar or the *Aloha* State.





\$330,268

WHEAT STORER Floyd Slattery, standing in his granary, manages Campbell Farming Corporation of

Hardin, Mont., the nation's biggest wheat farm. The loan of \$330,268 Campbell got was the biggest wheat

crop loan given by the Commodity Credit Corporation in 1957. If Campbell can sell the wheat by

ON THE FARM PROGRAM GRAVY TRAIN,

Arguments over subsidies grow sharper as enormous loans show that not all the

The farm subsidy program, which has persisted in varied forms for 26 years, makes sense to few, if any, economists. It is defended in various ways: as a means for keeping alive an agricultural potential we may need in times of crisis, as a means for helping the farmers meet rising costs and as a means for maintaining a supposedly desirable way of life. But the most prejudiced subsidy partisans never say: we must help the rich get richer.

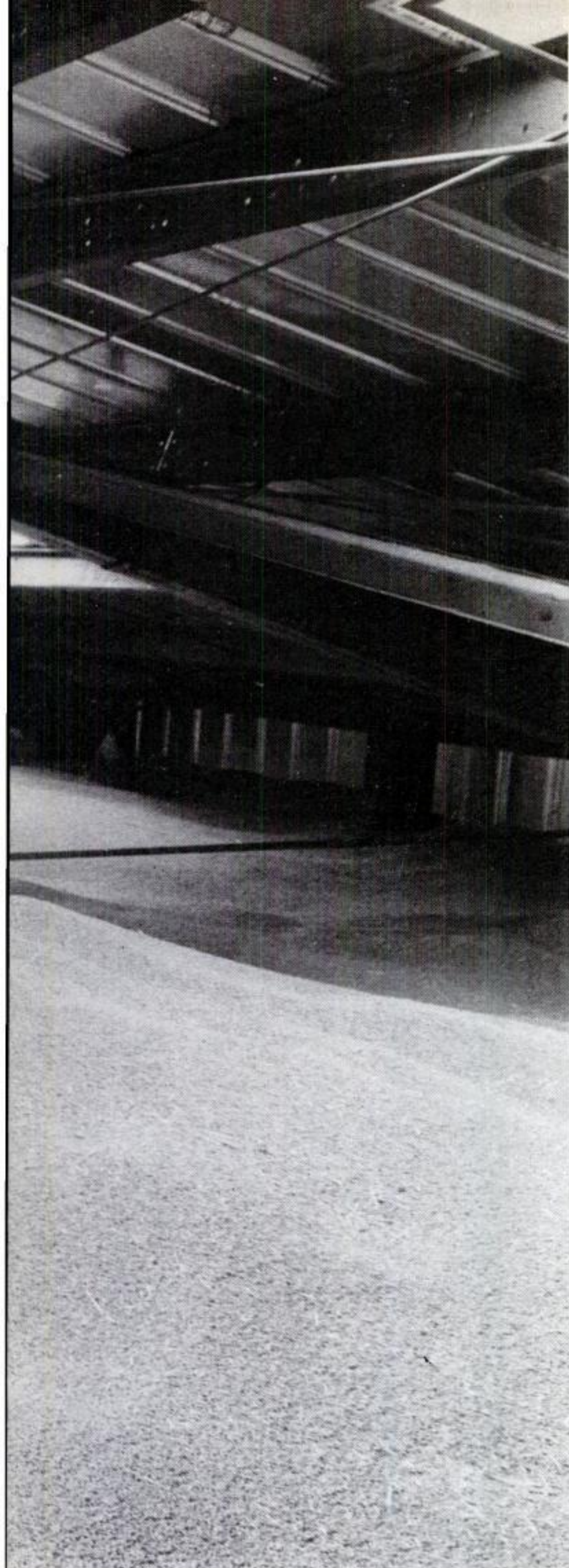
Now the spotlight has suddenly turned on men like those shown in these pictures. They operate the country's biggest and wealthiest

farms and in 1957 alone, it was revealed in the U.S. Senate, each of them received from the U.S. government a loan for his farm in the amount printed on his photograph.

The loans, in final effect, were subsidies. The loans were calculated on the price-supported value (*see glossary, p. 29*) of the big farmers' crops. If they, or any other growers, can sell their crops in the open market for more than the loans, they repay the loans with interest. If not, the farmers keep the loans and forfeit their crops to the government. The fact that they can always turn their crops over to the

U.S. at a good price virtually insures growers against loss. And since the government price is based roughly on what the small, relatively inefficient farmer needs to break even, the program yields its handsomest profits to the more efficient, lower-cost big producer.

Subsidizing farmers in this way has cost the U.S. public more than \$18 billion over the 26 years. The annual outlay has risen from \$1.25 billion in the last year of the Truman administration to \$5.4 billion this year. The price supports have encouraged fantastic overproduction in a farm industry that has



\$1,167,502

COTTON GIANT, Minor Gray is the acting president of the British-owned Delta and Pine Land Company of Scott, Miss., which got biggest single 1957 Commodity Credit Corporation loan on any crop.

Delta and Pine was able to sell all its 7,919 bales on the open market and repaid its loan with interest. Two times in last 9 years Delta and Pine did not repay loans, including a \$781,274 loan in 1955.



\$161,330

CORN GROWER Richard Gumz, who runs diversified 4,000-acre farm in Starke County, Ill., got his loan against corn produced on 999 acres. He forfeited on the loan, turned his corn crop over to the

government. Official corn price supports are lower this year and Gumz may double his corn acreage in order to keep his income up—and thus add even more to surplus. "What else can I do?" Gumz asks.

March 31, it repays loan with 3½% interest. If not, it turns crop over to CCC which will have to store it.

BIG RIDERS

"poor farmers" are poor

leaped forward spectacularly in productivity.

The farm surpluses which the government now owns are worth over \$9 billion. It costs \$1 billion a year just to keep them. This year's crops will add greatly to the glut.

Incredibly, this enormous expenditure has subsidized only a fifth of the U.S. farm economy, chiefly the storeable crops of wheat, corn and cotton. This fifth not only milks the taxpayers (90% nonagricultural), but also damages U.S. foreign policy. The government tries to sell its surpluses cheaply abroad, which leads to angry cries against American "dumping."



\$316,362

RICE PLANTER, Richard Tuck (left) runs George Smith and Tenants farm near DeWitt, Ark., which grew 175,000 bushels of rice in 1957. He kept loan, let U.S. have rice, Tuck says. "We couldn't do

without price supports. Suppose you and I go out to buy something. We offer \$100 and the man says, 'Hell, I can sell to the government for \$110.' He's got something to fall back on and that's important."

COTTON MEN WHO GET BIG LOANS



TOPS IN ARIZONA as far as 1957 loan goes, brothers Kenneth (left) and Marvin Morrison stand by

long rows of bales of cotton they grew near Phoenix. They disposed of almost 90% on free market.



TOPS IN ARKANSAS in size of 1957 cotton loan received, C. T. Adams is partner in J. G. Adams and

Son of Hughes, Ark. He sold 90% of his crop on the free market, left remainder to the government.



IMPORTANT IN ARIZONA with state's third highest 1957 cotton loan is J. G. Neely, who adjusts irri-

gation pipes near Phoenix. Neely, too, followed pattern of successfully marketing some 90% of crop.

RIISING SURPLUSES



SENATOR WILLIAMS

The man who gave the public the names of the big farm-payment recipients shown on these and the preceding pages is Senator John Williams, the Republican from Delaware. "The big guy can take care of himself. . . . We must protect the family-sized farm," says Williams.

He endorses the plans of Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson.

In principle, Benson wants a free farm economy where the nation's farmers can grow whatever they want and get little or no government help. But he knows that this free-enterprise approach has been politically impossible.



AND RIVAL PLANS TO HOLD THEM DOWN

Benson has therefore tried to beat a gradual path toward his goal. He has sought and partly gotten from the Congress the power to lower support prices, yet he has not always dropped support prices as low as he could. He has fought against farm production controls, the acreage allotments left over from the New Deal-Fair Deal whereby farmers are told how much they can plant to a supported crop. Last November Benson ran a plebiscite by the corn growers. They voted to end acreage allotments even though this brings lower supports.

Benson's critics declare that his policy is mixed up. They say that chopping production controls while keeping some price supports will encourage the corn farmers this year to the greatest overproduction in the nation's history—which Benson denies.

The Democratic party answer to Benson,

now being worked out under the leadership of Senators Herman Talmadge of Georgia and Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, relies heavily on production planning. It would assign a production quota to each farmer who grows price-supported commodities. Direct subsidy would be paid to give the farmers the parity price (*glossary at right*) on the part of the crop sold in the U.S. This would be done only for the small farmer, not the big one: the Democrats would limit any one farmer's subsidy to \$12,500 or at the most \$25,000.

The Democratic senators claim that their farm program would cost the taxpayer no more than \$2 billion a year. Secretary Benson insists that it would be at least twice as expensive as his program. But all parties to the argument agree that the wasteful U.S. farm scandal cannot be allowed to go on much longer.

FARM PROGRAM GLOSSARY

PARITY is price government sets on a crop to give farmer as much purchasing power as same crop would have given in 1909-1914.

PRICE SUPPORTS are payments guaranteed by government to farmer to assure him of fair return. Flexible supports now in effect guarantee 57%-90% of parity.

BASIC CROPS get price support by law because they are deemed essential to region where they are grown. They are wheat, corn, cotton, rice, tobacco and peanuts.

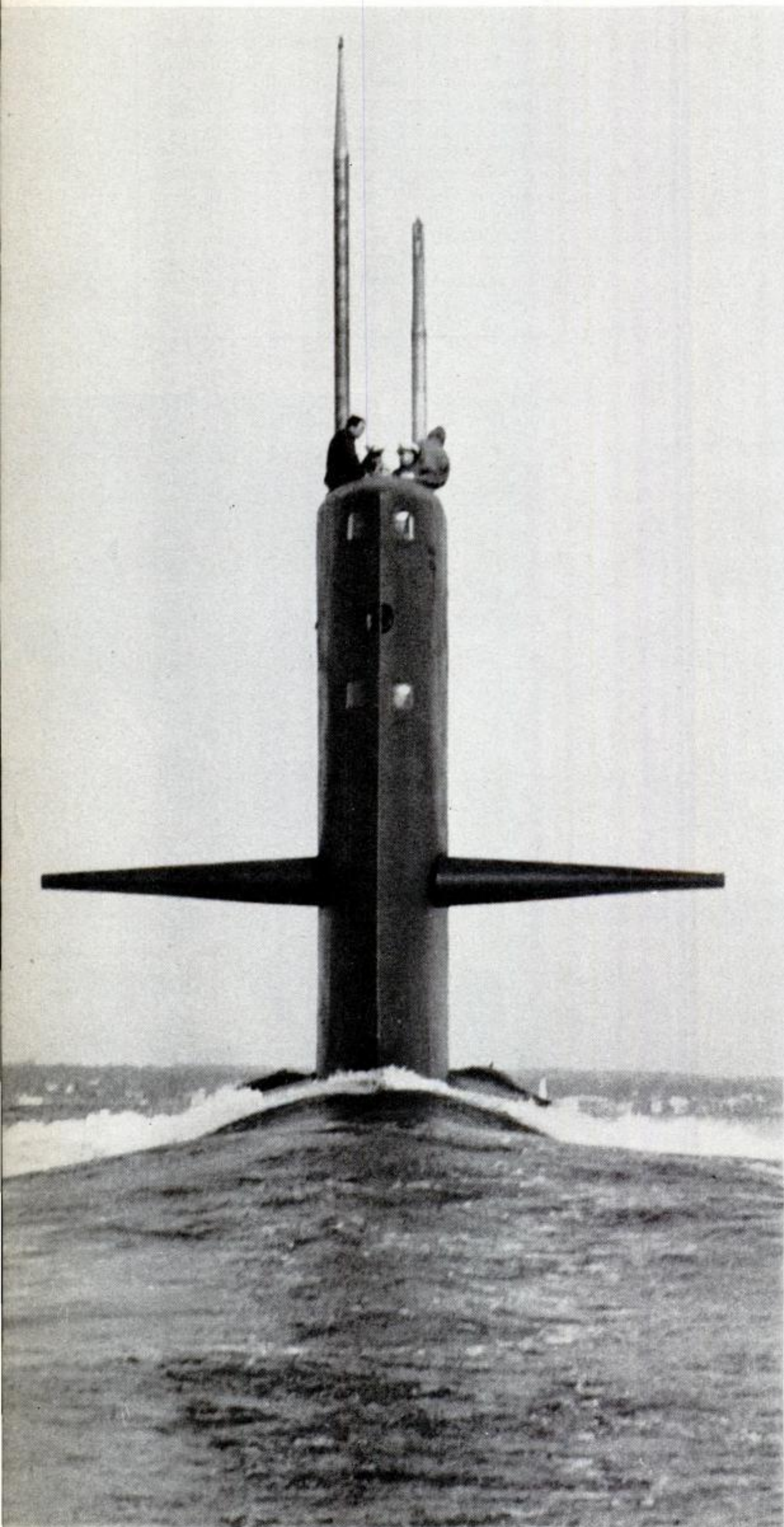
NONBASIC CROPS are not vital to their regions but are also supported. They are oats, barley, rye, grain sorghums, specified dairy products, wool, mohair, honey and tung nuts.

ACREAGE CONTROL is way in which government limits land used for supported crops.

SOIL BANK is a program which induces the farmer to take some land out of production by paying him what he would have earned by growing crops on the land.

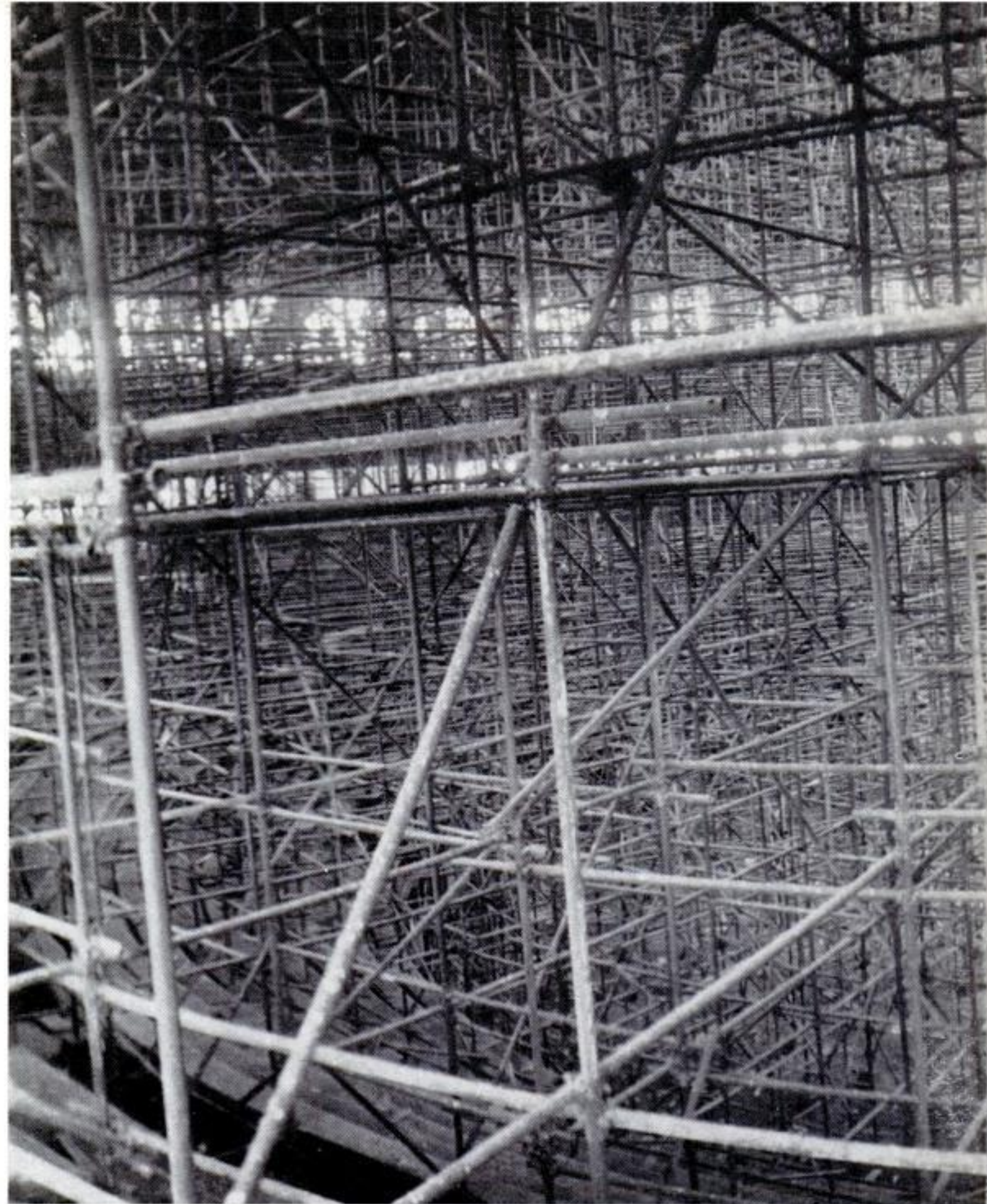


A LOOK AT THE WORLD'S WEEK



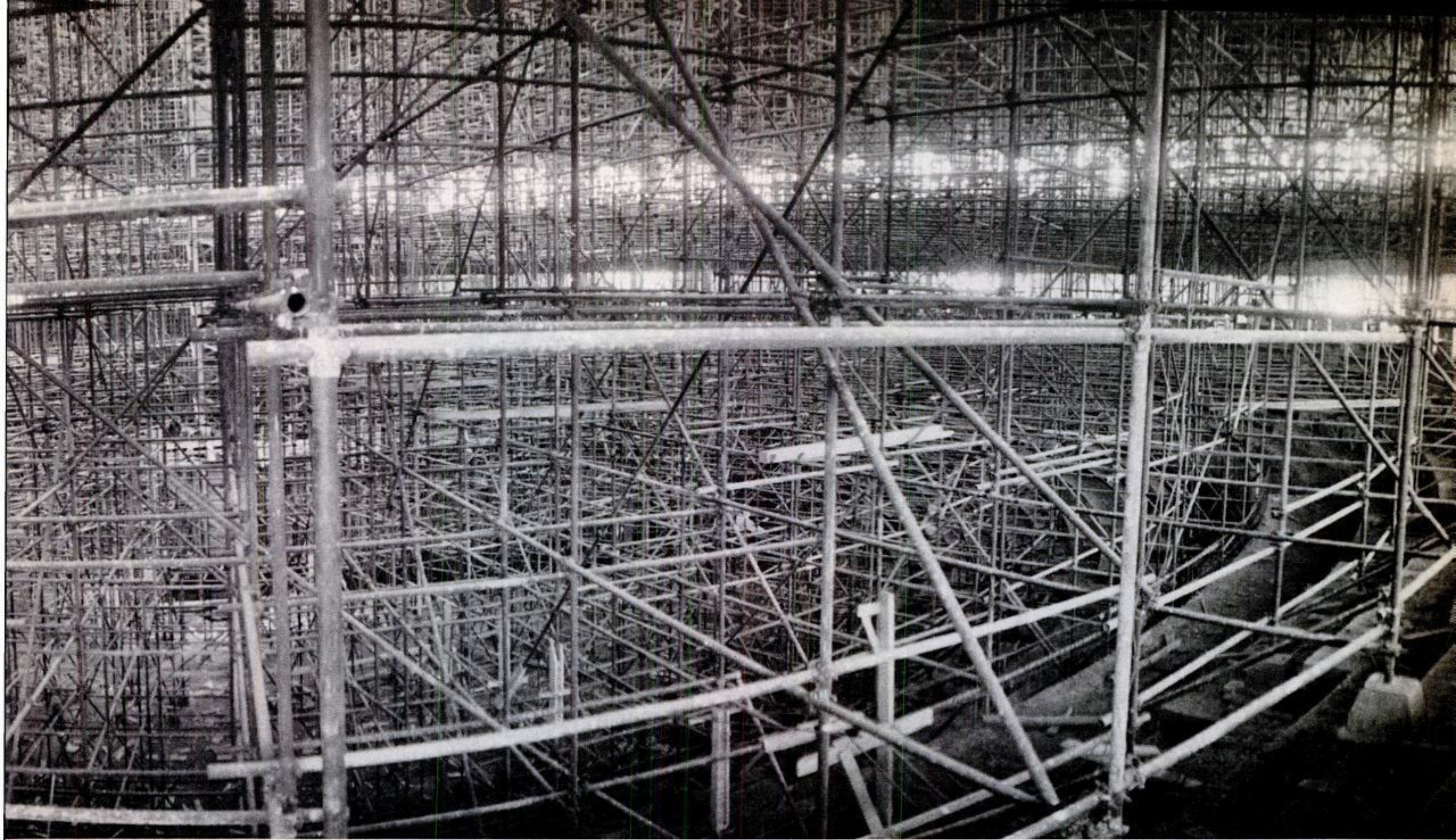
ODD-SHAPED SUB OF SUPER SPEED

Surging just below the surface in sea trials off Groton, Conn., the Navy's newest and fastest atomic submarine, *Skipjack*, displayed her towering "sail." With a blimp-shaped hull, *Skipjack* is the first of a new class of "attack" submarines designed to cruise at speeds estimated over 30 knots.



A PISTOL-PACKING NYASALAND MAMA

In trouble-torn Nyasaland, Mrs. Joyce Ness, taking her daughter for a walk on her husband's tea plantation, carried a loaded Colt .45 at her hip and took a police dog along for protection. Though no whites have yet been slain in the Nyasaland riots, nervous planters are taking no chances.



AN AMAZING MAZE FOR AN OLYMPIC SITE

Like a scene from a pipefitter's nightmare, this panoramic view revealed the jungle of scaffolding set up by workmen constructing the Palazzo dello Sport in Rome for the 1960 summer Olympic Games. The tangle of

wood and tubing is used by builders finishing the spherical dome roof of the arena. The Palace, 107 feet high and with a seating capacity of 16,000, will be the site of Olympic boxing, gymnastics and basketball events.



IMAGE OF GRANDMA MAMIE

Bearing a striking resemblance to Grandmother Mamie, down to the banged hairdo, Barbara Anne Eisenhower, 9, worked out in preparation for a Girl Scout Week ballet in Arlington, Va.



ON-AGAIN, OFF-AGAIN MR. K.

Barnstorming around East Germany last week, Nikita Khrushchev displayed his adroitness at the quick switch from truculence to sweet reasonableness on the subject of Berlin. Speaking

at an East Berlin rally under a gigantic portrait of himself, Khrushchev (*arrow*) talked mildly of a compromise with the West, only hours after a violent, missile-rattling speech in Leipzig.

UNCLE SAM ON TRIAL

THE COURT. Defendant will take the stand and be sworn.
 DEFENDANT. My name is Uncle Sam, sometimes called U.S. for short.
 THE COURT. The prosecutor will read the indictment.
 PROSECUTOR. Now comes Allan Nevins, professor of history at Columbia University, who deposes and says of Uncle Sam (cf: New York Times Magazine, March 1, 1959), "It is time the most complicated nation on earth disowned this crude stereotype. . . . Invented during the war of 1812, he is altogether too much the rural Yankee or Yorker type. He is obviously of the same breed as the men who marched to Concord and Saratoga. . . ."
 UNCLE SAM. I was there. Right by the rude bridge. . . .
 PROSECUTOR. ". . . as the deacon who built the one-hoss shay . . . and David Harum. . . ."
 UNCLE SAM. Knew David well. Cheated him on a horse trade. . . .
 PROSECUTOR. "He is out of date because his world is gone. . . . He lacks the grace [of] a southern gentleman . . . the breezy buoyancy of a Texan . . . the concentrated energy of the modern industrialist. . . ."
 UNCLE SAM. Sam Houston was my nephew. Andrew Carnegie was my adopted son.
 PROSECUTOR. "Nobody can believe that the Declaration of Independence, Gettysburg Address, and Second Inaugural are bottled up in that prosaic figure. . . ."

UNCLE SAM. These Congress gaiters are a bit worn.
 PROSECUTOR. "In him we see no sublime rages, no wild aspirations. He is obviously a plain democrat. . . ."
 UNCLE SAM. I plead guilty to that.
 PROSECUTOR. "When stereotyped thinking and cheap prejudices are cast on the rubbish heap, the belief that an infantile folk image like Uncle Sam has any meaning will follow. . . ."
 THE COURT. How says the defendant?
 UNCLE SAM. Sometimes when a fellow likes a job real well he outgrows his usefulness without realizing it. Maybe I'd better hang up my old stovepipe hat, wrap these tattered stripes around me, and lie down to pleasant dreams. But who can dream during this Berlin thing? Not me. Anyway I've got to attend a couple of christenings, in Alaska and Hawaii. Somehow my family keeps growing.
 THE COURT. How says the jury?
 JURY. We find the defendant guilty of patriotism, devotion to duty, Yankee thrift, native shrewdness, stubborn pertinacity, mechanical ingenuity, bighearted generosity, hard work, callouses, and raising a free nation out of a wilderness.
 THE COURT. Uncle Sam, I sentence you, at 12:01 a.m., on July 4, 1959 to raise a flag containing 50 stars above Fort McHenry, Md., to hang there in your charge day and night, so long as you shall live.

UNCLE SAM'S NEW NEPHEWS

Two new States within a year! Either one would prove the health of the U.S. federal system. Alaska and Hawaii are signs of two kinds of health at once.

Huge, underpopulated Alaska is assurance that our physical frontier, which has so long embodied the American dream, is still far from exhaustion. Alaska will be a safety valve for the footloose and a spark to the pioneering spirit for decades. If democracy needs a continuous land boom to thrive on, there's plenty of boom-to-come up there.

But when democracy has the courage of its convictions, it becomes a frontier of its own. That is why Hawaii (pp. 58-76) is so happy an addition to the U.S. flag. It is an advertisement to all the world, especially the Orient, that all races can get along in equality when the political auspices are right. The Hawaiian

laboratory proves that an environment of racial equality releases all kinds of human talents, intellectual and moral, which a caste society will never know it had. The average Hawaiian is already better off in income than the average citizen of 24 states. Moral: when comparably equal opportunity spreads to all parts of our mainland, the average Mississippian can hope to be something better than 50th.

Although many nationalities live at peace in Hawaii, the most natural democrats of them all are the native Hawaiians themselves. They have been "the catalyst," according to Delegate John A. Burns, and "the main reason why democracy, American democracy, has taken such unique hold and unique form in Hawaii." Happy the land whose political principles, when trusted, go on proving themselves under new skies! Welcome, Hawaii!

UNCLE SAM'S ELOQUENT ALLY

Fresh from Moscow, Paris and Bonn, Prime Minister Macmillan now comes to Washington to talk over the Berlin crisis. In welcoming him, let's forget (for the moment) the complex bearing of British politics on the Western stand. Let's recall instead the memorable blow that Harold Macmillan struck in Moscow for our common cause.

There are three million TV sets in Russia, and Macmillan had 30 minutes before a good half of them. In that time he got home more blunt truths about Western democracy and refuted more Soviet propaganda than any Western spokesman who ever got behind the Iron Curtain. After some pointed statistics about British technical achievements and living standards, Macmillan said to the Russians:

"But the Gospel says man cannot live by bread alone. We believe that man has a spiritual destiny also. Every individual should have freedom to develop his personality. On this foundation, our whole political system is built.

"We hold that the state exists for man. In our small island, we have thought a lot about political philosophy and we have worked

out our system gradually over a period of a thousand years.

"Of course, the result is not perfect, but we think it represents a good compromise between the rights of the individual and the demands of the state. For the problem of the organized society is really how to combine order and freedom. . . .

"Our fundamentals are free and secret elections, freedom to discuss and argue, compromise and toleration in public affairs, and the absolute separation of the executive and the judiciary. With various local changes, this system has spread through many parts of the world. . . .

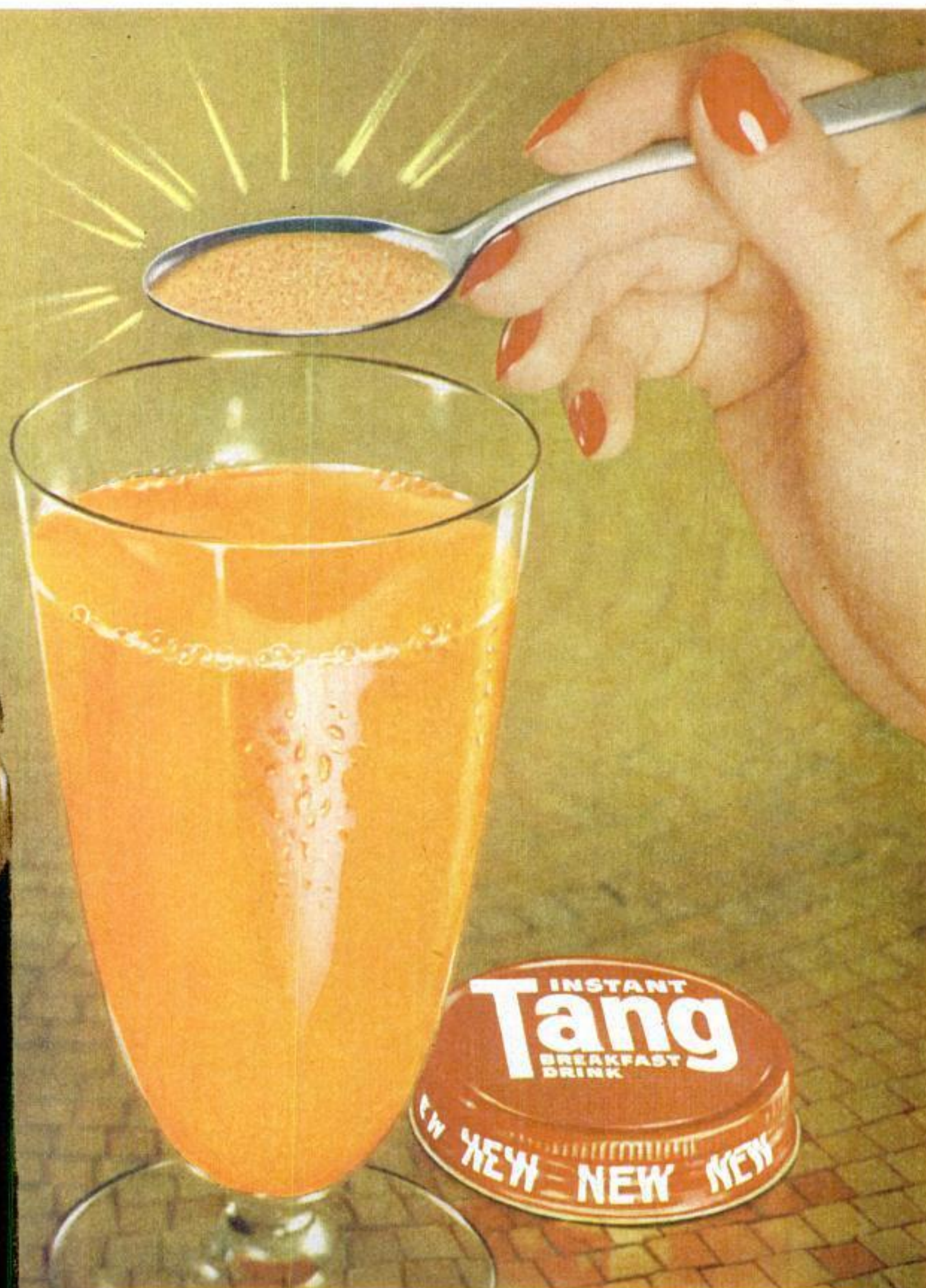
"We do not seek to impose our system on anyone. At the same time, we hold it very dear ourselves. . . . In the political field, an attempt to gain total victory may well produce disaster."

If such basic truths were believed in the Kremlin, there would be no cold war. A few million Russians have now been exposed to them; and while the harvest will not be known for months or years, our profound thanks go to Prime Minister Macmillan. We hope his days in Washington are as well spent as that Moscow half-hour.

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IRAQI REVOLT SPLITS ARABS

**Nasser-Kassem enmity
breaks out into the open**

An unsuccessful revolt in the oil fields of Iraq last week set the two most powerful figures in the Arab Middle East at one another's throats. Iraq's Abdul Karim Kassem, whose support includes Communists, was locked in bitter contest with the United Arab Republic's Gamal Abdel Nasser. Using any expedient to further his own Arab nationalism, Nasser was now setting himself up as the Arab world's defender against Communism.



COLONEL SHAWAF

Their struggle has been predictable ever since Kassem last July overthrew 37 years of pro-Western control in Iraq. Nasser has been watching uneasily while Kassem leaned more and more on Red support to ward off Nasser.

The battle was triggered by a bloody army mutiny in Mosul (*map, p. 38B*). The leader was Colonel Abdel Wahab Shawaf, a Nasser adherent. There was evidence that Kassem provoked the plot prematurely by permitting a huge rally of Red-lining anti-Nasser Kurdish Peace Partisans in Mosul. There was equal evidence that Syria, northern region of Nasser's U.A.R., had armed 3,000 Shammar tribesmen to help the mutiny. In three days the revolt was over. Shawaf was slain by one of his own men.

In Baghdad, Kassem saw street mobs hang Nasser in effigy. In Damascus, Nasser—who had first opened the Middle East to Red penetration by buying Russian arms—charged that Communists dominate Kassem and are trying "to drive a wedge into the Arab ranks." Leaving Kassem no doubt that he was in a finish fight, Nasser warned that Iraq will some day lie "under the banners of Arab nationalism."



KASSEM OF IRAQ works and lives in this Baghdad defense ministry office where he directed the

operations that put down the revolt. His bathrobe and uniforms hang on the wall in the background.

ADDRESSING SYRIANS IN DAMASCUS AFTER FAILURE OF REVOLT, NASSER CHARGES KASSEM WANTS TO ANNEX SYRIA TO "A COMMUNIST FERTILE CRESCENT"

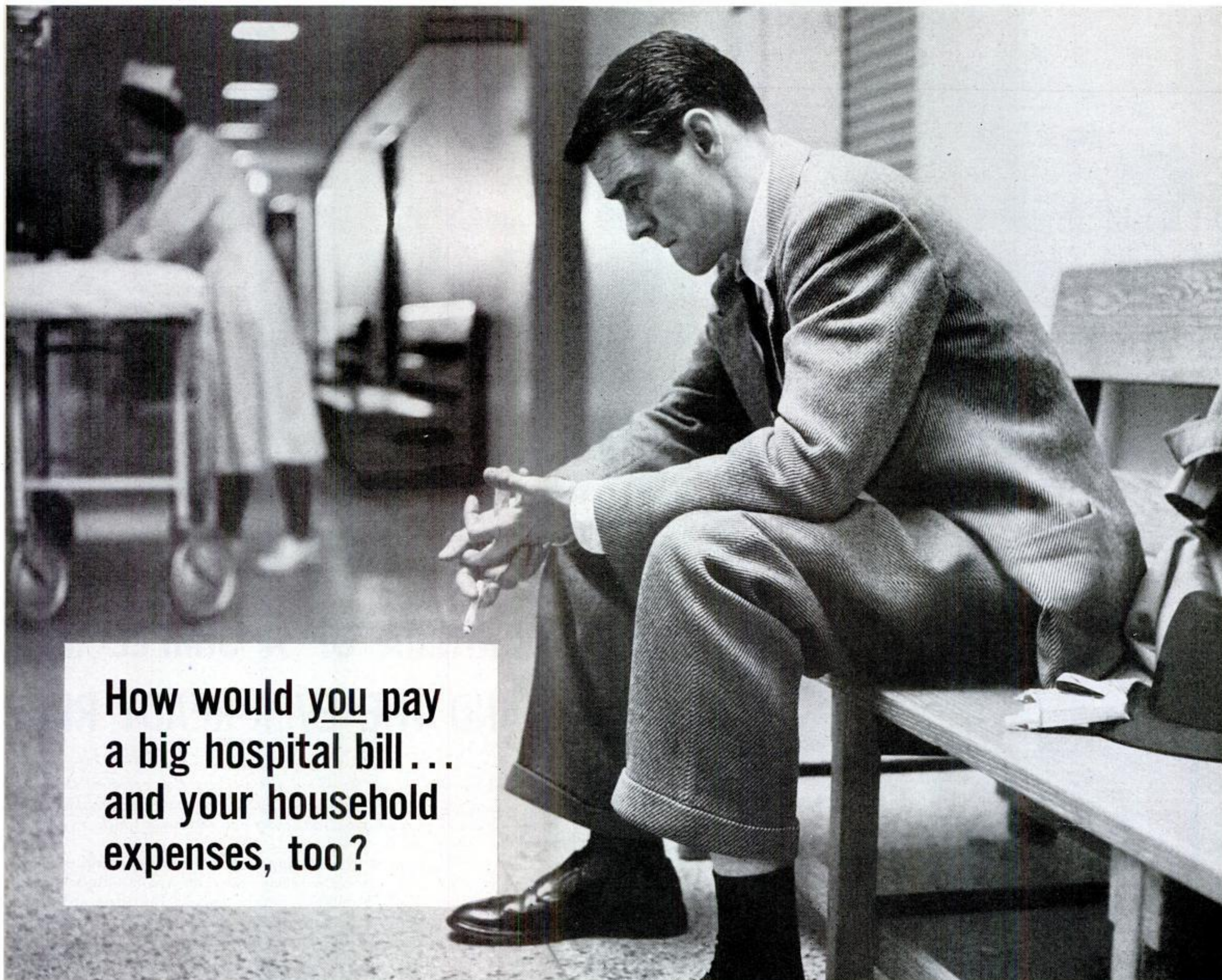




ADORATION FOR KASSEM is shown by people of the street in Baghdad as they pursue his car shouting and applauding on one of his brief absences from office.

MOURNING A LEFTIST, the people of Baghdad parade in honor of Lawyer Kamil Kazanchi who led the Peace Partisans to Mosul and was killed in the fighting.





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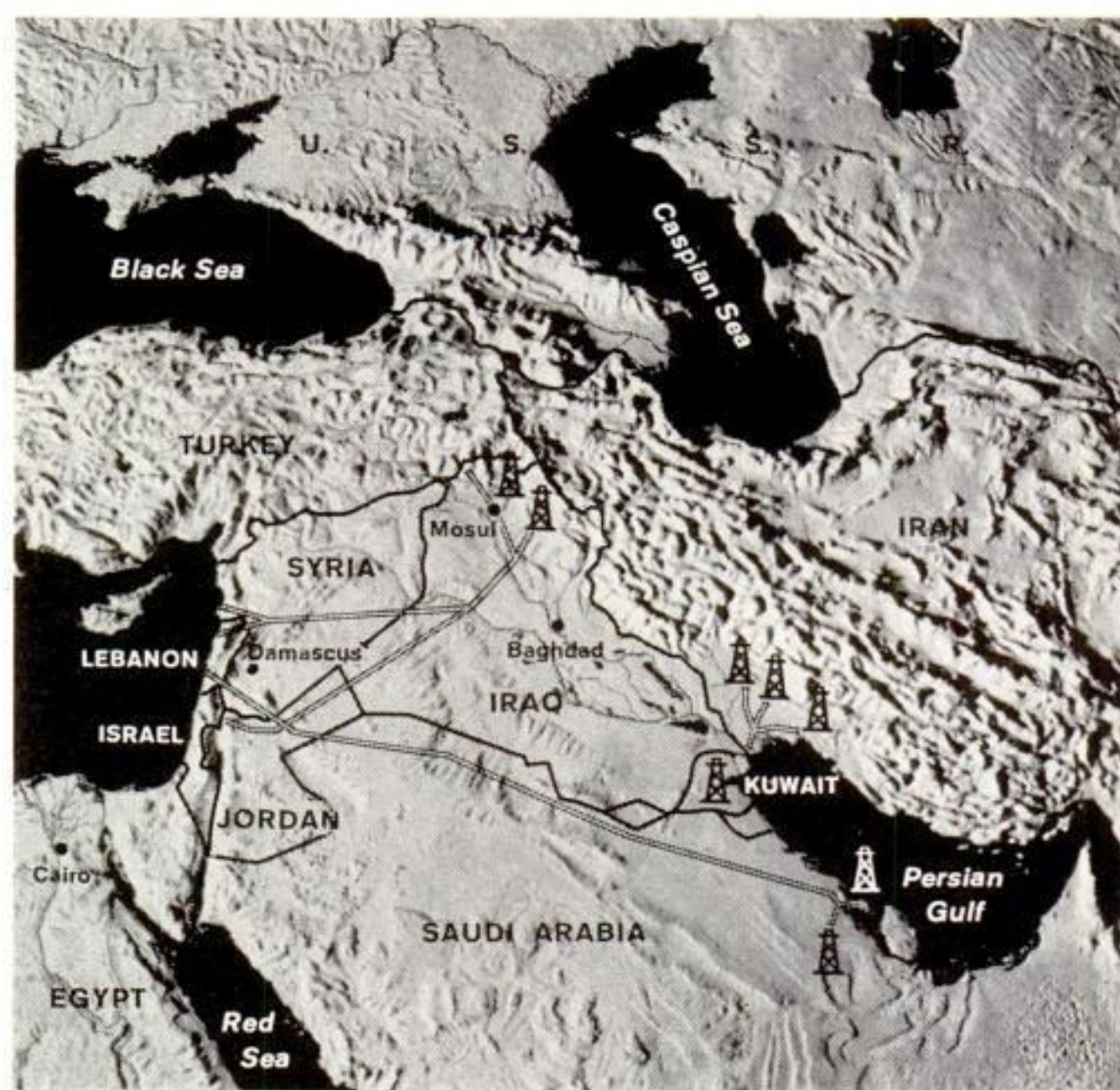
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ARAB SPLIT CONTINUED



CONTESTED MIDDLE EAST is shown on map. Abortive revolt began in Mosul, spread over Syrian border, bringing a charge that Iraqi planes attacked Syrian town. Nasser rules Egypt and Syria in U.A.R. The region's main pipelines (double line) run from Iraq and Saudi Arabia to Mediterranean.

ENIGMA OF A SIMPLE MAN AND THE EVER-READY REDS

A few days before the Mosul mutiny, LIFE Correspondent Donald Burke spent a day with Kassem in Baghdad. Here are Burke's impressions of a unique Arab leader and the issues which he faces.

The world is still far from solving the enigma of General Kassem. To many of his countrymen he seems *baset*, an Arabic term which can mean "simple" or "humble" or even "naive." But these are strange adjectives to apply to a man who last week put down an army mutiny which could have involved much of the Middle East (map above). They seem stranger yet when it is recalled that to succeed in his own revolt last July he had to outwit one of the shrewdest minds in Middle East history—that of Nuri es Said who in 17 prime ministries from the time of Lawrence of Arabia outplotted many a plotter before Kassem.

Yet the man's ascetic personal simplicity cannot be doubted. Quite literally, Kassem lives in his office. A bachelor, he dines there, eating from aluminum dishes on a tablecloth of newspapers, and he sleeps on an office couch, though his sleep seldom exceeds three hours a night. He works 20 hours a day, seven days a week.

Once he was an athlete, a great swimmer and hiker, but now he has no recreations except an occasional visit to his seven dogs, which have grown friendly since the days when they were fierce guardians of his plotting sessions. "They are spoiled now," he smiles.

He has a ready smile and a quality of sympathy which is easy to like, but he seems a shy man, introverted and brooding. Unlike Nasser of Egypt, Kassem is no electric personality, evoking a powerful emotional response. Yet he has a steady low-voltage magnetism.

He says—and seems to mean it—that his foreign policy is simple: he would be friend to all, vassal to none. Yet the issues pressing on him are anything but simple. First there is Nasser and Nasser's mission to make all Arabs submit to his brand of Arab nationalism.

It is ironic that Nasser himself had fought old Nuri es Said savagely on this issue of Arab nationalism, using as his weapon the charge that Nuri was a puppet of Western imperialists. Now that Kassem has defeated Nuri with Nasser's approval, Nasser fights Kassem on the same issue, charging that he is a puppet of the Communists. It is true that, in contending against Nasser, Kassem has gone dangerously into the Communist toils. He has accepted the support of domestic Communists, taken arms and economic advice from Russia. Yet Kassem insists his interest lies wholly "here inside Iraq. They can call us Communists or anything else. We just want to go straight to making a new Iraq."

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*Also noted for his interest in
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jumping competitions. He is
pictured here with one of the team's
famous record-holders, Democrat.*

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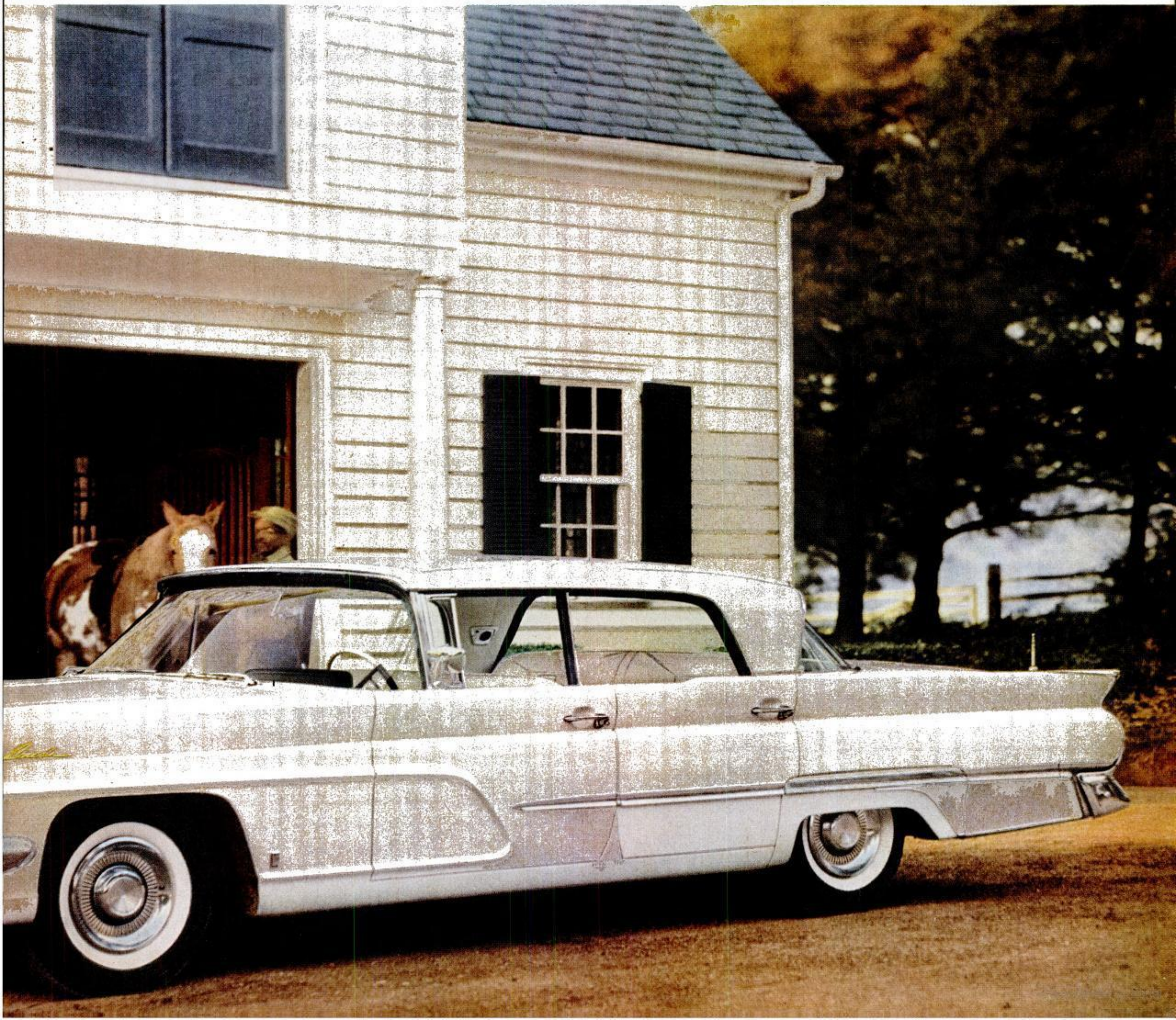
*Watch the New York Philharmonic Concert, Leonard Bernstein conducting,
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"I'm well over six feet tall," says Whitney Stone, "and I especially appreciate Lincoln's roominess. I find it unusually easy to get in and out, and I certainly like the way I can stretch my legs in complete comfort. It's a beautifully designed car."

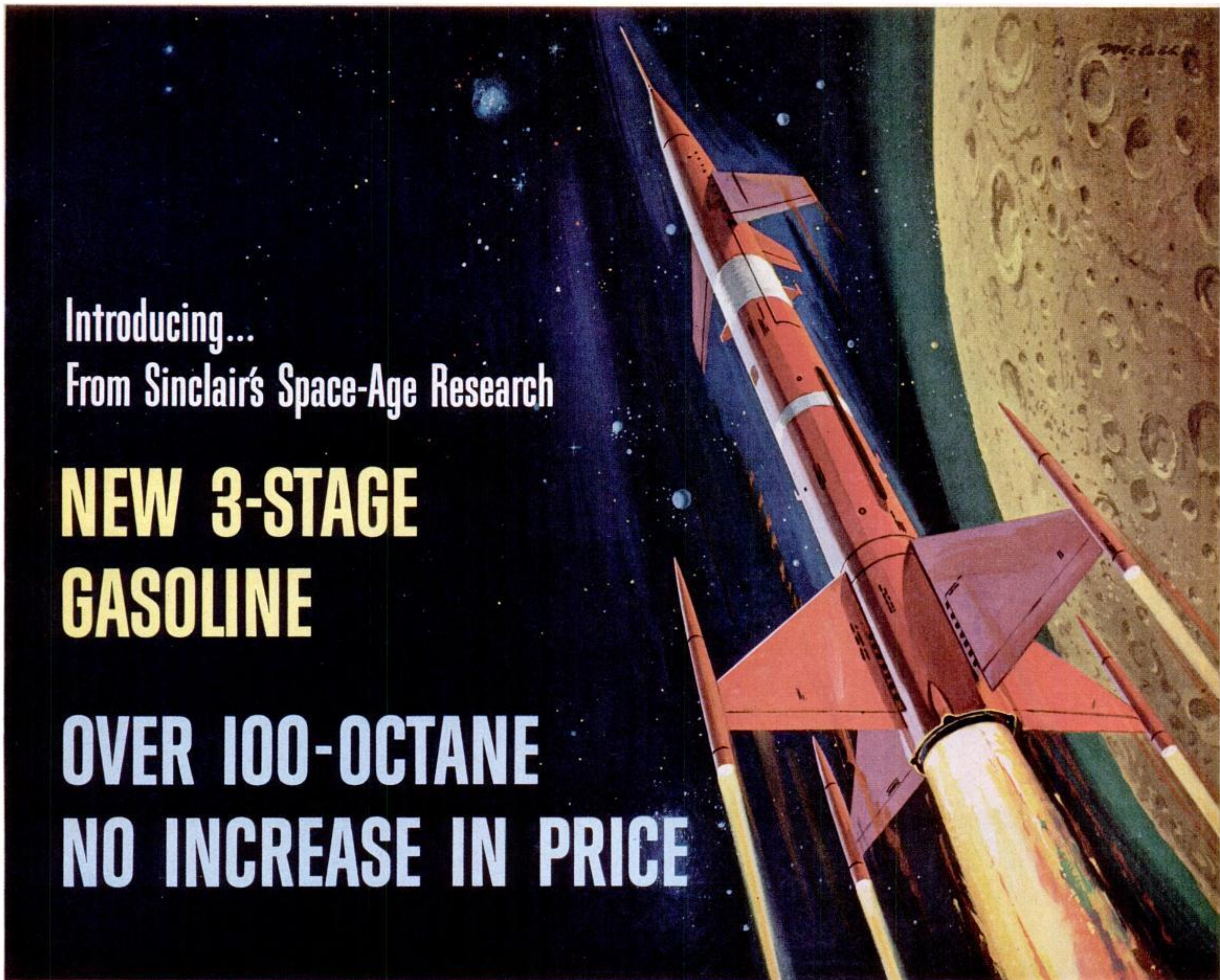
Below, Mr. Stone and his Lincoln Premiere are shown at his country place, "Morven," near Charlottesville, Virginia.



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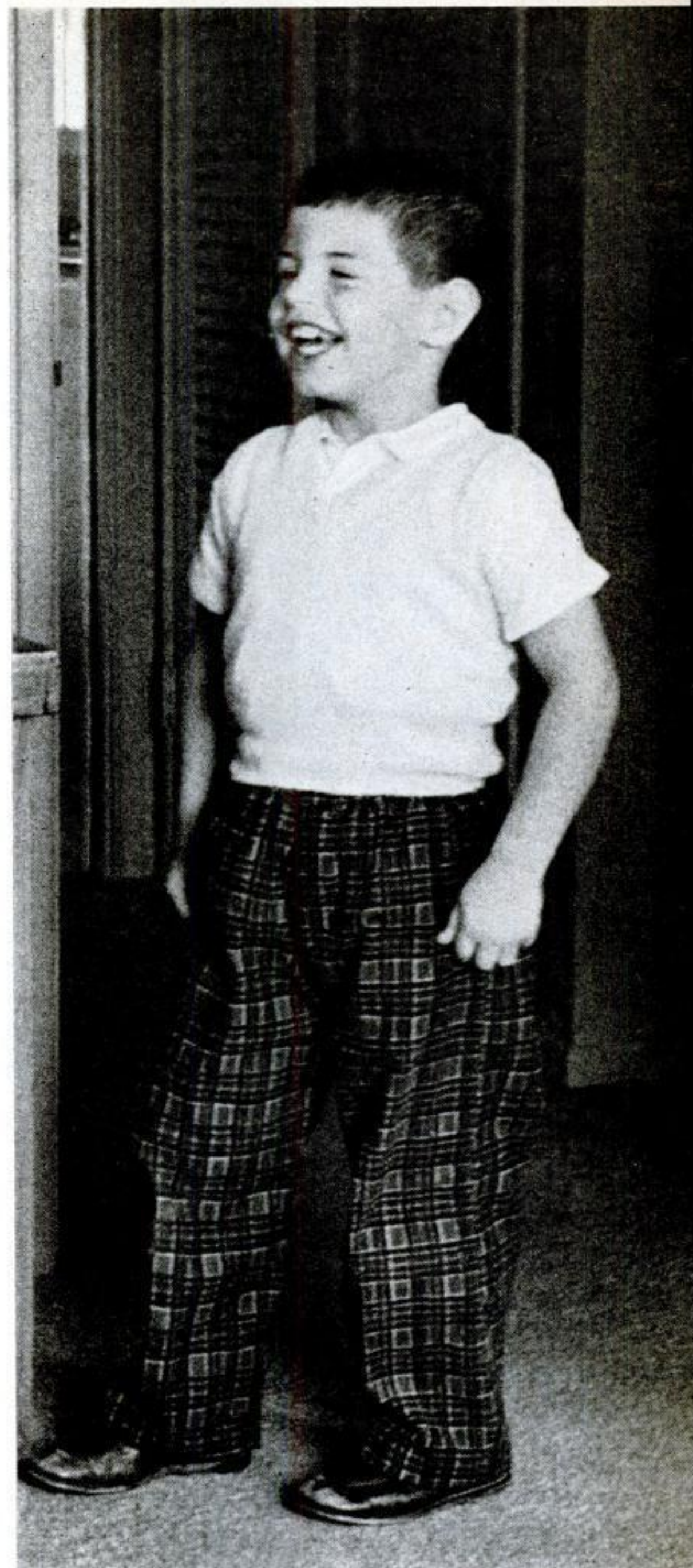
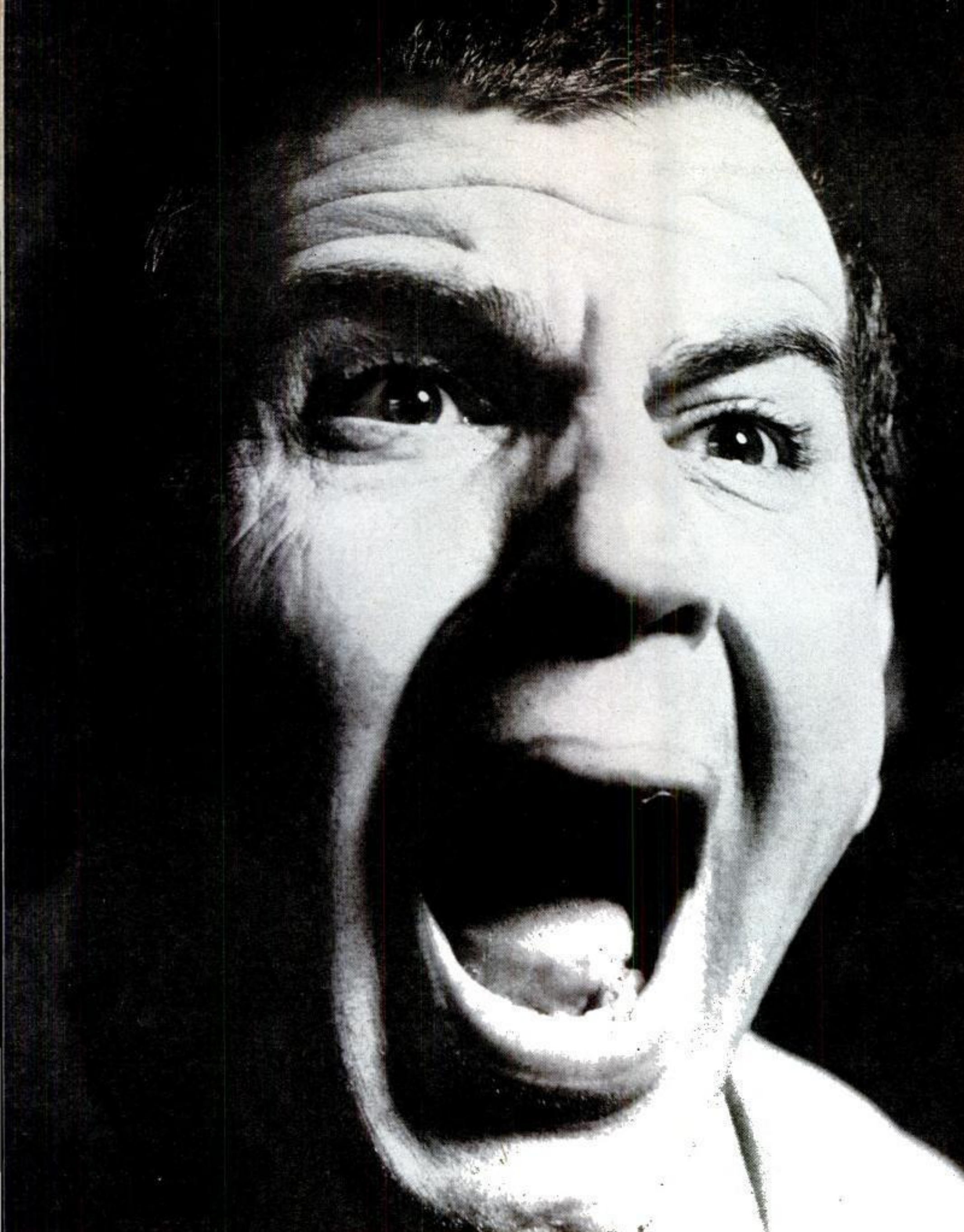
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ALVIN!

Composer's yells at son inspire another chipmunk hit

TO millions of listeners, the agonized cry "Alvin!" emanating from a loudspeaker means just one thing: that man on that record (*above, left*) is once again absolutely fed up with that singing chipmunk. But in the home of a Hollywood songwriter named Ross Bagdasarian the same voice means something else: Bagdasarian is once again shouting at his 4-year-old son Adam (*above, right*) to get out of the office. The fact that "Alvin!" sounds like "Adam!" is no coincidence. Ross Bagdasarian in the past few months has squeaked and squawked his way through two spectacular record successes. Both were inspired by the obstreperous Adam and both featured the irritating, nasal-voiced chipmunk Alvin. One of these, *The Chipmunk Song*, has already sold four million copies, and a sequel called *Alvin's Harmonica* passed the million mark after being out only five weeks.

Though Americans have always been partial to rodents—Peter Rabbit, Mickey Mouse, Bugs Bunny—this is the first time we have elevated a chipmunk to folk hero status. It is also the first time in the annals of popular music that one man has served as writer, composer, publisher, conductor and multiple vocalist

of a hit record, thereby directing all possible revenues from the song back into his own pocket. What is more, Bagdasarian does four vocal parts singlehanded, or singlevoiced. Most remarkable of all, he can neither read nor write music nor play any musical instrument in the accepted sense of the word. What he lacks in musical techniques is amply made up by his amazing virtuosity on the tape recorder.

Like his playwright cousin William Saroyan, with whom he once teamed to write the hit tune *Come On-A My House*, Bagdasarian is extremely fond of unusual sounds. Two winters ago, at his home in Van Nuys, Calif., Bagdasarian was fooling around with the tape machine in his den, barking and woofing and hissing sounds into the microphone while tinkling with one finger on the piano. "Oooh . . . Eee . . . Oooh . . . Ahhh . . . Ahhh. . ."

The other members of his household paid no attention to the weird noises. Daddy often spent his free hours like this. Flipping the tape recorder switch back and forth from full speed to half speed, Bagdasarian experimented with various vocal effects. "Ting . . . Tang . . ." he mouthed slowly while the tape was



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ALVIN! CONTINUED

moving at half speed. Then, remembering an uncle who once moved to the state of Washington, he uttered the words, "Walla Walla." This was topped off with an exuberant "Bing Bang!" He flipped the switch to full speed and played it all back. Both doors to his study flew open and his wife, his children and a startled cleaning woman appeared.

"What was that?" cried his wife. "Play that again, Daddy!" the children shrieked.

This was the genesis of Bagdasarian's hit song, *The Witch Doctor*. It was a simple exercise in pairing Bagdasarian's normal voice—"I told the witch doctor I fell in love with you"—with the medicine man's tinny reply, "Oooh Eee Oooh Ahhh Ahhh," made by speeding up Bagdasarian's recorded voice. *The Witch Doctor* is basically a simple duet. By comparison, Bagdasarian's new song, *Alvin's Harmonica*, is a toccata and fugue. It took nine perfect tapes, or tracks, and three days' work in the recording studio, to transfer this work from the composer's head to acetate.

First, having set down a melody, he recorded it with a simplified orchestra—two saxophones, four rhythm instruments—at normal speed. Then on a second tape he recorded two pianos playing at half speed. Played back at normal speed, the pianos had a tinkly, mandolinlike sound.

Bagdasarian made a third tape of his own normal voice at normal speed, shouting "Alvin!", "Stop that!" and the like. The fourth tape was Simon, the lowest voiced of the three chipmunks in the song. His lines were recorded in a normal voice at half speed, then played back at normal speed to produce a squeaky tone. By this time the control booth at the recording studio was filling up with tape like a cauldron of spaghetti, so the first four tapes were combined on a fifth.

The sixth tape was a variation for Theodore, the laughing chipmunk: "Ha... Ha... Ha" spoken carefully at half speed in a tone pitched slightly higher than Simon's. The seventh was Alvin's, also at half speed and pitched highest of all. An eighth track was added for the harmonica, normal speed. Finally one master tape combined all the others in one glorious tonal conglomeration.

When Bagdasarian is experimenting with his tapes at home he frequently bursts out of his den

to test new songs and sounds on his children. He tried three versions of *The Chipmunk Song*—at one time it was an instrumental number titled *In A Village Park*—before he and his family agreed that this was it. The original ending of *Alvin's Harmonica* involved Alvin's getting his nose stuck in his instrument. After dinner on the night before the actual recording of *Harmonica* was to begin, Bagdasarian suddenly ad-libbed some cha-cha-cha nonsense at the end of the song "and the kids fell off their chairs laughing. I asked them if they knew what cha-cha-cha meant and they said no but it had a funny sound, so the next day at the session we threw it in."

When he does not want to be disturbed, Bagdasarian closes the doors of his den, and no one is allowed to enter. This is the strictest rule of the household. It means nothing, however, to 4-year-old Adam. The other children, like chipmunks Theodore and Simon, are well-behaved. But Adam comes in whenever he has something to say. He opens the door softly and, before the father can finish muttering, "Adam, you know you're not supposed to come in here," the son is off.

Son: I made a Valentine for you in school today.

Father: Adam, I told you not. . . .

Son: But I didn't bring it home because it's not finished yet.

Father: (mounting irritation) Adam, didn't you hear me?

Son: You see I only made the valen today.

Father: (trembling) Shut up, Adam. . . .

Son: I'm making the tine tomorrow.

Father: (full volume) A-A-A-A-A-DAM!

The routine seldom varies. The son's lines change: "There are plates and spoons. And there are clocks. Some clocks say 8:30. Some clocks say 11:15." But the father's agonized replies are always substantially the same.

Not only was the character of Alvin, the truculent chipmunk, patterned after the Bagdasarian Adam, but the final bellow on the records, the famous "Alvin!" is a true-to-life noise in every respect—save volume. All the Bagdasarians think Daddy modulates his voice a bit on the records.

BY SHANA ALEXANDER
LIFE Staff Correspondent



DOING THE CHA-CHA-CHA, Adam sings the *Harmonica* melody while performing for his brother Skipper, mother

Armen, sister Carol and Ross in father's den. Over piano are gold and platinum copies of two of Ross's record hits.



Straight BOURBON

BORN WITH THE CONSTITUTION

Bourbon Whiskey is as American as Yankee Doodle. It was born in Kentucky just 170 years ago...the same year as the Constitution...and it has been part of our way of life ever since. As Scotland is renowned for its Scotch Whisky and France for its fine Cognac, so also is Straight Bourbon the traditional drink of the United States.

Our native whiskey is unique. Each season's treasure is aged, then bottled separately, as are the vintage wines of famous vineyards. The result is a classic whiskey, smooth and mellow, matured to a rich amber glow. It has a distinctive natural full flavor and aroma which no other drink—here or in any other country—has ever been able to capture.

Straight Bourbon is made to be sipped and savored...enjoyed in your favorite drink...to be appreciated as part of our American heritage of friendship and hospitality. Remember...there is only one true Bourbon... *Straight Bourbon*. It is available under many famous brand names.



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dedicated to bringing world-wide recognition
to a great American tradition

SPONSORED BY SCHENLEY INDUSTRIES, INC., AS ITS CONTRIBUTION TO ALL WHO PRODUCE AND SELL FINE AMERICAN STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY.

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REGULAR 100-WATT

NEW G-E 100-WATT
"SOFT-WHITE"



RIGHT SHAPE TOO

Graceful tear-drop shape for efficient light distribution. No better bulb shape has ever been designed for general use!

100-Watt Bulb!

SMALLER

NO BIGGER
THAN A 60

BRIGHTER

NOW MORE
LIGHT THAN
TWO 60'S

WHITER

ALL-OVER
SOFT-WHITE,
NO "HOT SPOT"

NOW! ENJOY MORE LIGHT IN LAMPS AND FIXTURES WHERE 100-WATT BULBS WOULDN'T FIT BEFORE!

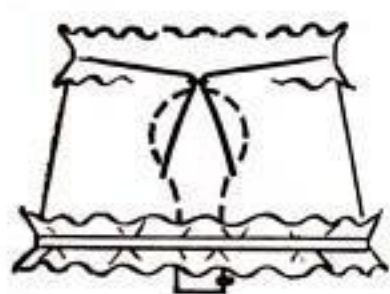
You never saw a 100-watt bulb like this new G-E SOFT-WHITE! Small as a 60-watt, it now gives more light than two 60's...5% more than previous 100-watt bulbs, thanks to a new G-E "bonus" filament invention! Far whiter than regular bulbs, it's beautifully "Soft-White" all over to soften harsh glare and shadows—with a special white inner coating that lets all the light come through. See for yourself!

This new smaller, brighter 100-watt bulb will soon be available in regular inside frosted finish, too. Now in SOFT-WHITE only. Get some today. Handy 4-Pack \$1.12. Each **28¢**



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GENERAL  ELECTRIC



TAKES ANY SHADE.
Clamp-on shades
won't pop off bulb!





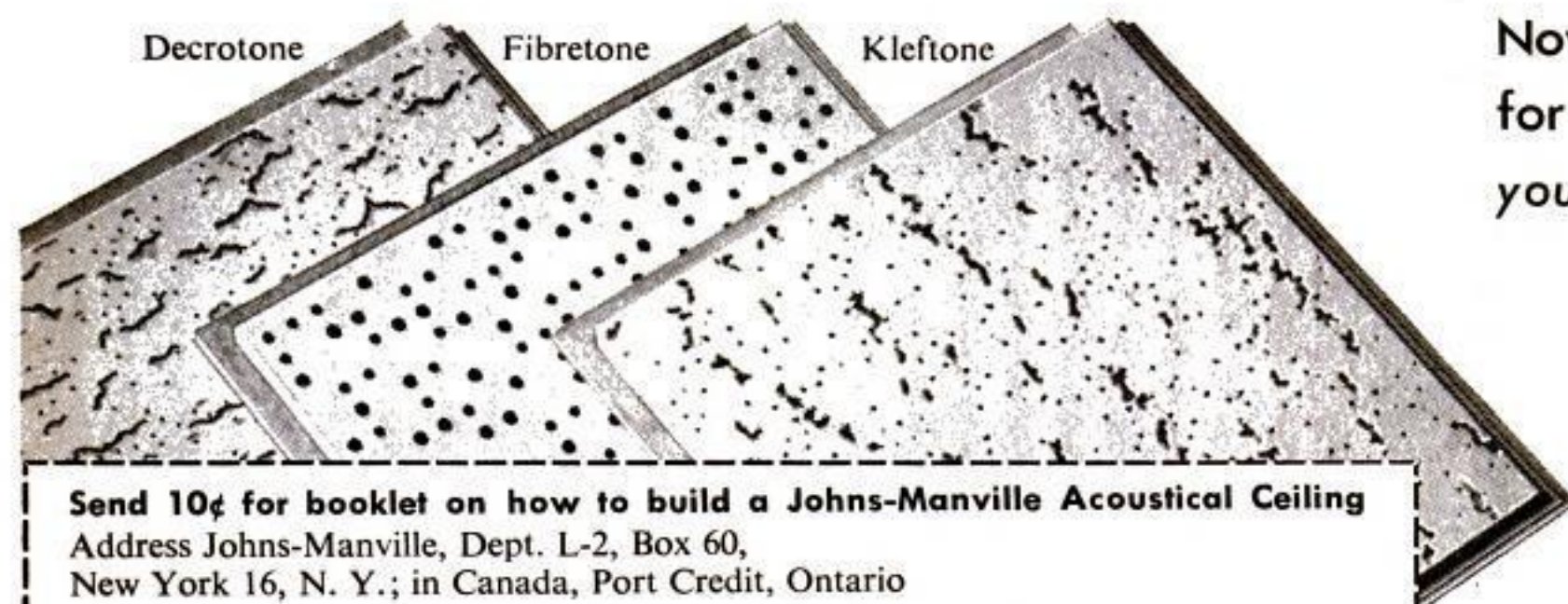
Mrs. America, the nation's No. 1 homemaker,
discovers how easy it is to add new beauty and quiet
with Johns-Manville acoustical ceiling panels



Mrs. America® installs Johns-Manville Klefstone, the new acoustical panel with deep-fissured design

Johns-Manville presents—

The famous ceiling with 100,000 noise traps in new deep-fissured design!



Now—your choice of three beautiful acoustical panels
for as little as \$28.56 for average room—*install them
yourself in a weekend—new booklet shows how!*

Hundreds of tiny sound traps in every J-M acoustical panel absorb up to 75% of the room noise that strikes them . . . give you new peace and quiet . . . new beauty, too! Choose from three distinctive patterns—new, rich-looking Klefstone with deep-fissured design, Fibretone in popular standard and random-drilled patterns and smart, perforated Decrotone Panels in printed fissure design. Illustrated 12-page booklet gives step-by-step directions on how to put up your own ceiling. Send for your copy today!

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Address Johns-Manville, Dept. L-2, Box 60,
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JOHNS-MANVILLE





WITH THEIR CHOICES FOR A NATIONAL FLOWER ARE SENATOR PAUL DOUGLAS (CORN TASSEL), REP. WILLARD CURTIN (MARIGOLD), SENATOR HUGH SCOTT (ROSE)

Fresh Blooms in an Old Debate

During the past three decades resolutions proposing a national flower have often bloomed in the halls of Congress. But they wither quickly in debate, never get as far as a vote and the U.S. is left to continue the struggle without an official floral symbol. This winter the entries by congressmen are more varied and the supporting oratory more flowery than ever before. Garden clubs, seed sellers and women's groups have picked their favorites and joined the fight.

Strongest support still goes to the rose, which has a solid tradition,

a Pennsylvania senator (*above*) and the benefit of seven previous resolutions behind it. A new candidate, the marigold, is backed by a Pennsylvania congressman and a big seed company. A senator from Illinois is again lyrically plugging the corn tassel. "Nothing could be more beautiful than a field of corn in full flower," says Senator Paul Douglas. "When people are in trouble they turn to corn." But blue-grass Senator Thruston B. Morton of Kentucky threw all regional flower-farmers into shocked confusion by proposing a candidate native to all 49 states: grass.

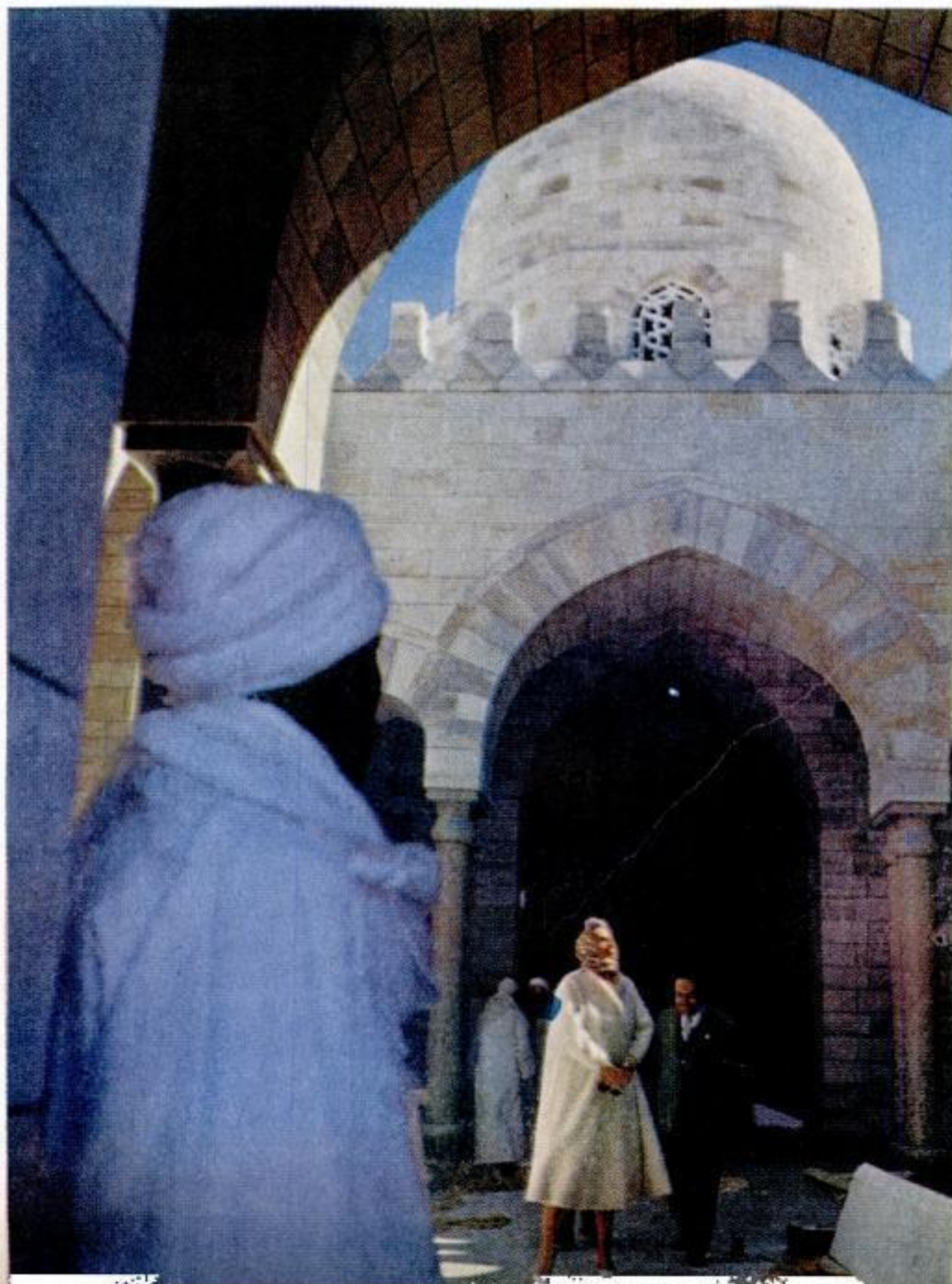


FEMALE MOURNERS, WHO WERE KEPT APART FROM MEN DURING EARLY STAGES OF THE CEREMONY, WIND IN PROCESSION UP HILL TO THE NEW MAUSOLEUM

FINAL RESTING PLACE FOR THE AGA KHAN

Toiling up a barren hillside in Egypt, Moslems of the Ismaili sect performed a final rite over the body of their old leader, the late Aga Khan. Since he died in the summer of 1957, the Aga's remains had rested in a temporary tomb in his villa at Aswan, on the upper Nile. Under the direction of his widow, the Begum, workmen had been putting up a mausoleum of sandstone, pink granite and white marble from Carrara, built around a courtyard in the small, blockhouse style of mosques made popular in Egypt when the Aga's ancestors ruled the country 900 years ago.

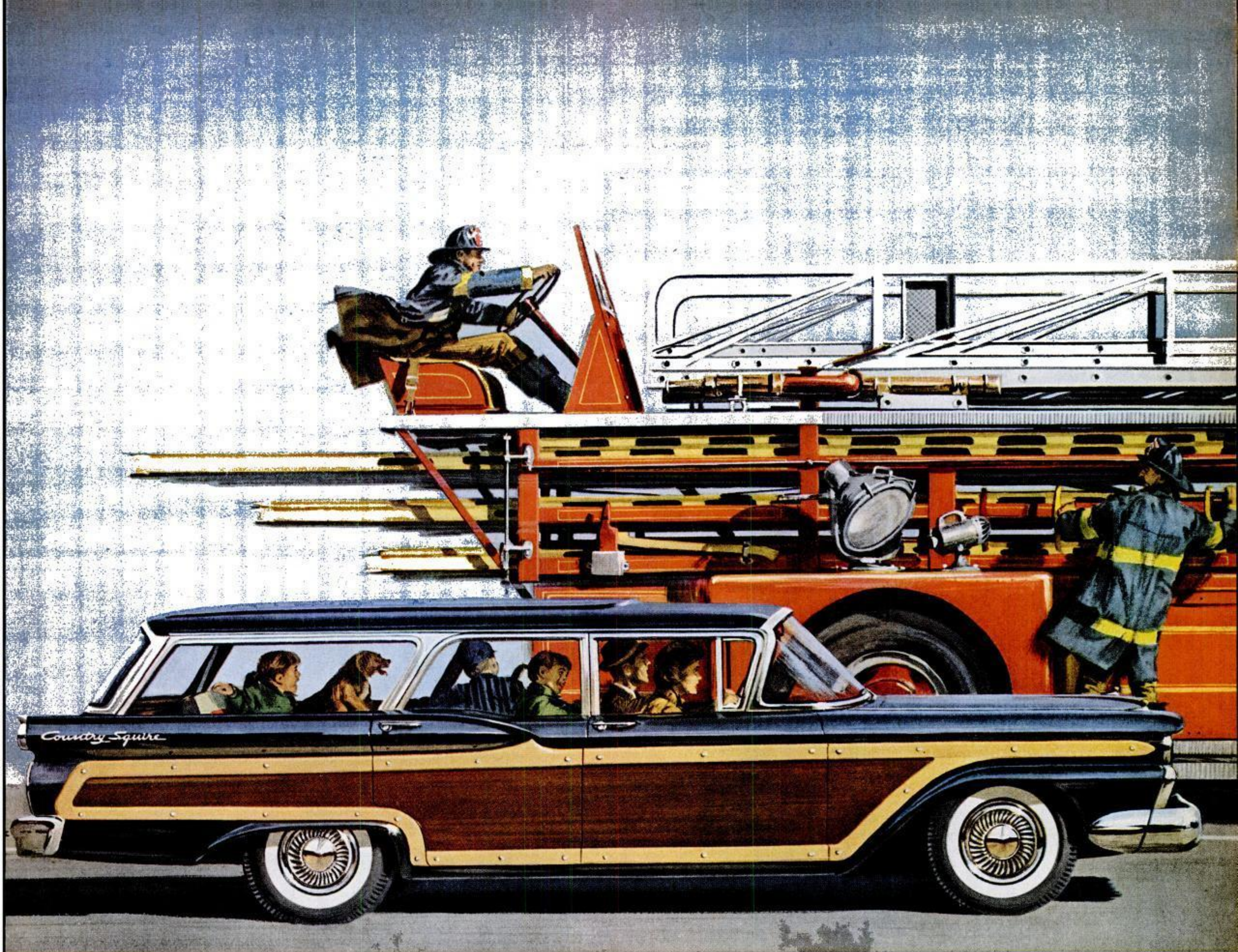
AGA'S WIDOW, the Begum, makes final check on workers preparing mausoleum for ceremony. In background is vault beneath dome where body was placed.



Now the mausoleum was ready. Borne by Ismaili dignitaries, including the new Aga Khan (*below, right*), the body was laid in a special crypt beneath the mausoleum's dome. An Ismaili intoned the Al-Fâtihah—the opening verse of the Koran: "Praise be to Allah, Lord of the Worlds. . . ." The sorrowing crowd, which had come from a dozen countries, chanted, "la ilaha illa 'llah"—There is no God but God. Then, the ceremony complete, the thousands departed. The faithful hope the new mausoleum will stand until the Day of Judgment, as a shrine for Ismaili pilgrimages.

AGA'S SUCCESSOR, Prince Karim, presides over ceremony from gold throne. A Harvard student (*LIFE*, Nov. 3), he got special leave to attend the re-burial.





Liveliest engines in town . . .

Yessir, when it comes to V-8's, there's just no catching up with Ford. Ford has built more than anybody else . . . *by millions*. Take the 9-passenger Country Squire above. Here's cat-scalding V-8 dash. Thunderbird V-8 dash. Whisks a full load smartly along with a powerful margin of safety. And does it on *regular* gas, for regular savings. Four new "hurry up" Ford engines now await your orders. Take your pick . . . and feel a real blaze start in your heart. (P.S. The Fire Engine, too, is a Ford V-8.)

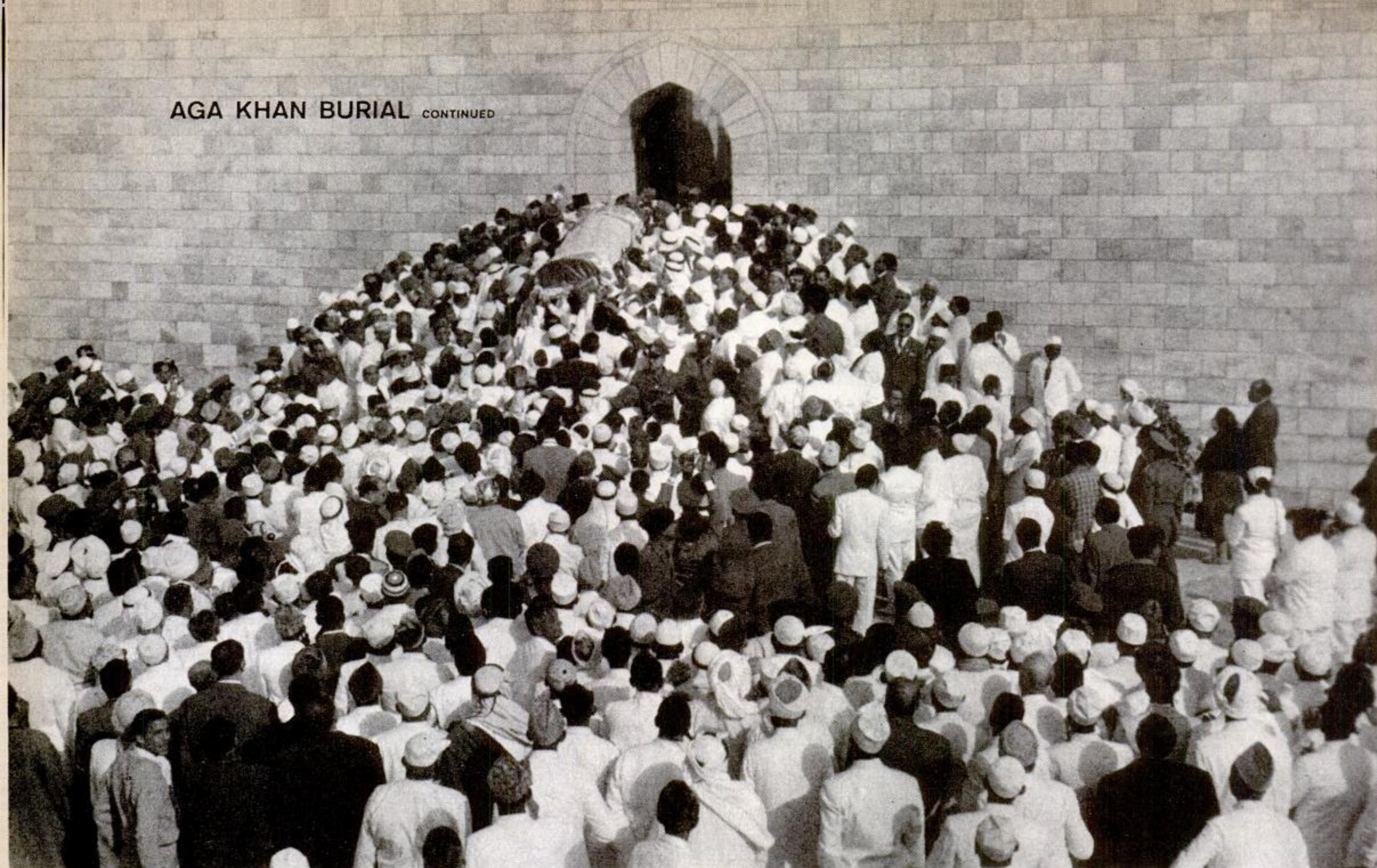
NEW FORD GALAXIE CLUB VICTORIA—THUNDERBIRD STYLING IN A 6-PASSENGER, 2-DOOR HARDTOP



Beautiful new award-winning proportions • Exclusive luxury lounge interiors with full living-room comfort for all six people • New Diamond Lustre finish never needs waxing • Safety Glass all around • Standard aluminized mufflers for twice the life • 4000 miles between oil changes

59
FORDS

WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFULLY PROPORTIONED CARS



AT MAUSOLEUM ENTRANCE, the Aga's bier is borne by official pallbearers but impelled forward by the surging crowd. Taken through arched doorway of

the new tomb, the bier was placed under a marble plaque in the basement of the mausoleum so that the body lies facing east toward the holy city of Mecca.

CONTINUED

A NEW ROYAL PORTABLE



The FUTURA* is the first and only portable with ALL the practical features of a standard office typewriter:

(1) Famous, automatic Magic® Margin... (2) exclusive Twin-Pak®, the easy-change ribbon... (3) new Magic® Column Set key for automatic keyboard tabulation... (4) Royal Touch Control®... (5) handy Line Meter, page-end indicator... (6) Royal's full standard keyboard...

(7) finger-flow keys... (8) comfortable keyboard slope... plus (9) one-piece, unitized construction for rugged, rugged wear. All yours in your choice of four gay colors and handsome, luggage-type case. Ask your Royal Portable dealer about his easy-payment plan.



World's most wanted portable

Product of Royal McBee Corp., World's Largest Manufacturer of Typewriters.

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ADMIRAL ANNOUNCES THE WORLD'S FIRST PORTABLE TV with WIRELESS REMOTE CONTROL!



SON-R† Remote Control at no extra cost!

Push a button...click...there's your channel tuned perfectly from your easy chair. Tiny as milady's compact, SON-R slips into magnetic pocket on side of cabinet when not in use.

Etched satellite circuits power the new Admiral portables...the most rugged, highest powered portables ever built! The heart of this new Admiral—just like the U.S. satellite in orbit—is its new etched circuitry. Far

more sensitivity! Yet super rugged to take tremendous jolts! Pulls in sharpest pictures, clearest sound! Convenient carrying handles. Built-in antenna. Model PS17F22. Choice of 7 decorator colors.

Retube with genuine Admiral picture tubes and receiving tubes. Insist on genuine Admiral quality components.

†PRONOUNCED SO-NAR

*PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER SOME AREAS.



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NEW COLLECTORS CUFF LINKS BY SWANK

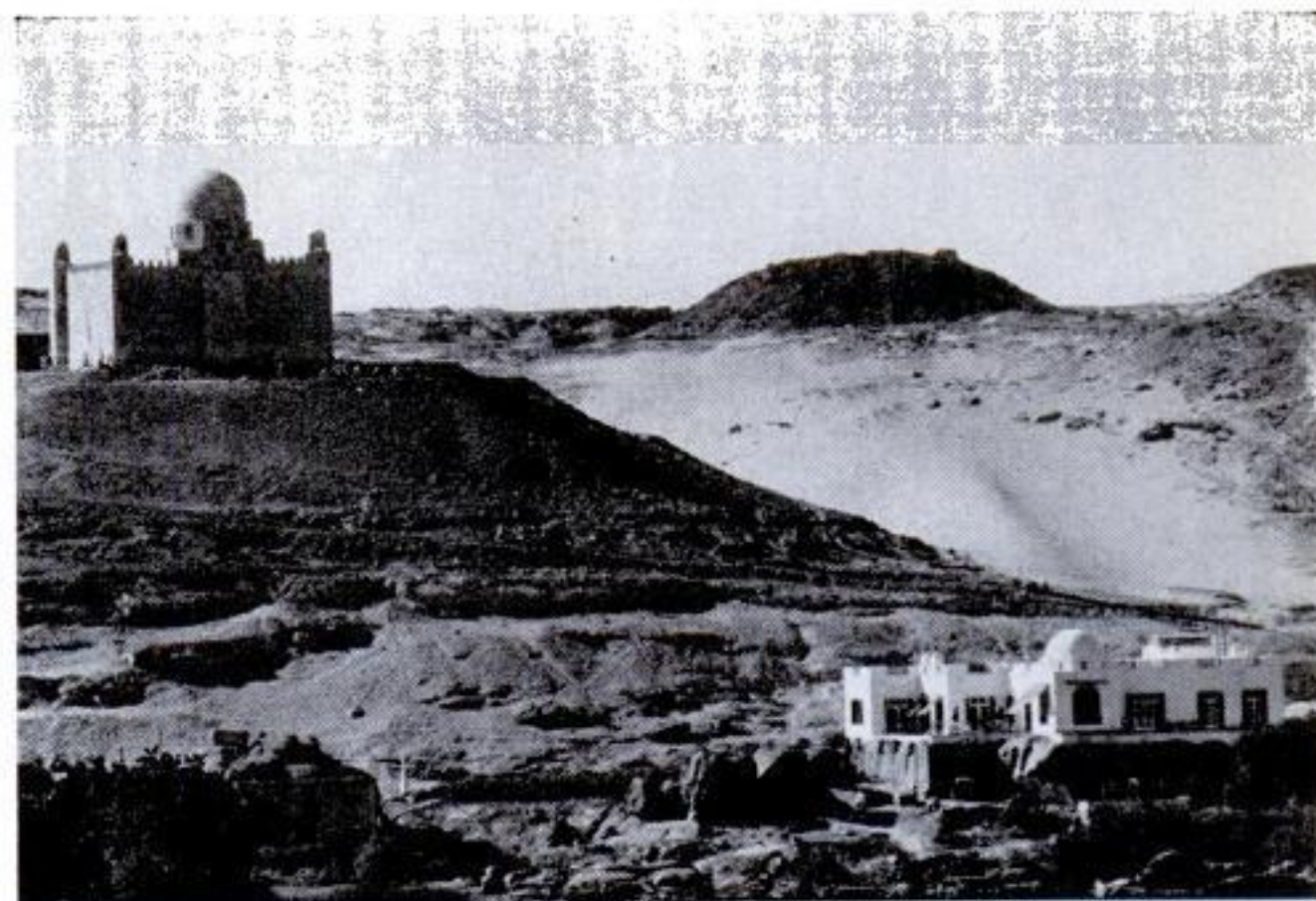
Larger, dynamic cuff links are making style news again—and SWANK has them in the most unusual designs you have ever seen! Remarkably priced, luxuriously gift-boxed. A selection to satisfy any man!

- | | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1- Roma \$2.50 pair | 4- Canterbury \$2.50 pair | 7- Chiasso \$3.50 pair |
| 2- Lisbon \$3.50 pair | 5- French Coin \$3.50 pair | 8- Brussels \$3.50 pair |
| 3- Troy \$3.50 pair | 6- Barcelona \$3.50 pair | 9- Luxemburg \$2.50 pair |

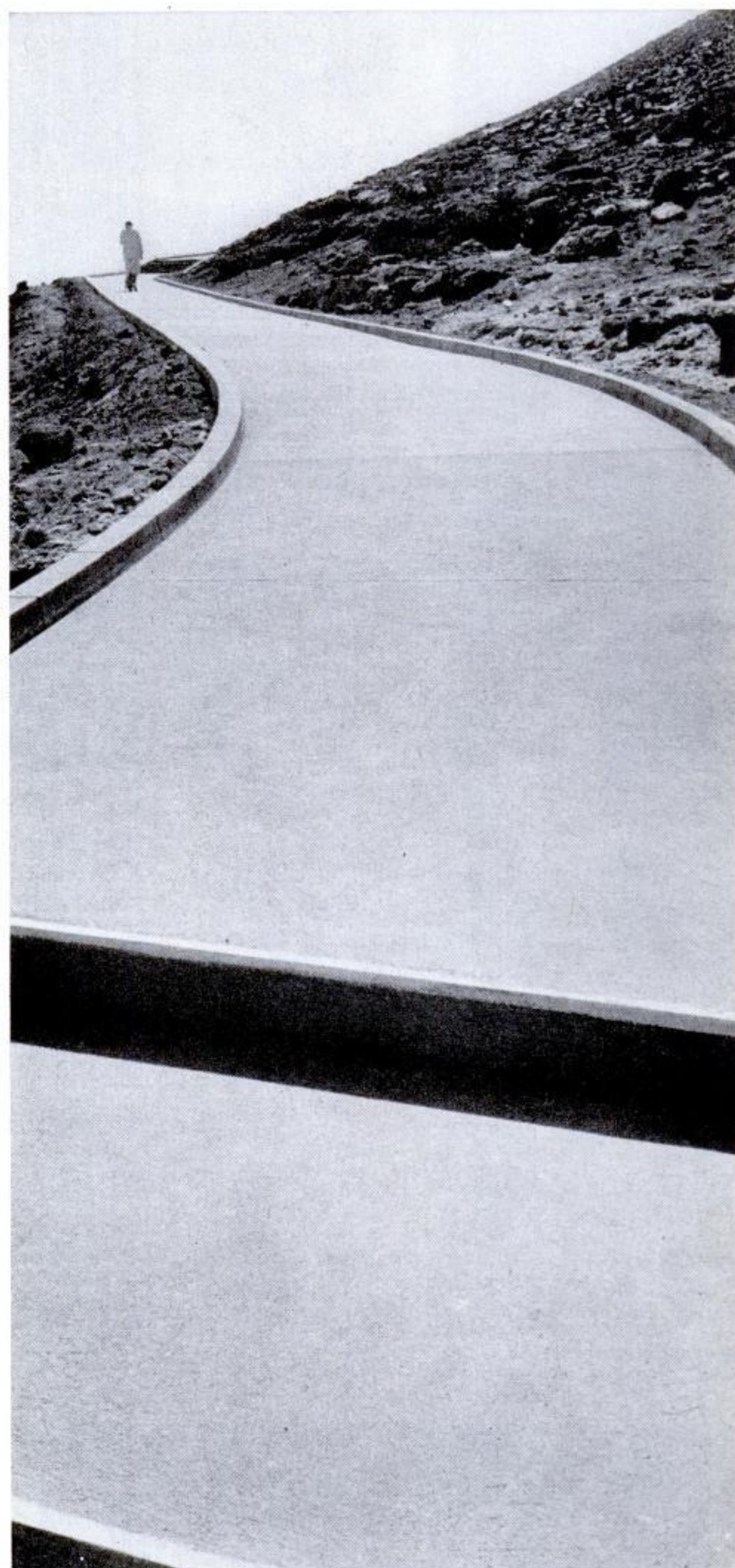
For Wearing and Giving—Look for the name Men Prefer—SWANK
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF MEN'S QUALITY JEWELRY

PRICES PLUS FED. TAX
IN CANADA AT
SOMEWHAT HIGHER PRICES.

AGA KHAN BURIAL CONTINUED



DESERT SITE of new mausoleum is above villa, Nour el Salam (light of peace), where Aga's widow now lives. In last years, the Aga wintered at Aswan.



LONELY PILGRIMAGE to mausoleum takes the Begum up the path that links it to villa. When she dies, her body will be buried near her husband's.

TOMMY BOLT, AMERICA'S NO. 1 GOLFER, INTRODUCES THE NEW, BETTER-THAN-EVER MCGREGOR DRIZZLER



Swing free and easy through 18 or 1000 holes in the new 1959 McGregor Drizzler. *New* deep-cut pivot armholes play right along with you. *New* cloth breather holes work like air-conditioning. *New* double protection shoulders keep you dry in a downpour. Special elastic inserts keep sleeves where you want them. Bi-swing pleats give you all the room you need to play your best. And hip-hugger elastic keeps Drizzler snugly in place. Unique tab closing. Distinctive corded pockets. The undisputed champion among golf jackets (Non-golfers love the Drizzler, too!) Women are irresistibly drawn to Drizzlers! To keep yours for your very own—better buy her one for herself. McGregor makes Drizzlers for gals, too, sizes 10 to 18, and in colors she likes; Men's and women's **\$10.⁹⁵**; wee boys \$7.98; Prep boys \$8.98. Tommy Bolt wears the McGregor Meteor Golfing Slacks. \$10.00

AS USUAL, THE UNUSUAL FROM

MCGREGOR

Made in Canada, too. McGregor-Doniger Inc., New York 16, N. Y.



UP AND OVER charging bull goes American novice Donald Kees. Cape-wielders stand by just in case, but Kees makes it with no assist and bull is left bewildered.

It's leap or your life in this South American bull ring

IN COLOMBIA, AN AMERICAN FRIEND OF CANADIAN CLUB CONFOUNDS "EL TORO" WITH TRACK-AND-FIELD TECHNIQUE

"Pole-vaulting over a fighting bull may look like a new wrinkle, but 'bull-vaulting' is as old as it is exciting," writes Donald Kees, an American friend of Canadian Club. "Goya, the famous Spanish artist, depicted the stunt in an 1815 etching. When I saw a matador execute a 'Goyesca' last month at the Santa Maria bull ring in Bogota, Colombia, I was fascinated.

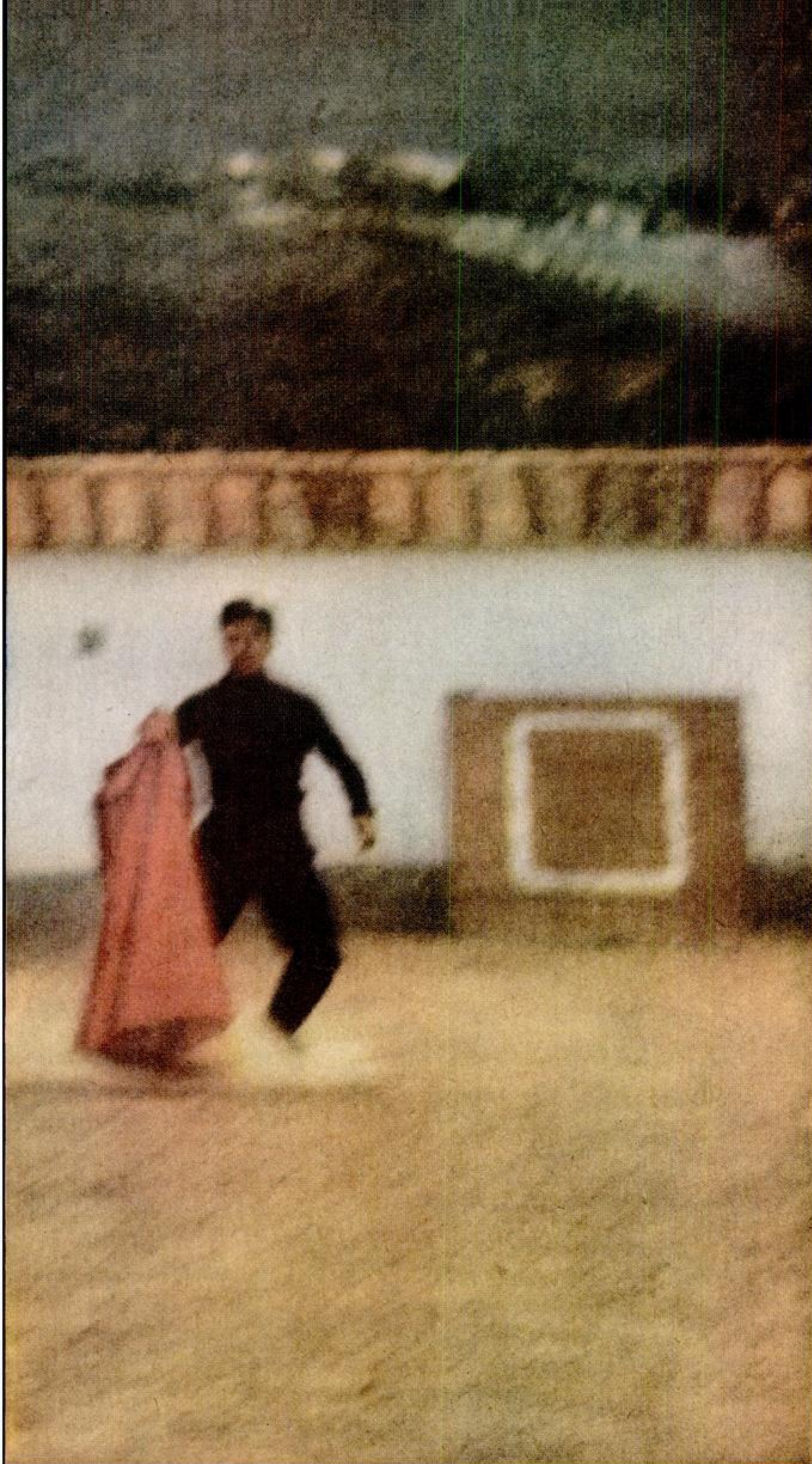
"'Why not try it?' my host suggested. So the next day I did. I'm no bullfighter, but I used to be pretty good at pole-vaulting. At the Rancho Vista Hormosa, 12 miles outside Bogota, I brushed up on

my vaulting. Then the ranch owner, Jaime Garcia, released his bull.

"When I saw those long horns coming at me, I nearly bolted. But I was airborne by the time the bull reached me. When I hit the ground, I really *did* run—straight for the barrier.

"Everybody said I'd done fine and urged insistently that I try it again. Senor Garcia saved me by appearing with highballs. 'This tastes familiar,' I said. It should have. It was Canadian Club."

Why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Only Canadian Club has a distinctive flavor that captures in one great whisky the lightness



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands
Where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

BY DONALD KEES
PHOTOS BY WENDY HILTY

of scotch and the smooth satisfaction of bourbon. You can stay with it all evening long . . . in short ones before dinner, tall ones after. Canadian Club is made by Hiram Walker, distillers of fine whiskies for over 100 years. It's "The Best In The House" in 87 lands.

Canadian Club

6 years old • 90.4 proof • Imported from Canada

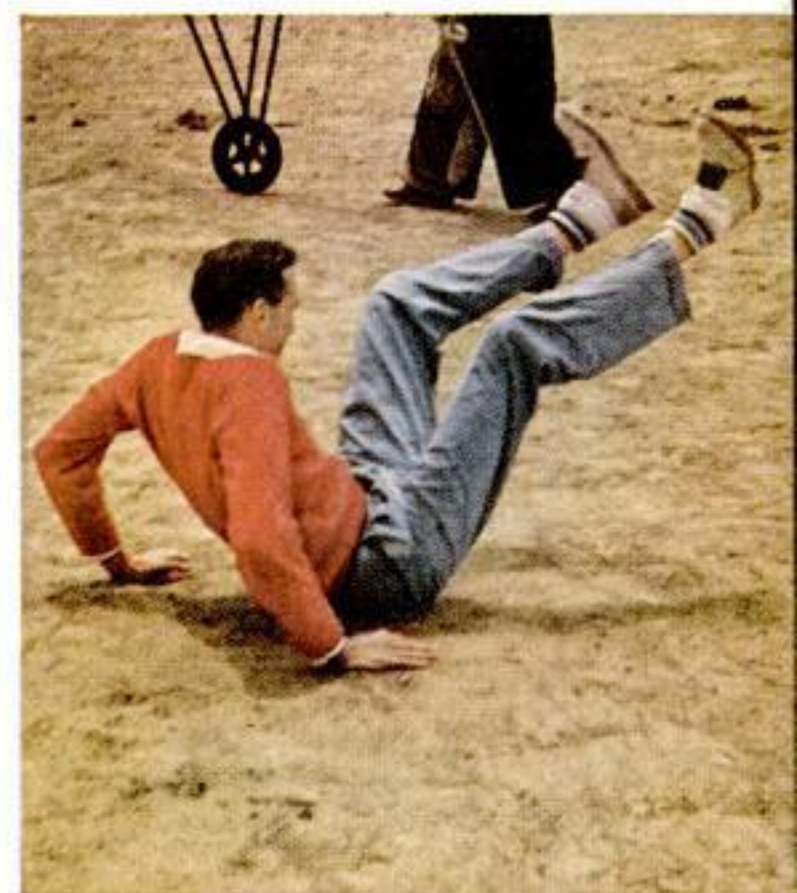
Imported in bottle from Canada by Hiram Walker Importers Inc.,
Detroit, Mich. Blended Canadian Whisky.



WHEELING FOR SECOND CHARGE, EL TORO IS FAST. SO IS KEES.



PRACTICE FLIGHT...



... AND A HARD LANDING



BULL SESSION: WHY FIGHT BULLS WHEN YOU CAN DRINK CANADIAN CLUB?





IN DOUBLE WAR CANOE, ARMORED MEN OF HAWAIIAN KING KAMEHAMEHA I RACE TO BATTLE

HAWAII—BEAUTY, WEALTH, AMIABLE PEOPLE

After long years of trying, the idyllic islands at last stand on the brink of statehood

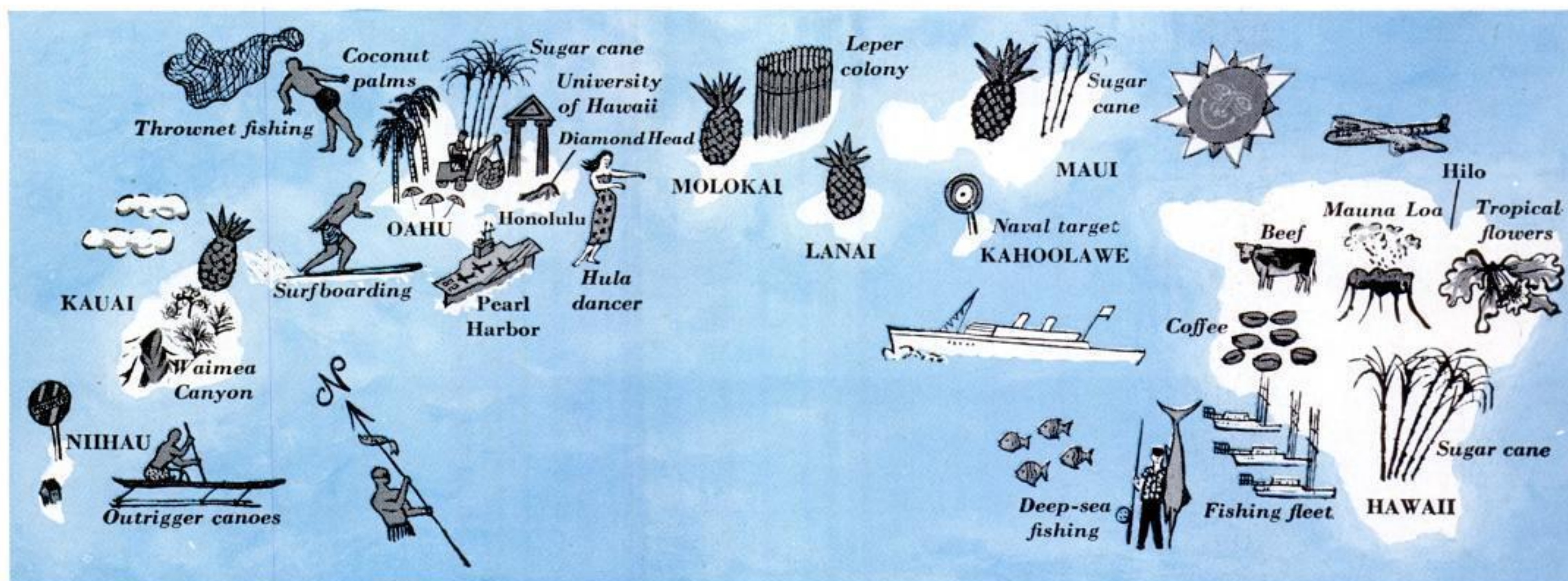
Photographed for LIFE by RALPH CRANE

The first proposal to make Hawaii a state was put forward more than a hundred years ago when President Franklin Pierce cast his eyes across the Pacific and proposed that the splendid and strategic islands be taken into the union. Pierce's plan faded and it was not until 1898 that Hawaii was annexed as a U.S. territory. Proposals to make Hawaii a state have been on the books of Congress for the past 40 years. Now it seems almost certain that in this session Hawaii will achieve its aim. On the following 14 pages of color, LIFE shows the romantic look of the likely 50th state.

Since they were discovered by Captain James Cook in 1778 a swift current of modernization has coursed through the idyllic islands. Long before Cook came, in the 12th Century, handsome and vigorous Polynesians from Tahiti sailed with their livestock across thousands of miles of ocean to settle Hawaii. They lived in a Stone Age civilization where tribal chiefs were chosen from the biggest men and often weighed 300 to 500 pounds. But after Cook's arrival all that was quickly put aside.

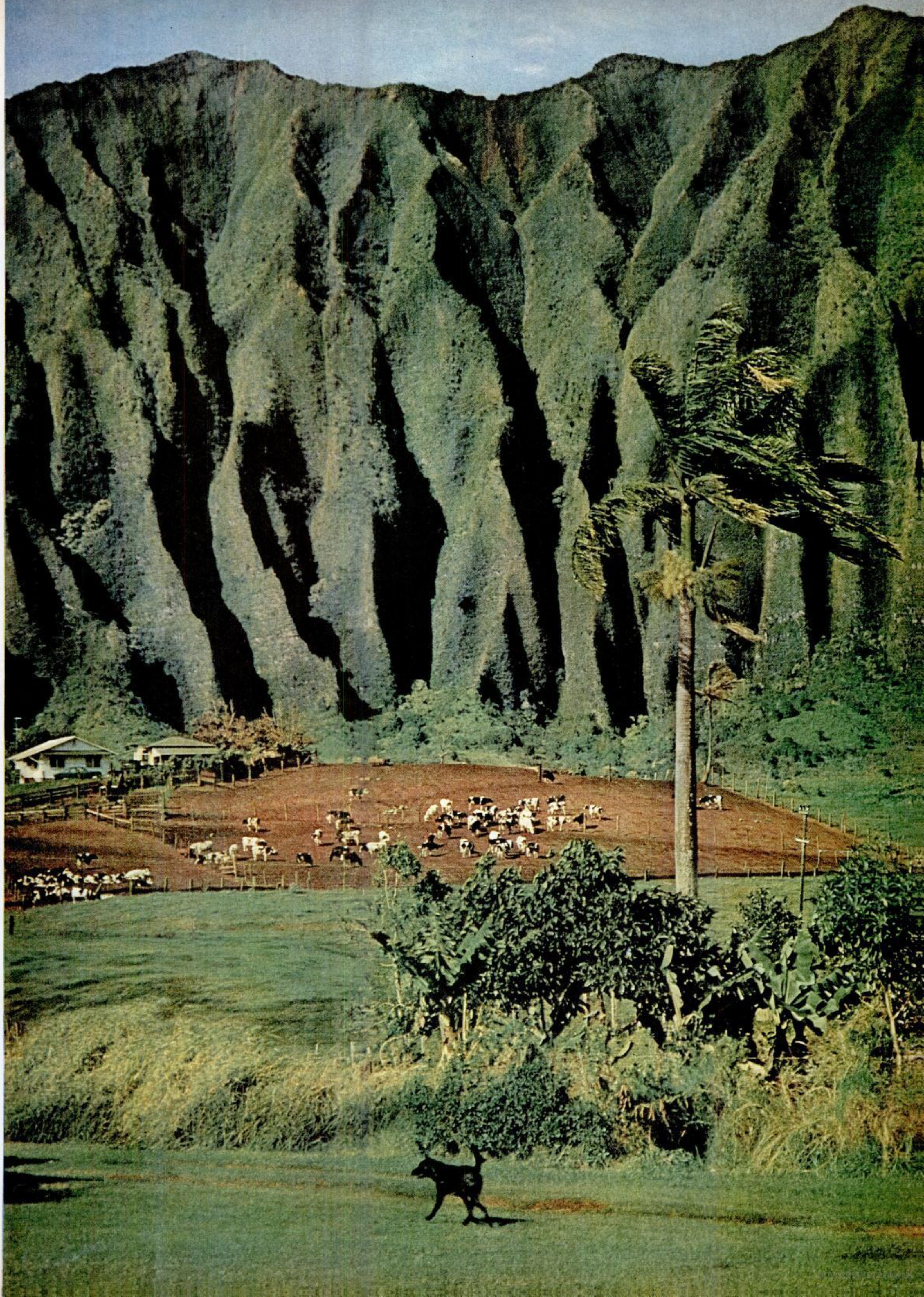
By 1810 the greatest figure in Hawaiian history, King Kamehameha I, with his redoubtable war canoes (above) brought all the islands under his single rule. U.S. and European powers began to vie for influence. American interests were much advanced by missionaries who Christianized the Hawaiians and helped the kings put the monarchy on a constitutional foundation. In the 1890s, rebels deposed Queen Liliuokalani, composer of the famous song *Aloha Oe*, and achieved annexation to the U.S.

As a territory, Hawaii has developed a sturdy economy based on U.S. military expenditures at Pearl Harbor and elsewhere, and on sugar, pineapple, tourism and livestock. The islands, which have a total area roughly that of New Jersey, have bred an incredibly polyglot and racially integrated population of nearly 600,000. This means that Hawaiian statehood, besides conferring full U.S. status on a potentially rich and decidedly vital area, would also indicate to all the peoples of the Pacific and of Asia that the U.S. can still be the tolerant, hospitable melting pot of old.



GUIDE TO HAWAII indicates in capital letters the eight islands that would be included in the new state, in smaller letters scenic attractions, entertainment

and main economic and other activities on each. Niihau Island (left) is a private reservation where the few remaining pure-blooded Hawaiians can live.





FERN-DRAPED GROTTO on island of Kauai draws tourists into a walk under verdant plants that hang from the roof. More than 50,000 visitors a year come

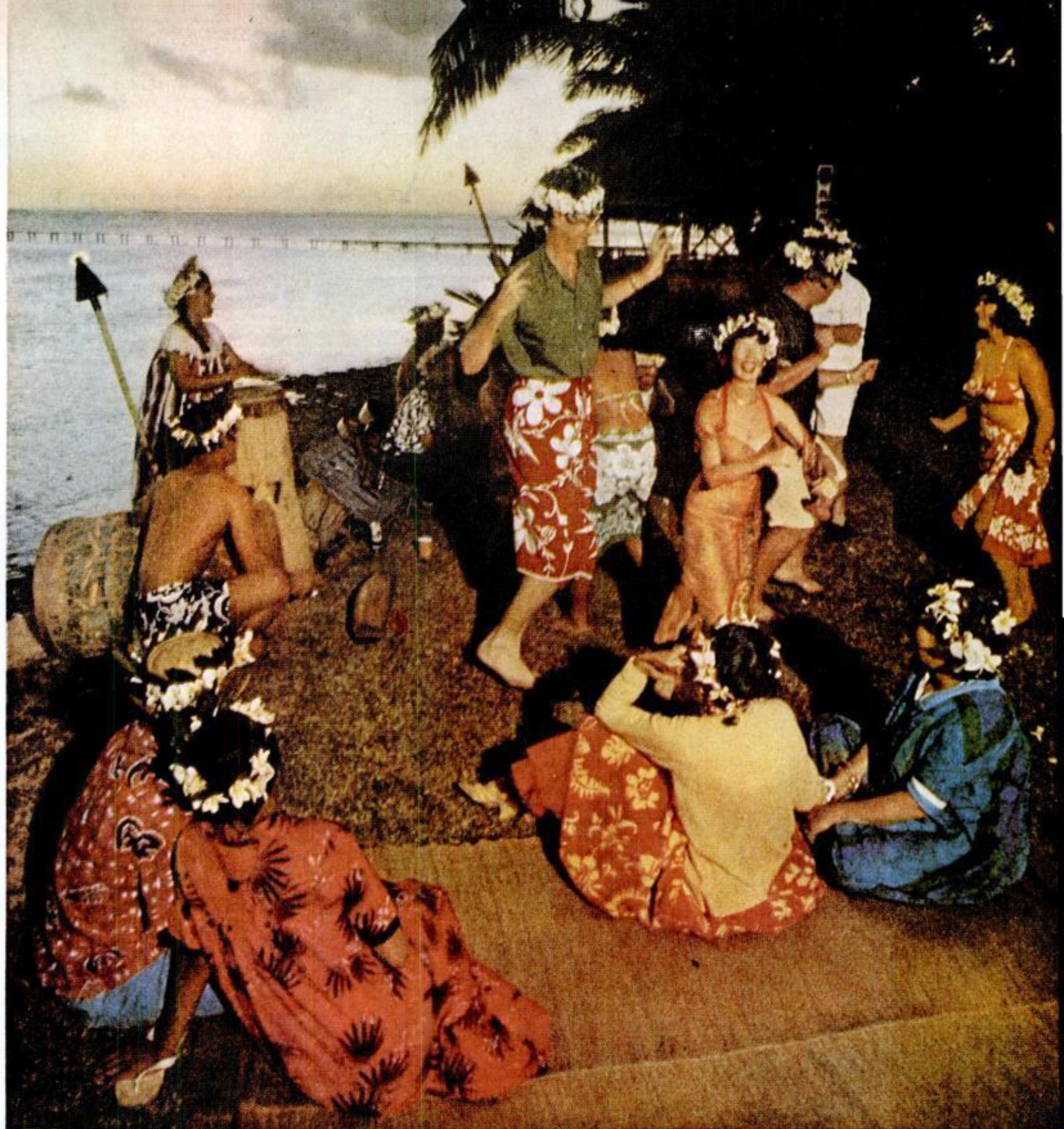
to the grotto, which is called *Mama Akua Lono* after the native Hawaiian god of chewing. It once was used by people of Kauai for their thanksgiving festivals.

A LUSH LAND TO VISIT

"The loveliest fleet of islands that lies anchored in any ocean," Mark Twain called the Hawaiian Islands, and their loveliness is drawing ever-larger fleets of tourists. The grottos, mountains and sea, the even balm of the climate, the gentle cordiality of the people far remove the visitor to Hawaii from the stone-and-steel stresses of mainland life. A familiar sight in the islands is the American who once arrived for a two-week holiday and has just never bothered to go back home.

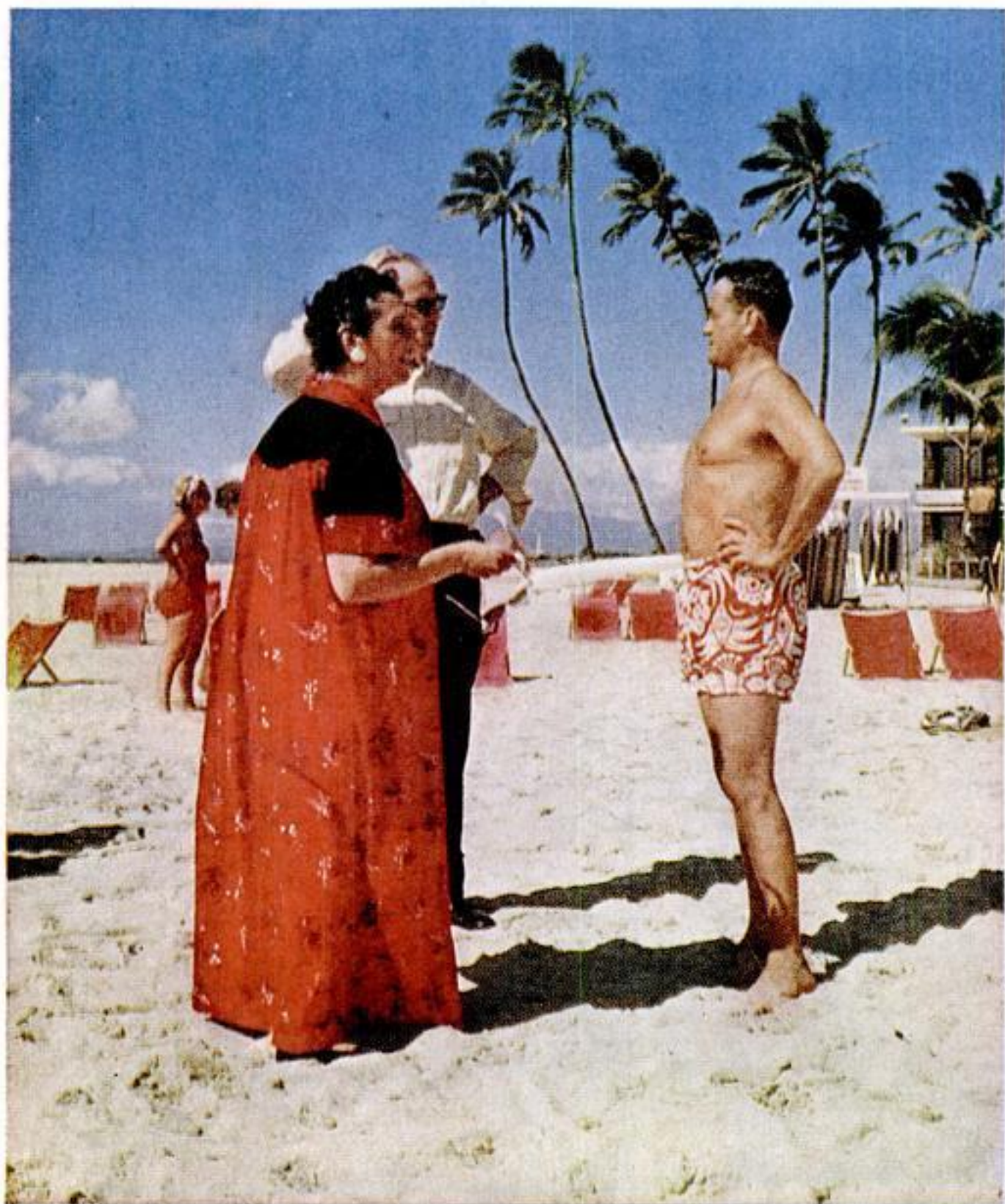
Tourism presently brings the islands some 165,000 visitors and nearly \$90 million a year. While a growing number travel to the other islands, most never get beyond Oahu and Waikiki Beach, Honolulu's great waterfront resort. There they prowl the specialty shops in Kalaheua Street and come back with the baggy *muumuu*, wildly flowered *aloha* shirts and crazy coconut hats. Tourist notions of Hawaii as a grass-shack dreamland where the happy natives spend their lives hula dancing and drinking coconut milk are patiently catered to by the sophisticated entertainers of Honolulu. They regale visitors with "Hawaiian music" mostly composed by Americans and played on ukuleles that were unheard of in the islands until 80 years ago, when Portuguese brought them in.

Besides the sightseeing and the shopping, the islands' finest tourist attraction is their wonderful water world (*next pages*). It has everything—white beaches and black beaches, sparkling inland pools and the mighty combers for surfboarding, a sport developed in Hawaii.

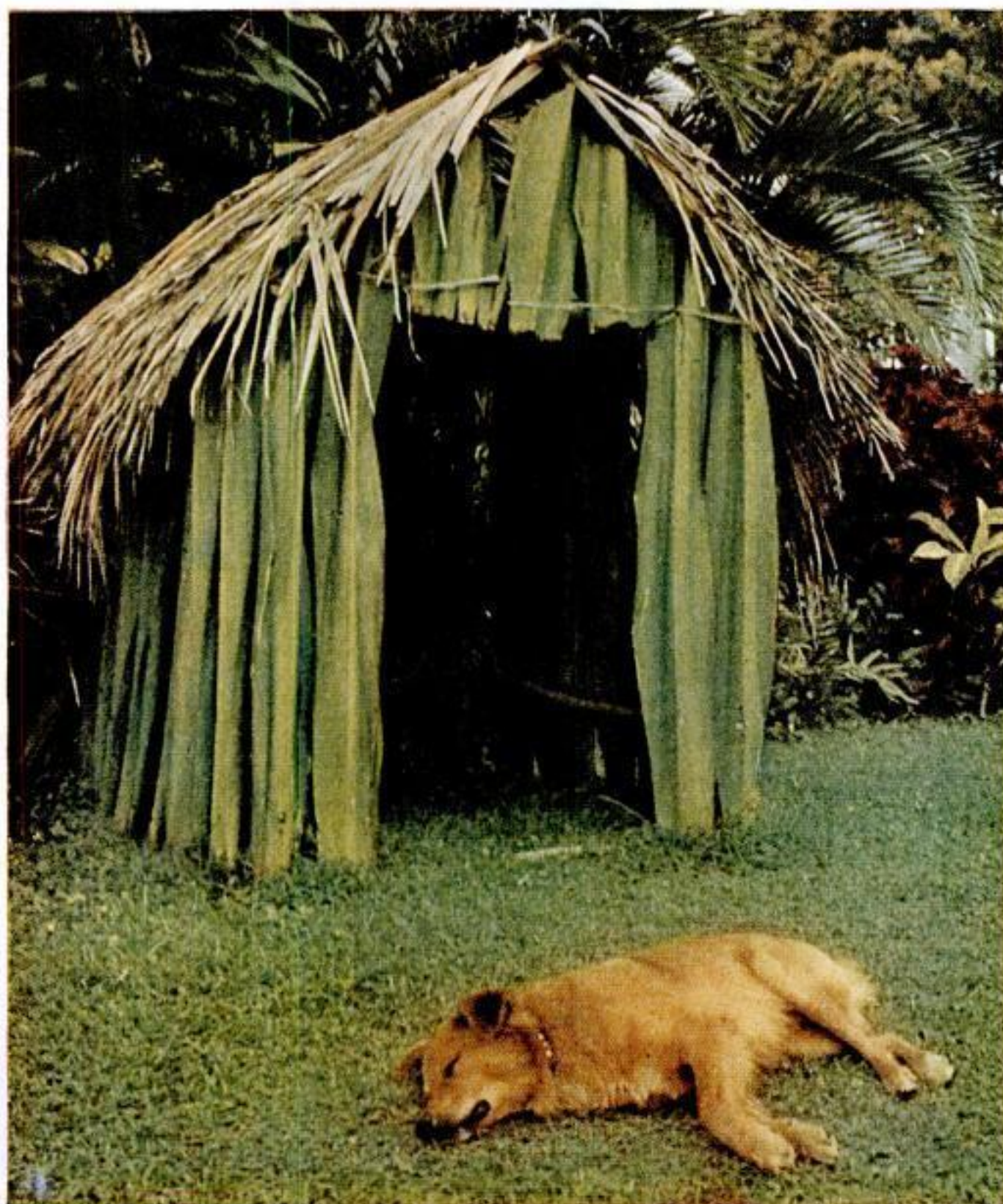


"TAHITIAN PARTY" is held by Americans and Hawaiians of Tahitian descent on the terrace above

Maunalua Bay, near Honolulu. To Hawaiians, Tahiti is as much a dreamland as Hawaii is to Americans.



ON WAIKIKI BEACH Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Katz of Ohio have chat with San Francisco Adman William Calhoun. Mrs. Katz wears a *muumuu* she just bought.



GENUINE GRASS SHACK, one of the few left in islands, has roof made of coco palm fronds, walls of green sisal leaves. The shack now serves as doghouse.

CONTINUED



BLACK-SAND BEACH, made by waves battering volcanic rock, is at Kalapana on Hawaii island.



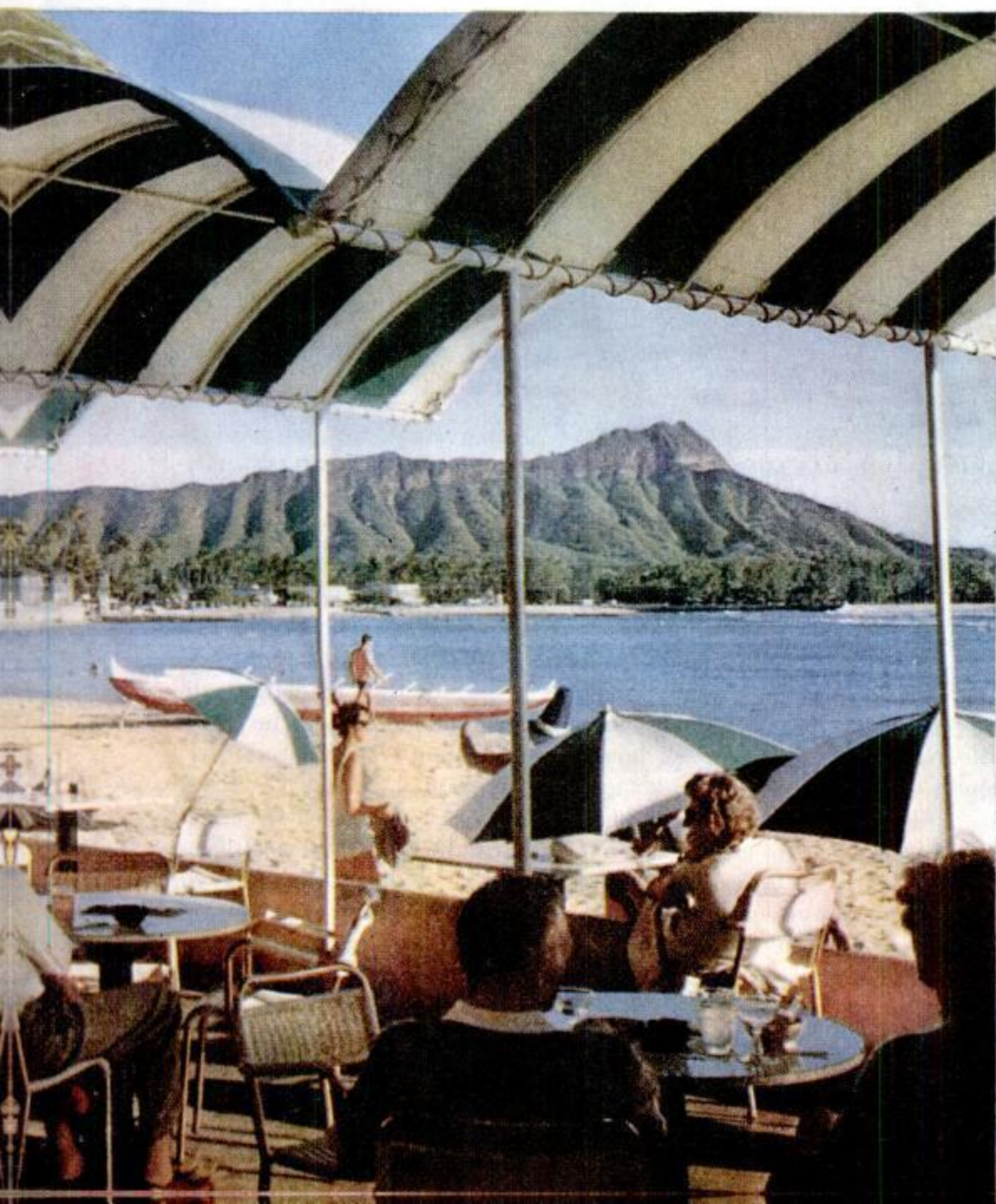
FISHING UNDER A RAINBOW, TWO ANGLERS WAIT



OVERLOOKING WAIKIKI, guests drink at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. Diamond Head is at rear.

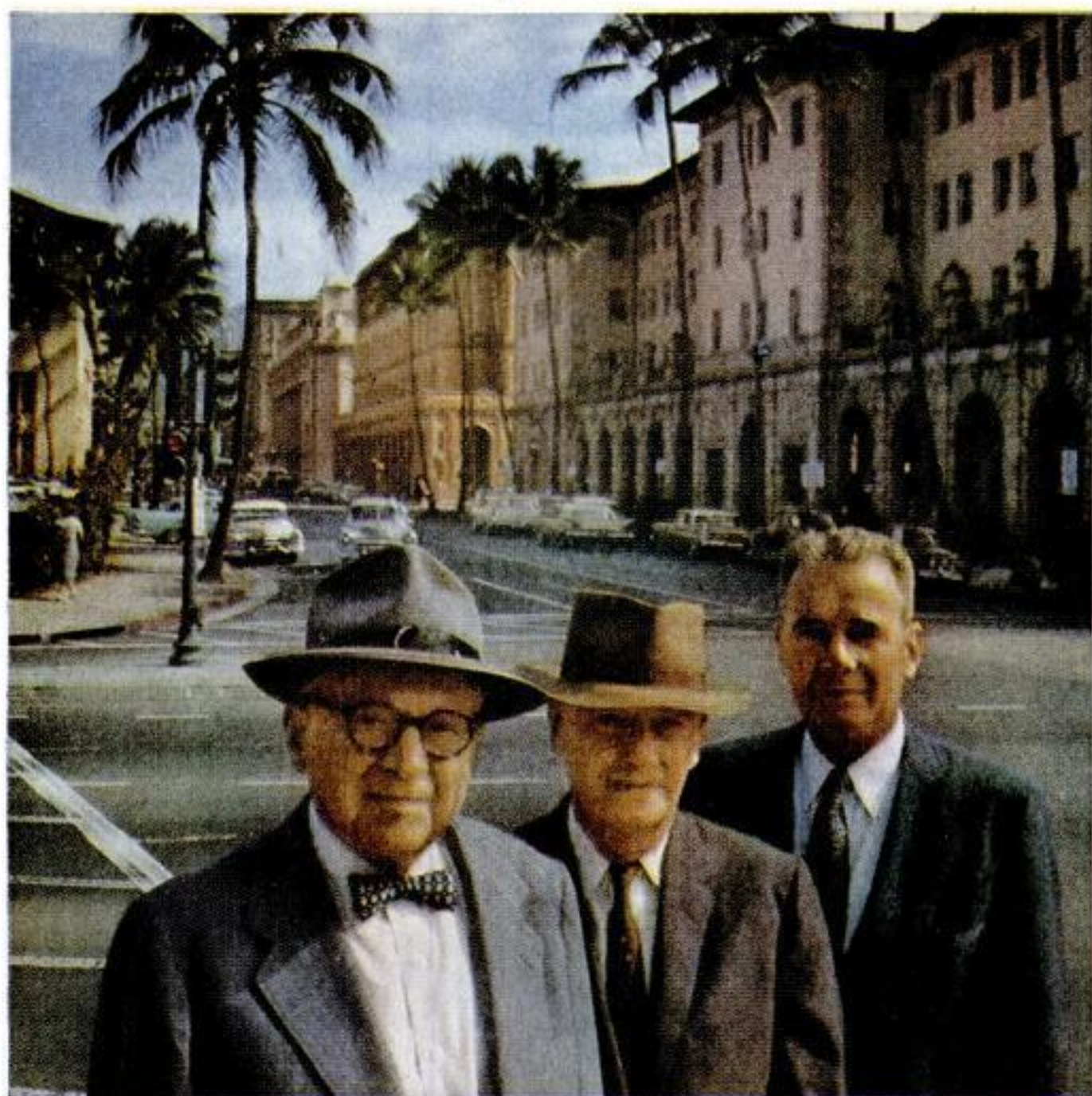


FOR NIBBLES FROM MULLET OFF WAIKIKI YACHT HARBOR, JAPANESE-BUILT FISHING CHAIRS ARE SUNK INTO THE WATER AND MAY BE USED BY ANYONE



POOLS AT KIPAHULU cascade to form an idyllic bathing site on island of Maui. The robed bathers in foreground are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Laughton.

CONTINUED



BIG BUSINESSMEN (from left) Alexander Budge, J. Walter Cameron and Boyd MacNaughton help run three of five main trading companies in Hawaii.



ORIENTAL MILLIONAIRE, a new phenomenon, is Chinese-American Chinn Ho, 55. Land Developer Ho is at ranch near Honolulu he is making into resort.



GOVERNOR since September 1957, William F. Quinn sits in ancient throne room of Iolani Palace, Honolulu. He ably arbitrated big sugar strike last year.



PATRIARCH OF HAWAII'S TOP BUSINESS FAMILY, WALTER F. DILLINGHAM

POWER IN BUSINESS,

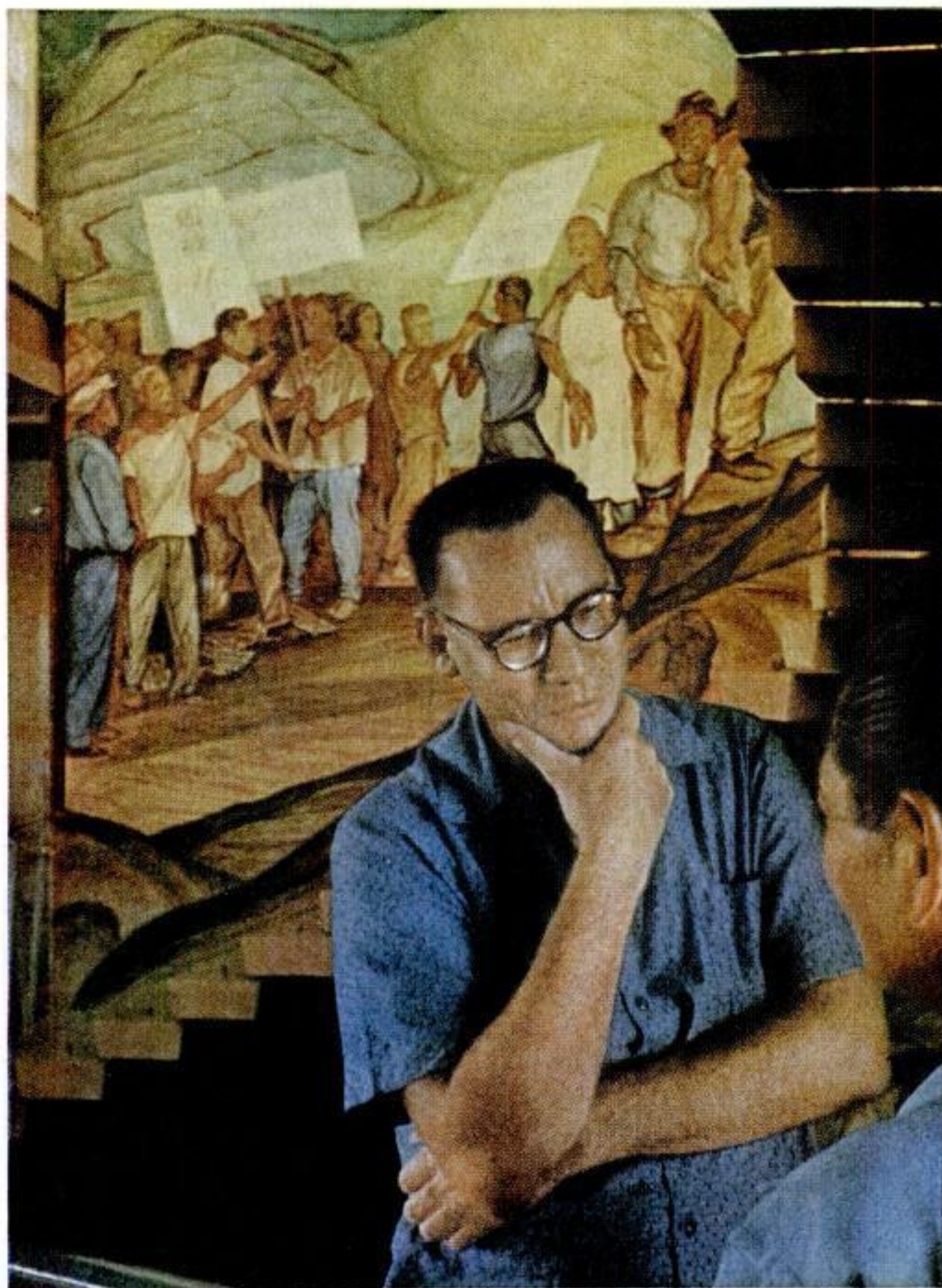
Before World War II, Hawaii's business was controlled by a tight oligarchy of sugar and pineapple tycoons, shipping magnates and the heads of the five large trading houses who act as middlemen between producers, shippers and wholesalers. Key men of the trading houses Castle & Cooke, Alexander & Baldwin, and C. Brewer & Co. are shown (from left to right) in the picture at left top. They and the heads of American Factors and Theo. H. Davies Co. join old men like Walter Dillingham in exercising enormous economic influence. But younger men are elbowing upward and mainland financiers like Henry Kaiser are pushing in. The boom has raised the per capita income to \$1,821, higher than in 24 states.



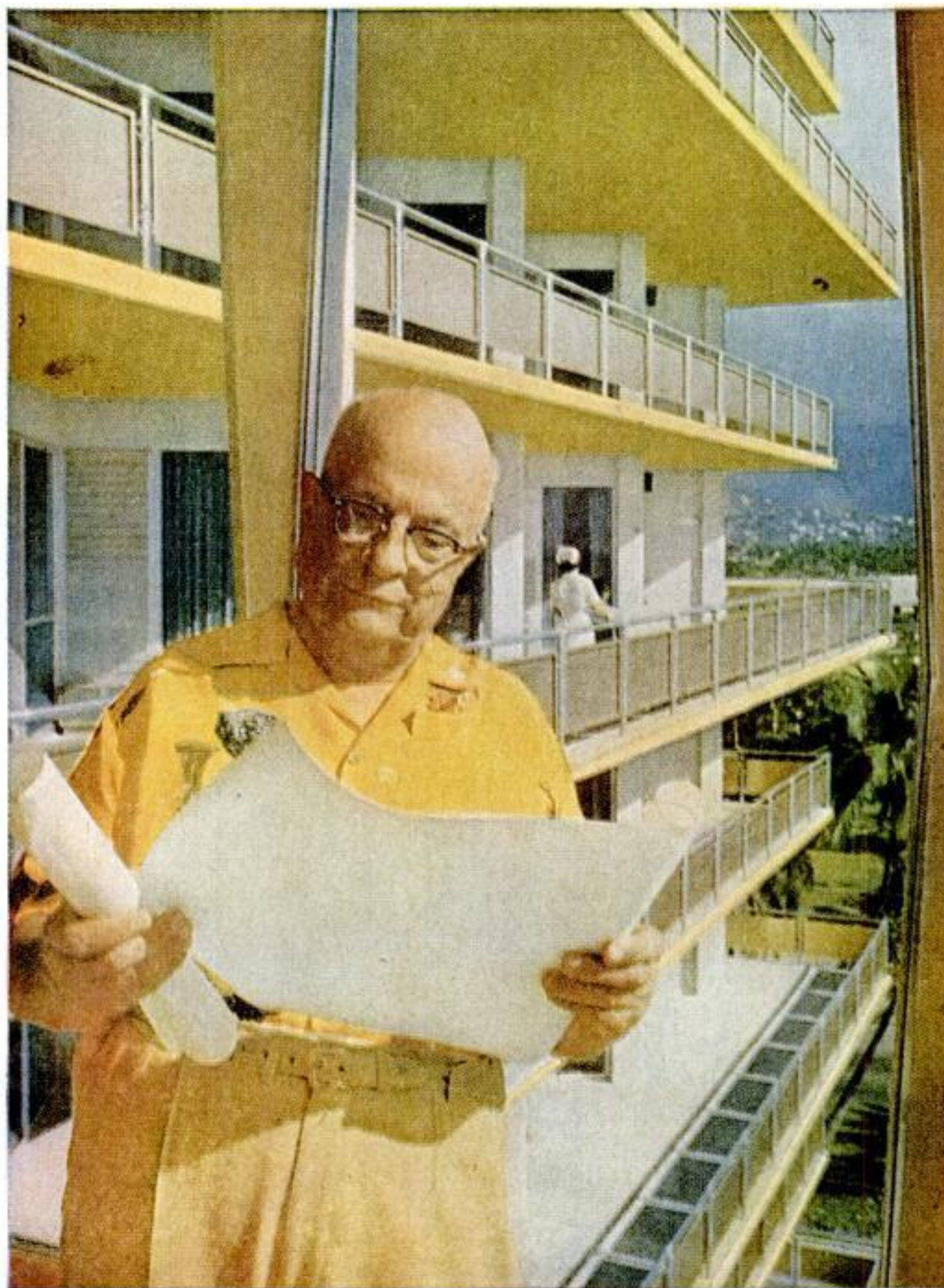
83, DRINKS WINE WITH WIFE ON TERRACE OF THEIR VILLA, LA PIETRA

LABOR, GOVERNMENT

Younger leadership shows, too, in labor and politics. In Hawaii, Jack Hall, 44, runs the Hawaiian locals of Harry Bridges' International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, which has also organized the farm workers and hotel employees. The powerful union has at times paralyzed the island economy by strikes. But it has also greatly raised wages and now seems to be making its peace with management in the interests of Hawaii's growth. That growth is also busily promoted by the popular Governor William Quinn, 39, an Eisenhower appointee. Republican Quinn has to cope with a Democratic-dominated legislature whose members convene in gaudy shirts and up to their ears in leis.



UNION BOSS, the I.L.W.U. regional director, Jack Hall, listens to report from organizer Fred Saki before mural by Pablo O'Higgins called *Labor in Hawaii*.

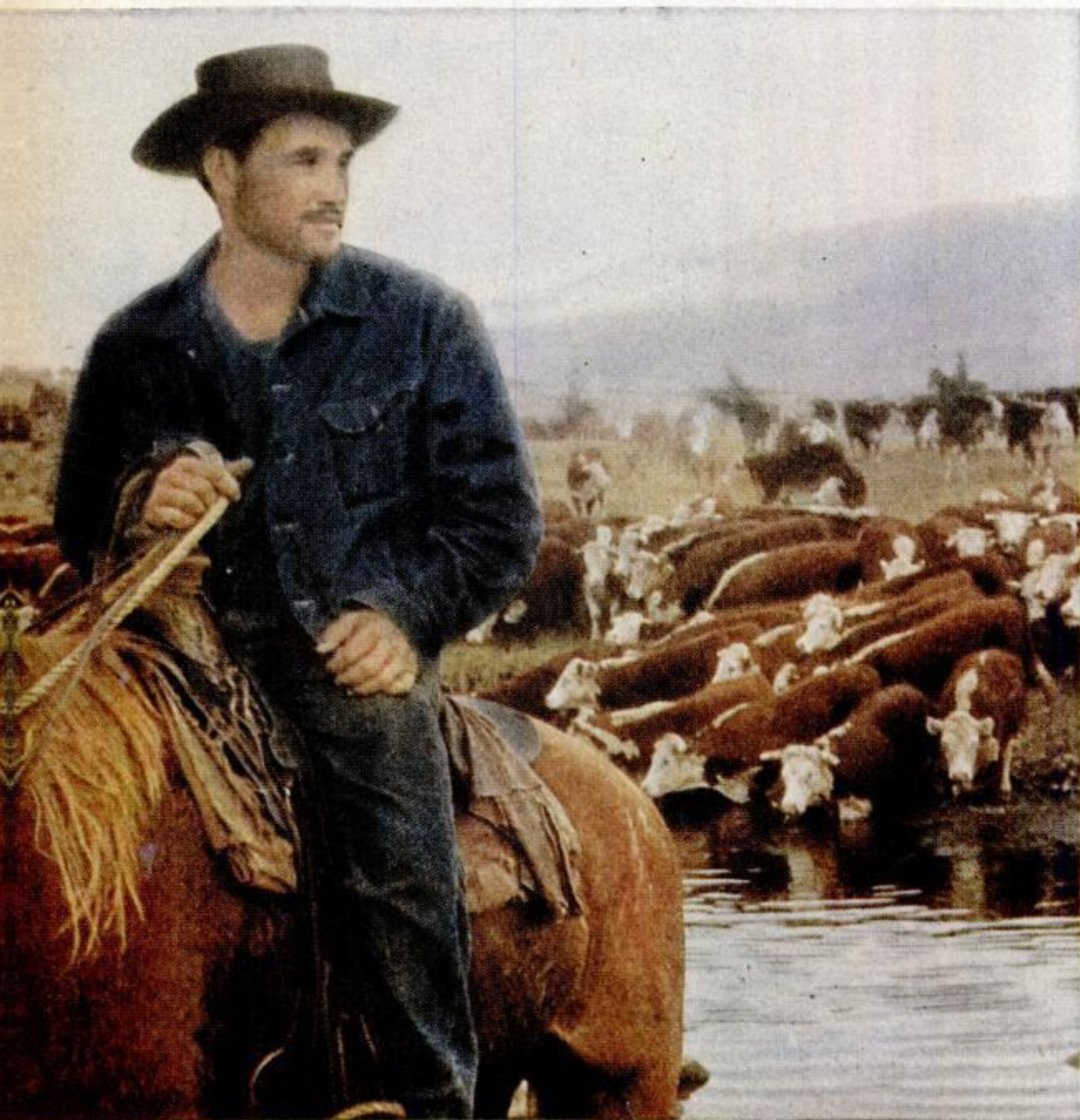


NEW FORCE, Henry J. Kaiser, has built a hotel complex at his Hawaiian Village near Waikiki. He stands on landing of the new \$4 million Kaiser Hospital.

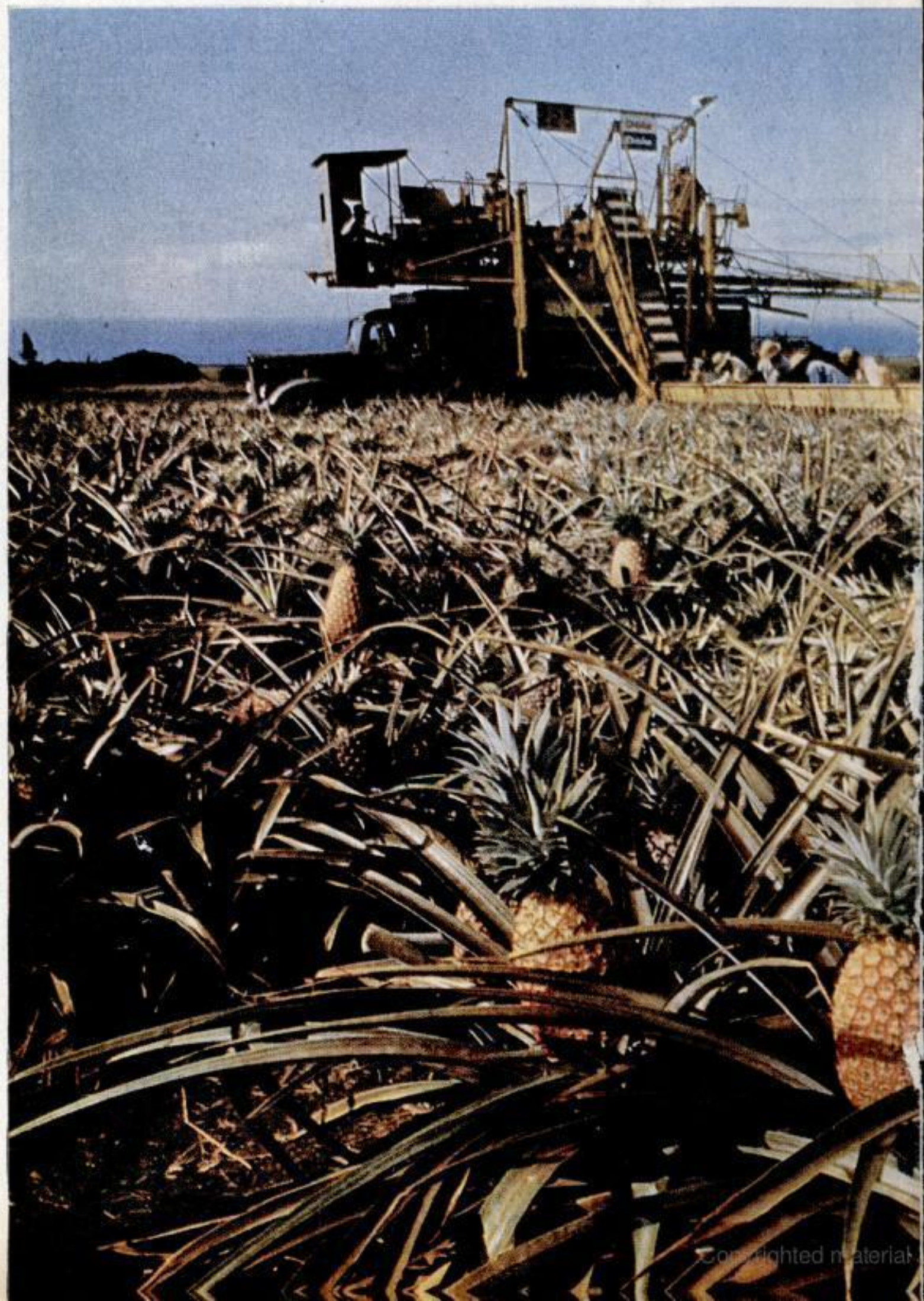
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SUGAR CANE bends in morning breeze on land of Pepeekeo Sugar Company. In Hawaii cane takes 22 to 24 months to mature, twice as long as in the Caribbean.

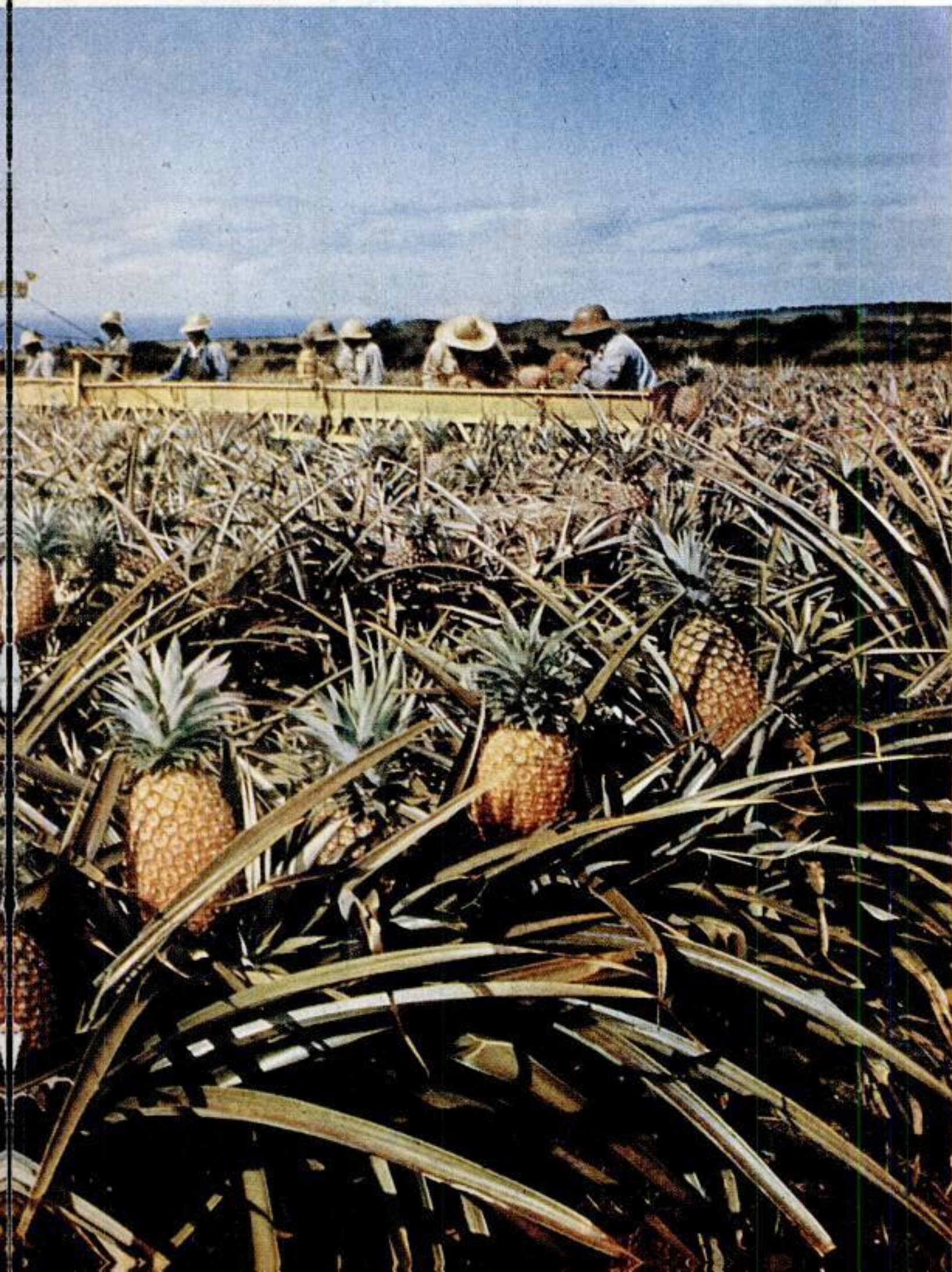


CATTLE, purebred Herefords, are led across ford by *paniola* (cowboy) on the 300,000-acre Parker ranch on Hawaii. Local cattle business is growing rapidly.





PINEAPPLE is loaded onto a conveyor belt which carries it to cannery-bound trucks. This is at Dole Company's 15,000-acre Wahiawa plantation near Honolulu.



ORCHIDS grown outdoors on Hawaii Island are poured from aluminum gathering basket onto loading tray. Islands airfreight 50 million orchids a year to U.S.

CONTINUED



HOMEcoming WEEKEND at University of Hawaii finds Alpha Phi Omega pledge selling ice cream.

AMERICANIZED YOUTH

There is little doubt that the young people of Hawaii are ready for statehood. They definitely consider themselves to be Americans first, Hawaiians second. While it takes a few months for mainland trends and fads to get to the islands, rock 'n' roll has long been much more popular there than the hula.

The Americanization of the young is helped along by a top-notch public school system. It uses English as the standard language of instruction and only in some remote areas does pidgin English pose a classroom problem. Public education is supplemented by nearly a hundred good private and parochial schools. All the schools have put much emphasis on citizenship training, and the percentage of Hawaiians going to the polling booths is greater than on the mainland.

However, some of the fine local tradition is kept alive in private schools like the Kamehameha (*opposite page*), three institutions which are financed from the estate of the last direct descendant of King Kamehameha and accept only pupils that have some Hawaiian blood.





YOUNG CATHOLICS attend Mass with nun in the recently completed modernistic St. Catherine's

Church on Kauai. Parochial schools throughout Hawaiian Islands educate some 15,000 boys and girls.



← **DRUM MAJORETTE** Chinese Wilette Wong, 16, leads band at Honolulu's Aloha Bowl football game.

HAWAIIAN LEGEND of King Kamehameha's war prowess is told in mural at Kamehameha school.

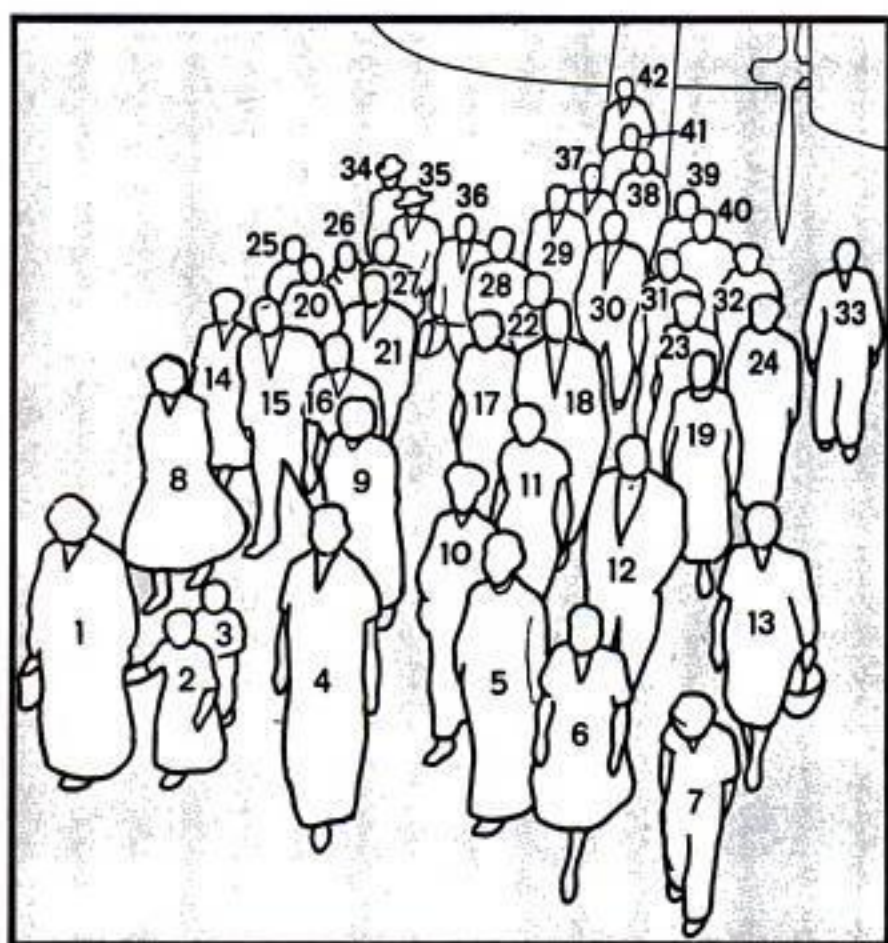
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RICH VARIETY OF PEOPLE

When it enters the union, Hawaii will be the only state with an Oriental majority but its racial mixture is bewilderingly rich. Everyone of the 64 possible racial combinations can be found in the islands. The most numerous people are the Japanese, followed by Caucasians, part-Hawaiians, Filipinos and Chinese. Many of the remaining 12,000 pure Hawaiians live on remote Niihau island.

An easy and admirable geniality prevails between all the different stocks. There are still traces of old frictions here and there, but the progress of Christianization and Americanization has brought warm unity amid diversity.



RACIAL MIXTURE of Hawaii is seen in passengers at Lihue airport on Kauai. In picture at left and in diagram above are: 1 Mrs. Rosita Ventura, Filipina from Lihue 2 daughter Valarie, 3. 3 daughter Yolanda, 2, 4 Mrs. Joseph I, Hawaiian-Chinese-Spanish tourist agent, 5 Mrs. Kikue Yama, Japanese 6 her daughter Karen, 11. 7 son Eric 8 Patricia Vilela, Portuguese student 9 Mrs. Ethel Sawyer, Caucasian tourist 10 Mrs. Edith Hamamoto, Japanese 11 Mrs. Doris Achor, Caucasian tourist agent 12 Noboru Miyake, Japanese territorial senator 13 Mrs. Mary Sabate, Filipina civil servant 14 Mrs. Charles Fern, Caucasian housewife 15 Leslie Miller, Caucasian pineapple executive 16 Robert Gharan, Caucasian librarian 17 Mrs. Louise Sappington, Caucasian tourist 18 Clinton Childs, Caucasian industrial relations counsel 19 Mrs. Mae Sawyer, Caucasian tourist 20 Adele Pennachi, Caucasian reporter 21 Charles Fern, Caucasian publisher from Lihue 22 Mrs. Florence Iwamoto, Japanese tourist agent 23 Amy Tsunehiro, Japanese student 24 Mrs. Lucille Sigler, Caucasian tourist 25 Butch Achor, Caucasian student from Lihue 26 Larry Aruda, Portuguese classmate of Butch's 27 Mrs. Gladys Brandt, pure Hawaiian high school principal 28 Levon Ohai, Hawaiian Chinese pupil of Mrs. Brandt's 29 Raymond Aki, Hawaiian-Chinese-Japanese insurance man 30 W. A. Cottrell, Caucasian civil servant 31 G. P. Wilcox, Caucasian executive 32 Mrs. Andrew Gross, Caucasian housewife 33 Andrew Sun, Hawaiian-Chinese X-ray technician 34 Manuel Aguiar, Portuguese rancher 35 Joseph I, pure Hawaiian tourist agent and husband of No. 4. 36 Henry S. Kuniyuki, Japanese civil servant 37 Toshiharu Yama, Japanese civil servant whose wife is No. 5. 38 Mrs. Irene MacDonald, Hawaiian-Caucasian clerk 39 Raymond D. Souza, Portuguese county supervisor 40 George Keawe Sr., Hawaiian-French fireman 41 Rev. Thomas Allport, Caucasian pastor from Lihue 42 Walt Christie, Caucasian journalist.



BUDDHIST TRADITION is maintained at Soto Zen Buddhist mission in Honolulu where Bishop

Zenkyo Komagata (*center*) leads nuns, priests in services. About 60,000 Buddhists remain in islands.



CATHOLIC FAMILY with 10 children, that of Raymond Aki, Hawaiian-Chinese-Japanese insurance

man, No. 29 in airport picture, sits down to dinner. Mrs. Aki, a New Zealander, met husband during war.

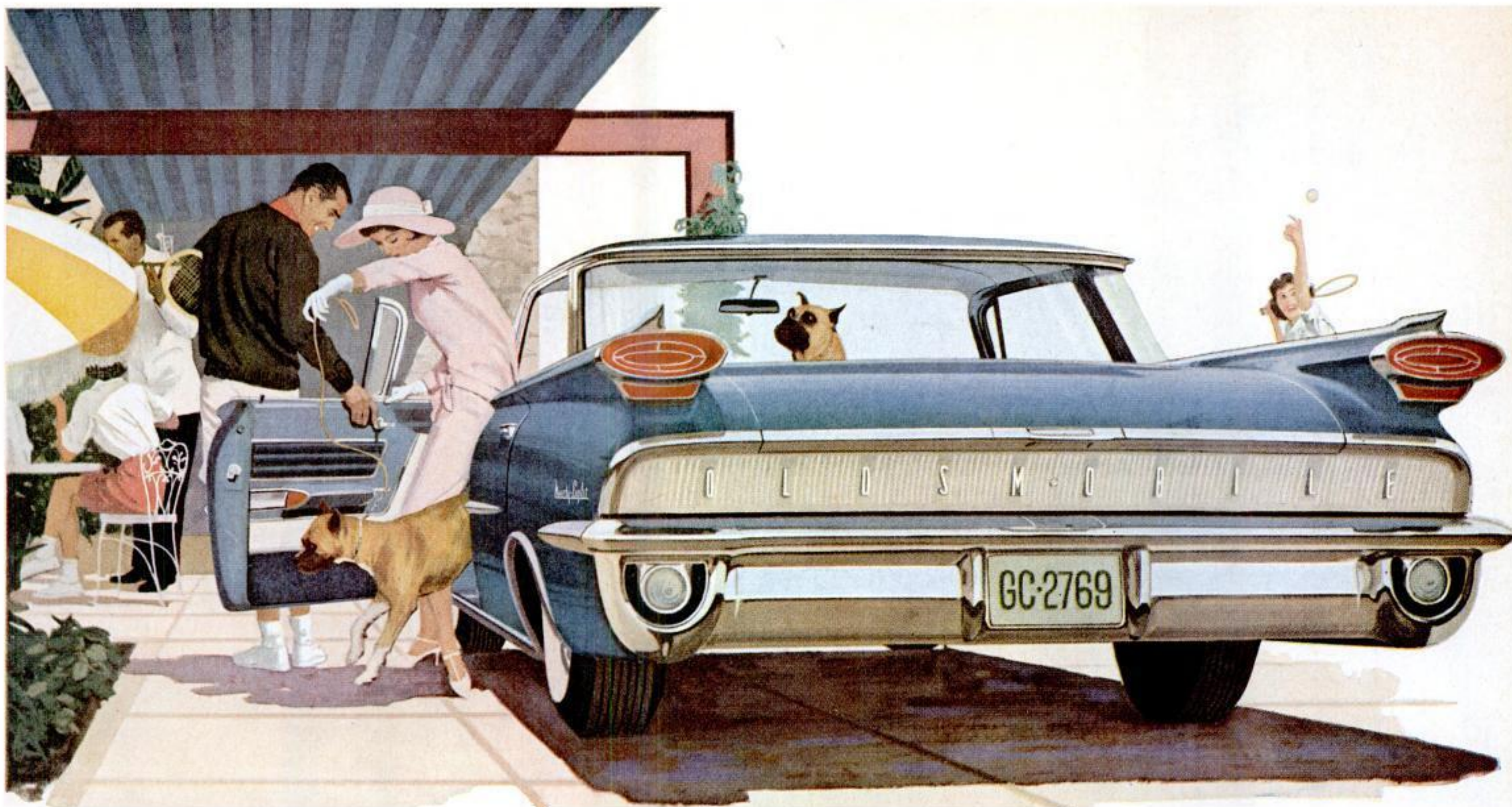
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AN OLD HAWAIIAN RITUAL Mamala paddle dance which was performed in honor of Lono, god of peace and agriculture, is taught to fourth-grade students

at the Kamehameha Schools by teacher of pure Hawaiian blood, Mrs. Esther Waihee McClellan. School buildings stand on 300-acre site overlooking Honolulu.

CONTINUED



NINETY-EIGHT HOLIDAY SPORTSEDAN



Make a date with the leader . . . Oldsmobile for '59. Its trim, modern style is an open invitation to get out and go. Off and away with a Rocket Engine that's alert and eager.

Riding smooth and so secure. Steering was never easier—stopping never surer! It's a wonderful feeling . . . a quality feeling . . . *That New Olds Feeling!* And it should (and easily can) be yours. First port of call, your local quality dealer's to take *your* turn at the wheel.

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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SUPER 88 HOLIDAY SCENICOUPE





This emblem is your guarantee of satisfaction

*Jim Shoulders, 1958 All-Around Cowboy
Champion with his wife, Sharron;
daughters, Jamie and Jana;
son, Marvin Paul, of
Henryetta, Oklahoma*



Out of the West—a family tradition—BLUE BELL WRANGLERS

Slim, trim, tapered as only authentic Western-cut jeans can be. Heavy Sanforized denim, jam-proof zippers and extra strength at all strain points mean long, tough wear for active families like the Shoulders. Proportioned sizes fit and flatter every figure. Wranglers for men and women, \$3.98; boys, slim, regular, husky (also with dub-I-nee), \$2.89 to \$3.98; girls, kiddies, \$1.98 to \$2.98. Jackets, \$3.98 to \$4.98. Wrangler Western-styled shirts: men's, \$3.98; boys', \$2.98. So much for so little! Blue Bell, Inc., Empire State Building, New York, N.Y. Canada: W. Howick Manufacturing Company, Montreal

BLUE BELL CLOTHES for all the family



STATEHOOD ADVOCATE, like most Hawaii businessmen, is Herbert C. Cornuelle, 38, who last year became president of Hawaiian Pineapple Company.

The Pros and Cons of Island Statehood

by PETER BUNZEL

The overwhelming majority of Hawaiians want statehood badly. Territorial Governor William Quinn puts their case plaintively: "We do not have equality with our fellow Americans. Like Ishmael, the slave's son, we have no right to sit at our father's table." As the congressional debate waxes, Quinn and other islanders are ardently refuting the arguments they believe have hurt Hawaii's statehood chances in the past. Their main points are these:

Hawaii's distance from the continental U.S. does not disqualify it for statehood. Jet air travel will cut to five hours the flight from California to Honolulu. Besides, Alaska's admission should have dispelled forever the feeling that new states coming into the union must adjoin the old.

Hawaii is not a geographical pygmy which is therefore unworthy of recognition as a state. It is bigger than the states of Rhode Island, Delaware or Connecticut.

Hawaii is not so thinly populated that statehood would confer disproportionate power on its two U.S. senators. Its population is larger than that of Nevada, Wyoming or Delaware, not to mention Alaska (which statehood adherents always do).

Statehood would not in any way hinder the U.S. military forces stationed in the territory, any more than it hinders forces stationed in the continental U.S. The Pentagon, Admiral Nimitz and General MacArthur have said that statehood would benefit U.S. security.

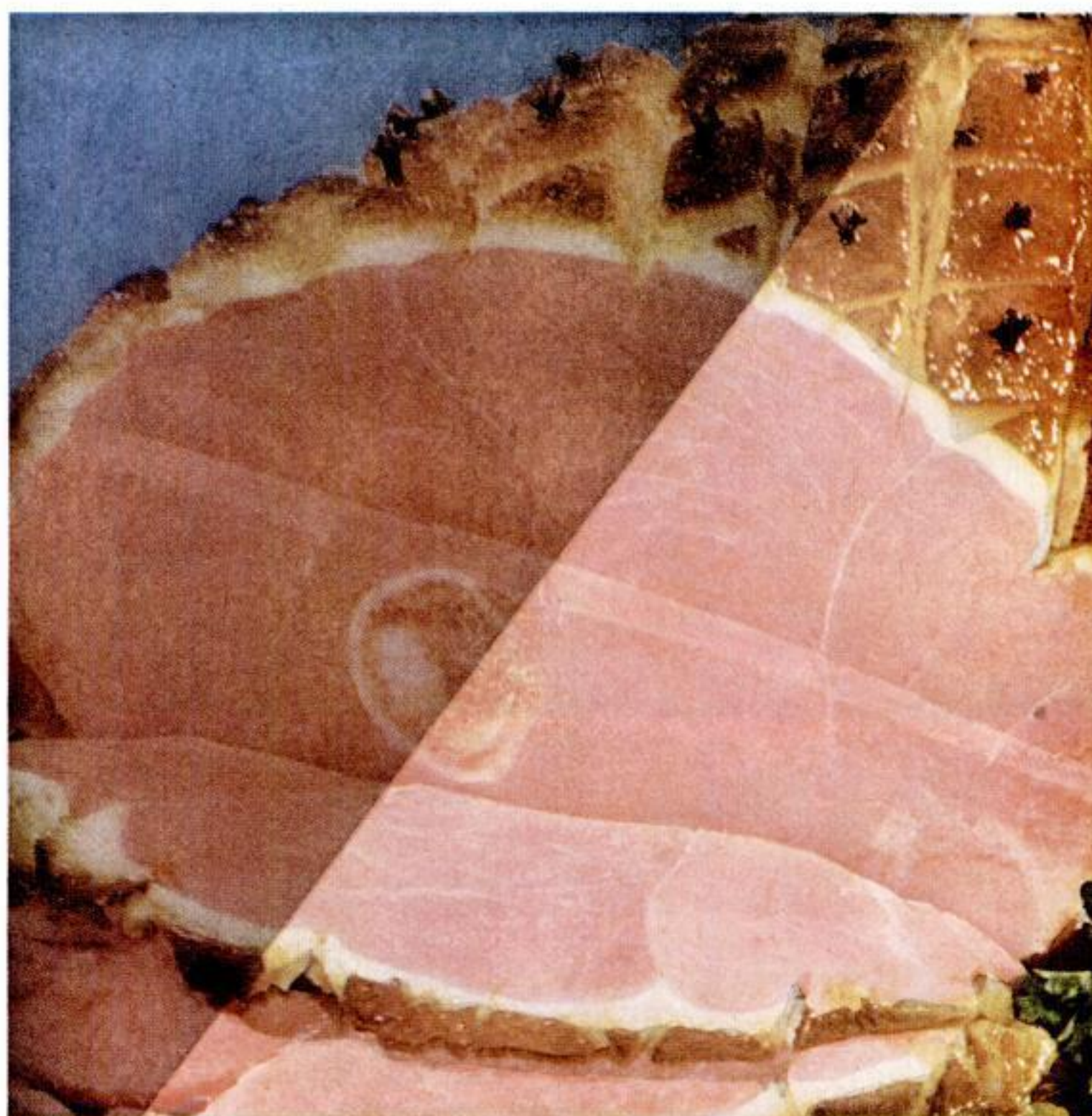
Communism is not a greater threat in Hawaii than elsewhere in the union. Harry Bridges' I.L.W.U., though Red-tinged, has been behaving more respectably in recent years and besides has failed to show the muscle in local elections that it flexes at the bargaining table. There are only a few dozen known Communists in the territory.

Economically, Hawaii would not be a drag on the U.S. It already pays more income tax than 10 present states, Alaska among them. In the last fiscal year Hawaii poured \$166 million in taxes into federal coffers.

Among the few respected Hawaiian dissenters from the statehood campaign is Associate Justice Ingram M. Stainback of the Territorial Supreme Court. "I'm against it from an economic standpoint," he says. Justice Stainback points out that there are only three states with higher per capita taxes than Hawaii. He believes that statehood

CONTINUED

Are you missing
HALF the FLAVOR
of your Holiday Ham?



Domino Brown Sugar
adds the "*MISSING HALF*"
... it flavors as it sweetens!

Domino Brown Sugar adds the "Missing Half" with this easy-to-make Brown Sugar glaze. It seals in every bit of mouth-watering flavor. Use the recipe below and you'll discover how *Domino* Brown Sugar *flavors as it sweetens*.

Domino "Magic Flavor" Baked Ham Recipe:

Twenty minutes before ham is done, remove from oven, score, stud with cloves and spread with paste made of 1 lb. *Domino* Brown Sugar, 3 tbsps. cooking sherry or vinegar and 1 tsp. dry mustard. Finish baking at 400°F.

Use either *Domino* Old Fashioned Dark Brown or Golden Light Brown Sugar. Other "Magic Flavor" recipes on every package.



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You'll look better . . . feel fresher . . . cruising along in a Harrison Air Conditioned car. Harrison gives you wonderful new automatic control of the climate . . . spring, summer and fall! Just flick the switch . . . and enjoy the invigorating atmosphere of refreshing, cool, dehumidified air. All the discomforts of warm-weather driving—heat, dirt, road noise and sticky humidity—are locked out. So, whether you're driving your '59 GM car or just about to buy, ask your GM dealer about Harrison Air Conditioning—a quality General Motors product.

• Compressor by Frigidaire

From GM Research Engineers—

GOOD NEWS FOR POLLEN SUFFERERS!

Recent tests show that even when outside pollen count exceeded 100 per square centimeter, the count inside a Harrison Air Conditioned GM car was 5 or less—a reduction of more than 95%*. Tailor-made Harrison Air Conditioning is available for all 1959 General Motors cars—Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac.

*Test results verified by a leading pharmaceutical laboratory.

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AUTOMOTIVE AIR CONDITIONING
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HAWAII CONTINUED

would mean still higher taxes and would repel mainland investors.

The majority of Hawaii's businessmen take precisely the opposite view. They argue that statehood would disabuse investors of the notion that Hawaii is "foreign" soil. Statehood, they predict, will bring an influx of U.S. capital and unprecedented prosperity.

Thirty-eight percent of Hawaii's population is Japanese or part Japanese and this is often cited as a danger by statehood opponents. Yet among the 100,000 people of Japanese stock who lived in the islands during World War II there was not a single case of disloyalty or espionage. On the contrary, the 442nd Regimental Combat Team, which was recruited among Hawaiian Nisei, ranked as one of the most decorated of all American military units, with 18,143 individual citations. Potential Japanese leaders under statehood point out that they would not vote a racial line and would need the support of other racial groups in Hawaii to be elected.

Most mainland American opinion goes along with the Hawaiians. Recent opinion polls in the U.S. put pro-statehood sentiment at 8 to 1. Both the Republican and Democratic party platforms pledge statehood. According to the zealots who keep tabs, mainland newspapers last year printed 1,449 pro-statehood editorials. Nationwide organizations from the American Legion to the Zonta Clubs, and including the Redmen, the Siroptimists and the Daughters of the American Revolution, have voted to back admission.

What then could still conceivably hold up Hawaii's admission? The answer is simple: racial integration. Hawaii is one of the few civilized places where nonwhite strangers do not mind explaining their racial origin and mixture in detail. A U.S. Marine Corps enlistment poster in Honolulu shows the face not of a Caucasian but of an Oriental recruit. Honolulu's Dan Lee is the only police chief of Chinese origin serving under the U.S. flag.

All this brings shudders to the politicians of the U.S. South. They fear that giving statehood to Hawaii would indicate approval of integration. They also do not like the prospect of adding two Hawaiian votes to the Senate's civil rights bloc. At the same time one present representative will lose his seat in Congress to make room for the one to which Hawaii will be entitled.

Despite such opposition, the Hawaiian statehood proponents are confident. A dozen bills for statehood have been introduced in the House. This month a statehood bill was unanimously approved by the Senate's Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, and 54 senators, more than enough to pass it, are already pledged to vote for it.



GREETING THE FLEET, Hawaiian-clad Navy officer's wife does a hula on the dockside as the giant U.S. aircraft carrier *Ranger* arrives at Pearl Harbor.

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Instant that's
delicious
for drinking!



Carnation "Magic Crystals" burst into fresh flavor
nonfat milk instantly—*for as little as 8¢ a quart!*



3-Qt., 8-Qt. and
New 14-Qt. Sizes

The one "Magic Crystals" Instant. Naturally refreshing, *delicious*. The modern way to all the natural protein, B-vitamins and calcium of freshest whole milk. Perfect for cooking, too – no special recipes needed. Even *whips* – for luscious light topping at only 1¢ a serving, and with $\frac{2}{3}$ less calories than whipped cream!

MIXES INSTANTLY

Only Carnation "Magic Crystals" mix instantly and completely in ice-cold water with just a light stir. No lumps, no leftover paste in bottom of glass! Ready to drink, with fresh, light flavor.



CHOCOLATE FLAVORED Instant Nonfat Dry Milk, Too!

New Carnation Instant *Chocolate Drink*. Mixes instantly with ice-cold water for chilled, refreshing treats. Provides milk's natural protein, minerals and B-vitamins, so important for sturdy growth. Deli-

cious energy "pick-up" for adults. Delicious hot, too. Mix with piping hot water for rich, creamy-looking cocoa with no fuss or bother.

Save up to $\frac{1}{3}$ over milk and flavoring!



For framing! Four colorful fruit pictures like this (each different). Send label from any variety of Kraft Jellies or Preserves to Kraft, Box 782, Chicago 77, Ill., with 25¢ in coin to cover mailing. (Void where restricted.)

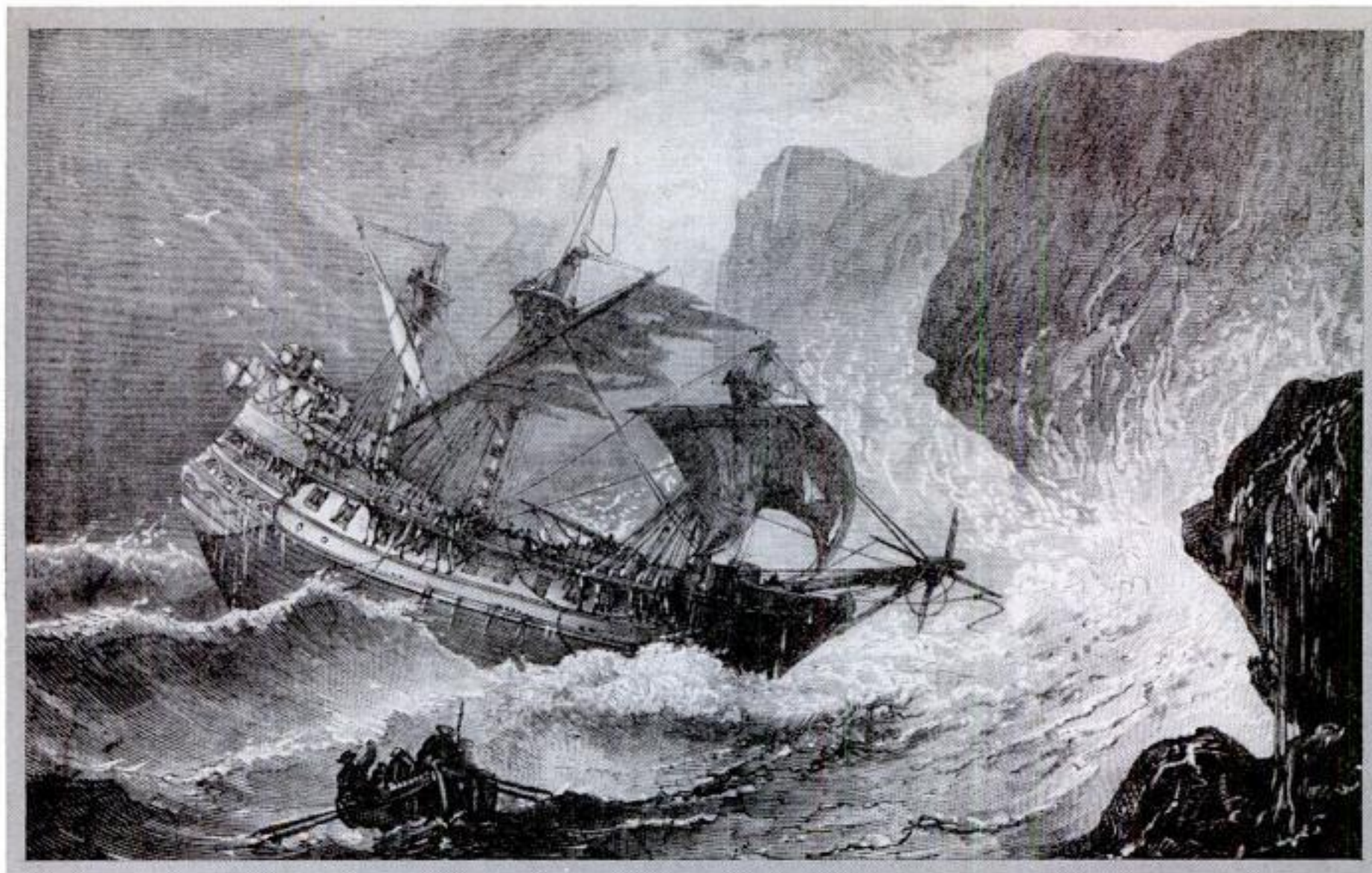
Their color and sweetness told us they were ready to eat. But first these beauties have a date with our kitchen where they'll be "cool-cooked" Kraft's special, secret way. Soon they'll be transformed into a triumph of goodness called Kraft Apple Jelly. Tomorrow's not a day too soon to discover...

They're fresh-fruit good!



In Canada, too!

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IN THE GREAT TEMPEST, as depicted in an old history book engraving, *Sea Venture* scuds toward

Bermuda's rocky coast. Admiral Somers had had the con for three days and nights without food or sleep.

Relic of 'Tempest'

In the summer of 1609 a violent storm overtook the British ship *Sea Venture* with lasting consequences to both English history and English literature. Britain got Bermuda and from accounts of the event (right) Shakespeare got ideas for writing *The Tempest*. Now scholars believe that a skin-diving descendant of one of the *Sea Venture*'s crewmen has found the wrecked ship off the Bermuda shore.

At the time of the 1609 tempest the 100-foot galleon was making for Virginia with food for the starving settlers at Jamestown. After what one eyewitness called "three daies

perpetuall horror," the ship was leaking so badly and all hands were so spent from pumping that "some having good and comfortable waters in the ship fetcht them, and drunke one to the other, taking their last leave." At this desperate juncture Admiral Sir George Somers sighted Bermuda. Steering for its reef-rimmed shore, he miraculously grounded the vessel between two heads of coral which kept her upright until everyone had got ashore. Finally she broke up, taking down with her the clues to her identity which are only now being unriddled by the salvage operations shown on the following pages.

A DISCOVERY OF THE BARMV- DAS, OTHERWISE called the Ile of Diuels.



Being in ship called the *Sea Venture*, with Sir THOMAS Gates, our Governour, Sir GEORGE Somers, and Captaine New-

port, three most worthy honoured Gentlemen, (whose valour and fortitude the world must needs take notice off, and that in most honourable designs) bound for Virginia, in the height of thirty degrees of northerly latitude, or thereabouts: We were taken with a most sharpe and cruell storme vpon the five and twentieth day of July, Anno 1609. which did not only separate vs from the residue of our flecte, (which were eight in number) but with the violent working of the Seas, our ship became so shaken, torne, and leaked, that shee receiued so much water, as couered two tire of hogheads about the ballast; that our men stoode by to the middles, with buckets, baricos, and kettles, to baile out the water, and continually pumped for three dayes and three nights together, without any intermission; and yet the water seemed rather to increase, then to diminish: in so much that all our men, being vtterly spent, tyred, and disabled for longer labour, were euen resolved, without any hope of their liues,

STORY OF WRECK by passenger Silvanus Jourdan was published in 1610. Shakespeare drew on such accounts for setting of *Tempest* in which he sent Ariel to fetch dew from "still-vexed Bermoothes."

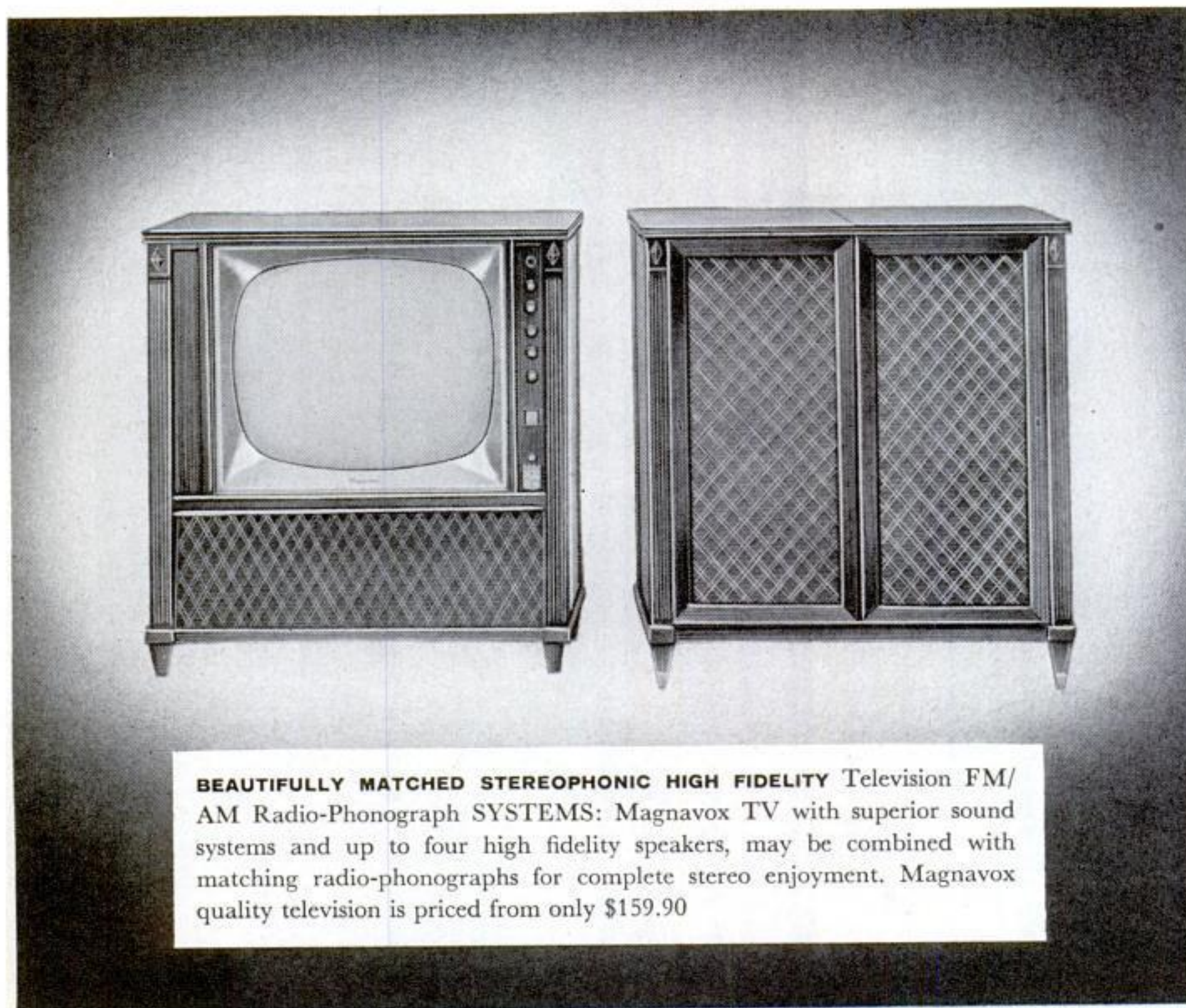
UNDERWATER AT WRECK, SALVAGER DONALD CANTON FANS SAND AWAY FROM ONE OF SHIP'S RIBS. ROPE LEFT OF UNCOVERED TIMBERS MARKS KEEL LINE



CONTINUED



Magnavox



BEAUTIFULLY MATCHED STEREOPHONIC HIGH FIDELITY Television FM/AM Radio-Phonograph SYSTEMS: Magnavox TV with superior sound systems and up to four high fidelity speakers, may be combined with matching radio-phonographs for complete stereo enjoyment. Magnavox quality television is priced from only \$159.90

... the finest costs less than you may think!

The magic of Magnavox stereo has become the music news of the decade! The orchestra, the soloist, seem *right there* in the room! Every record you own will sound better on a magnificent Magnavox. And only Magnavox gives you stereo so many beautiful ways—in a single cabinet, in two identical cabinets, or combined with TV. Your Magnavox dealer is listed in your yellow pages. Visit him and prove to yourself that Magnavox is truly the finest—your best buy on any basis of comparison.



MAGNAVOX STEREO PHONOGRAPHS will enhance any room décor. These offer: powerful two-channel amplifiers, Stereo Diamond Pick-up, record library space and optional extra FM/AM radio. (1) The three speaker Concerto \$169.50* (2) The Magnasonic with four speakers \$189.50* (3) The Berkley in beautiful traditional furniture, four speakers, \$249.50* *Optional identical stereo channels—same speakers and cabinets (not shown).*

'TEMPEST' CONTINUED



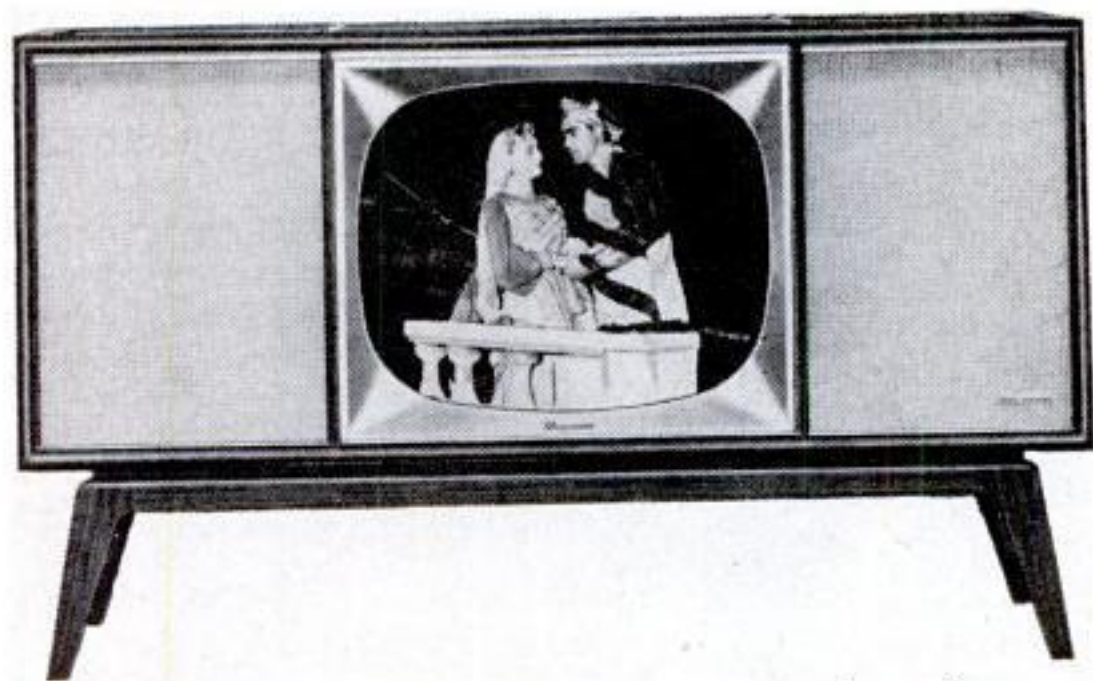
"SEA VENTURE'S" CANNON is hoisted ashore under eye of Teddy Tucker, salvage chief. It bears

letters "RP FT" which may mean "Richard Phillips Fecit," mark of a famous London gun founder.

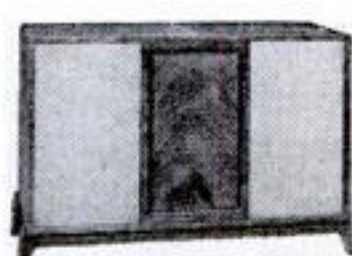
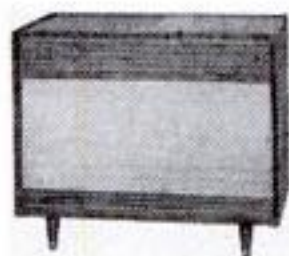
WORKING UNDER WATER, divers chip at coral-encrusted cannon, half-buried in sea floor with muzzle pointing downward. Fish are sergeant majors.

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World leader in Stereophonic High Fidelity

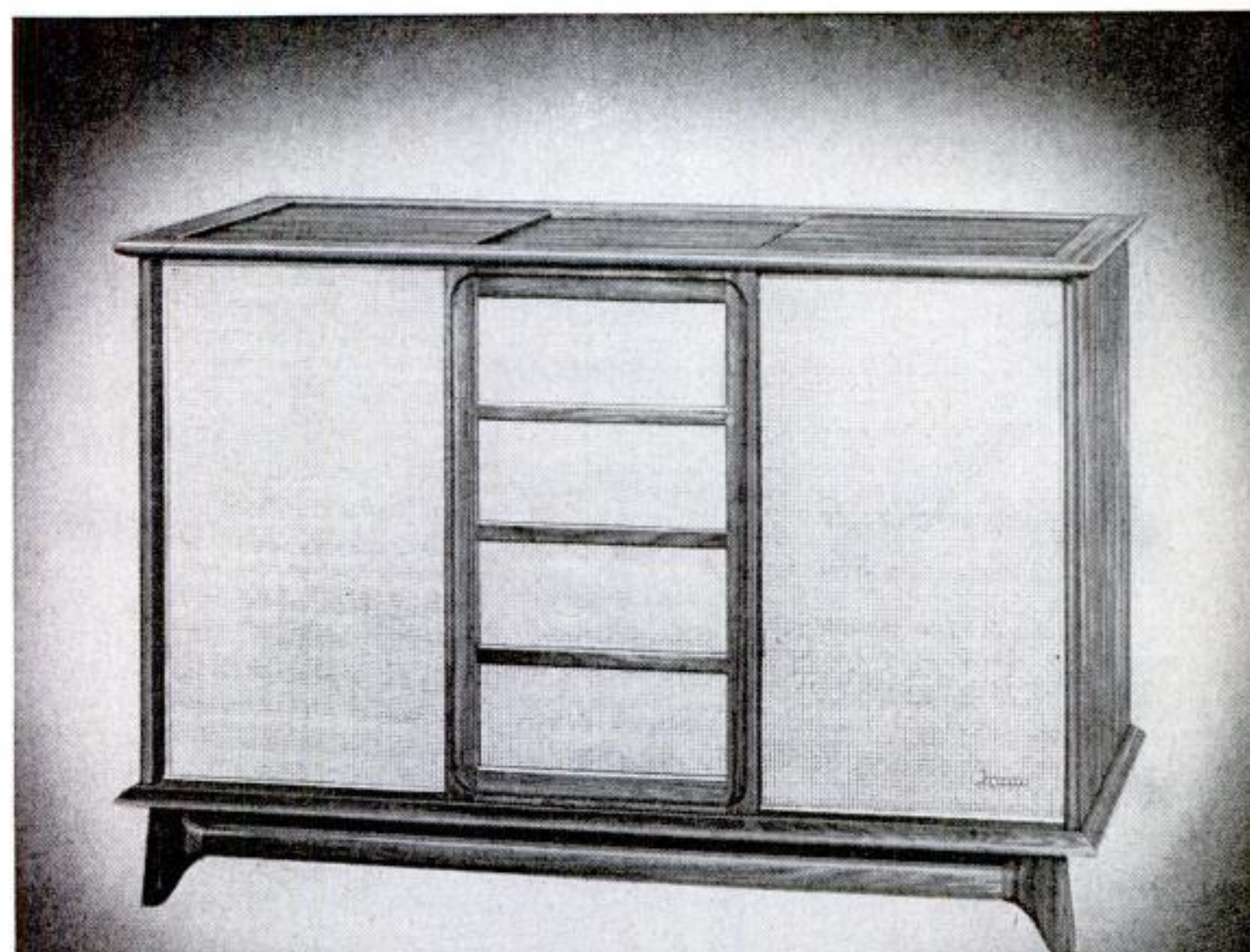


ALL-INCLUSIVE STEREO HIGH FIDELITY...24 INCH TV...FM/AM RADIO...PHONOGRAPH. The magnificent Magnavox Stereo Theatre—two separate sound channels in one beautiful furniture piece. Six speakers, Diamond Stereo Pick-up, precision phonograph, big-picture chromatic TV... the *only* all-inclusive stereo home entertainment center... \$545.00*
†24" diagonal measure



MAGNAVOX ALSO OFFERS YOU a wide variety of self-contained stereo, each with two separate sound channels; record library space, Stereo Diamond Pick-up plus many other quality features. (4) The Stratford, only \$269.50* (5) The Stereorama with six speakers including two 15" bass, only \$299.50* (also available with optional extra FM/AM radio).

All prices and specifications subject to change. Some prices slightly higher in the Far West and South. *All prices shown are for mahogany. Cherry, American walnut, oak and light Danish walnut are slightly higher. The Magnavox Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana.



THE MAGNAVOX IMPERIAL DANISH... stereophonic high fidelity FM/AM radio-phonograph—two heavy magnet 15" bass speakers plus two highly efficient exponential treble horns—precision changer—Stereo Diamond Pick-up—record library space. In several styles and fine woods, \$575.00*

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This is it! The paper napkin most like linen!

Linen-lovely Scotkins®...are linen-firm, too!
They won't fall apart with juicy, saucy foods.

You won't need two or three—just one Scotkin stays linen-strong the whole meal long.

Get Scotkins in the polka-dot box...

luncheon or dinner size! 

ONE PAPER NAPKIN YOU DON'T NEED THREE OF!

'TEMPEST' CONTINUED

A SECRET FATHOMED FIVE FATHOMS DOWN

The *Sea Venture* was not found by accident. Her discoverer, Edmund Downing, a Virginian, had been looking for her for some time. But the odds against finding her among the hundreds of wrecks which litter Bermuda's coastal waters seemed a million to one. The old accounts agreed that the ship "fell in between two rocks" but estimates of the distance from shore varied widely and the best information about what shore to start from was an ambiguous inscription on a plaque left on the island by the castaways saying that the ship sank "under a

point that bore South East from the Northerne point of the Island." To compound Downing's difficulties, the castaways had stripped the *Sea Venture* before she sank in order to build two smaller vessels. All but two of the castaways sailed on to Virginia. The two who remained in Bermuda were joined later by settlers from England.



ARCHIVIST L. D. Gurrin, sleuthing in early records, steered Downing to place of wreck.

Even if Downing discovered the right wreck, he could not count on its containing anything by which it might be identified. From Bermuda's chief of archives, Laurence D. Gurrin, he learned of an old document which gave the distance from shore as 3/4 of a mile. Diving at the specified distance, Downing quickly found a double-edged reef which fitted perfectly the

description of "the two rockes." Diving still deeper to five fathoms, he spotted pieces of flint—in a form found only in fresh water and often used as ship's ballast until the invention of the flint lock later made it too valuable.

Among the stones Downing found his wreck. Salvage expert Teddy Tucker was assigned by the Bermuda government to help him and soon the two were bringing up cannon balls and pieces of pottery and timber. All the artifacts proved to pre-date the time of the wreck. The cannon balls were 4-, 5- and 9-pounders, just right for the known ordinance of the *Sea Venture*. The dimensions of the wreck were right too, and so were her materials: Scots pine and English oak. Most important, certain details of her structure—such as rib spacing and inner sheathing—showed that the wreck was a special type of vessel: the emigrant ship, of which *Sea Venture* was one of the earliest examples built in England. Now, as Bermudians see it, the only problem is to finish salvage work so that they can exhibit their "Mayflower" to tourists during this summer's celebration of Bermuda's 350th anniversary.



SHIP EXPERT P. M. Wright studied wreck's structure, proved it right for *Sea Venture*.



DISCOVERY TEAM, Edmund Downing (left) and Teddy Tucker wait on deck of the salvage vessel for water around wreck to clear after a dynamite blast.



PICK ANY FRUIT YOU LIKE—BUT MAKE SURE THE VODKA'S SMIRNOFF

Let nobody tell you all vodkas are the same! There are dozens of drinks made with fruit juice and vodka. But only *Smirnoff* Vodka makes them *perfect*! Smooth Smirnoff *brings out* the orange flavor in your Screwdriver . . . adds gusto to the taste of tomato in your Bloody Mary . . . accents the dry, clean tang of Rose's Lime Juice in your Vodka Gimlet. *And it leaves no whisper of liquor on your lips!* When you order at bars, just mention our name.

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80 AND 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIV. OF HEUBLEIN), HARTFORD, CONN.



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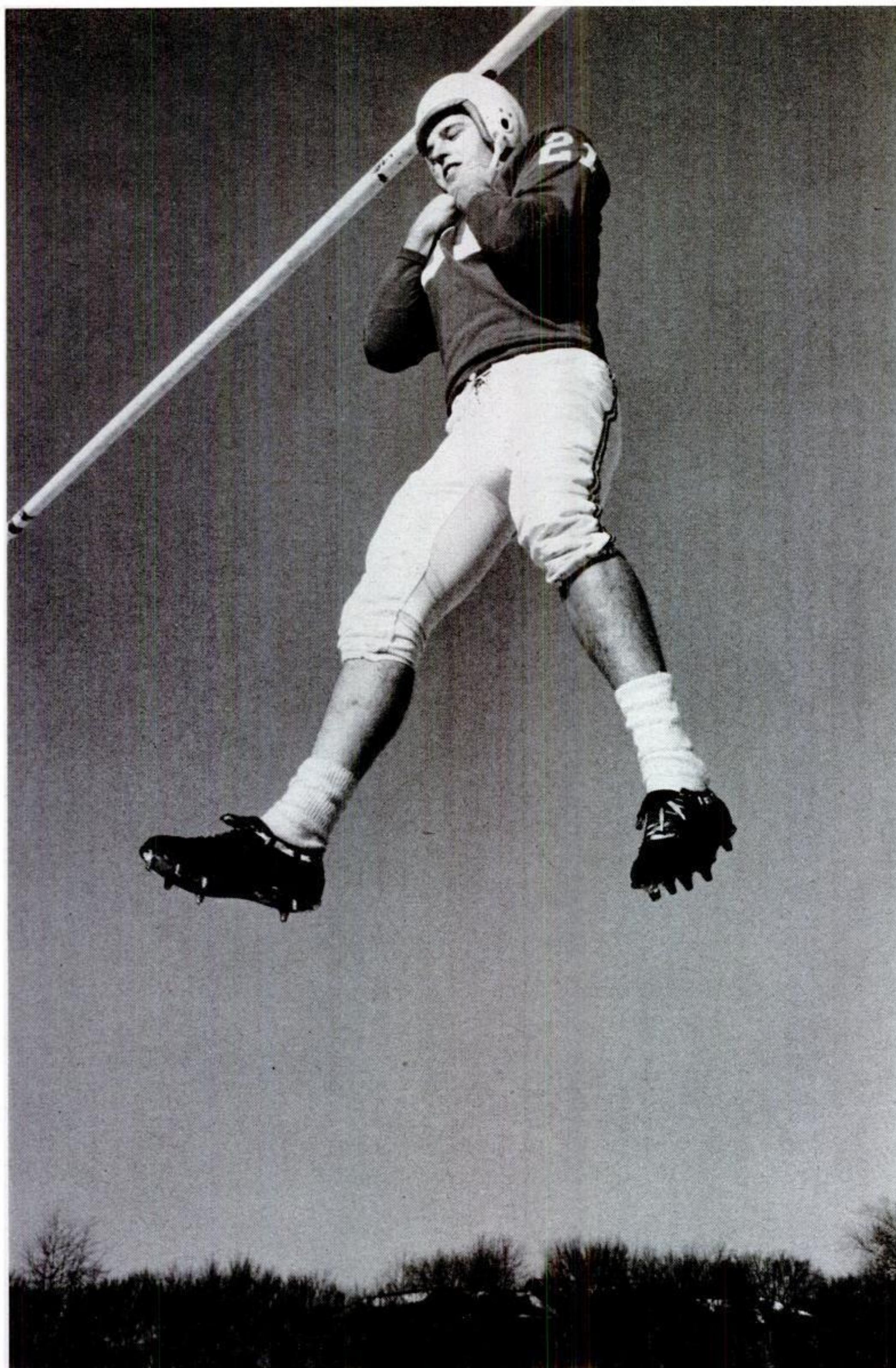
Capture the spirit of Easter. Reach across the miles—right into their hearts—with flowers-by-wire. The effect is *electric*. You touch people so deeply, you can almost *feel* the glow come back. It's the next best thing to having you there. So say it with

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UNIVERSITY OF DETROIT'S 195-POUND BRUCE MAHER DANGLES FROM HELMET STUCK BY EPOXY GLUE TO GOALPOST

A Mighty Glue—Epoxy

Holding this football player up is a dab of epoxy glue, the mightiest adhesive yet produced. Epoxy is the name given to a relatively new class of plastic which, when combined with certain chemicals, links its molecules with the molecules of the materials it is gluing together. The result is a bond often stronger than the joined materials themselves.

Epoxy glues, made by several companies, are just coming into wide use in industry. Where a fastening

must be lightweight, corrosion and heat proof, yet super strong, the epoxies—which can fasten almost anything to anything—are supplanting rivets and welding. For fabricating wings of supersonic aircraft, it is ideal. For do-it-yourselfers the epoxies, most of them hard to get and expensive, ultimately replace the hammer and the nail. But what epoxy has joined together no man can put asunder, and the home carpenter will have to live with his mistakes forever.

CONTINUED

My
constipation
worries
are over!



Milk of Magnesia
gives more complete
relief

than laxatives which act only on constipation... *better* relief than *all* of them! This is because Phillips' is more than just a *laxative*. It's also a remarkably effective *antacid* that relieves any accompanying acid indigestion. And Phillips' works *leisurely*. Taken at bedtime, it lets you sleep undisturbed—brings wonderful relief the next morning. Get Phillips', either regular or in new, mint-flavored form that tastes delightfully clean and refreshing. Either way, it's the best laxative money can buy!



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WHICH SKIN PROBLEMS DO YOU "PUT UP WITH"?



☐ Ammonia diaper rash



☐ Itches and prickles



☐ Underarm chafing



☐ Heat rash



☐ Friction diaper rash



☐ "Nylon" feet



☐ Burning feet



☐ Girdle chafe



☐ Collar rub

Get sure relief! Get the powder
with **dual-antiseptic action!**

Johnson's Medicated Powder—with two antiseptics—offers truly effective relief from *all* these skin irritations.

Johnson's "dual-antiseptic action" destroys more kinds of harmful skin bacteria than other medicated powders. It starts to heal instantly. Used regularly, it *prolongs* protection for hours and hours.

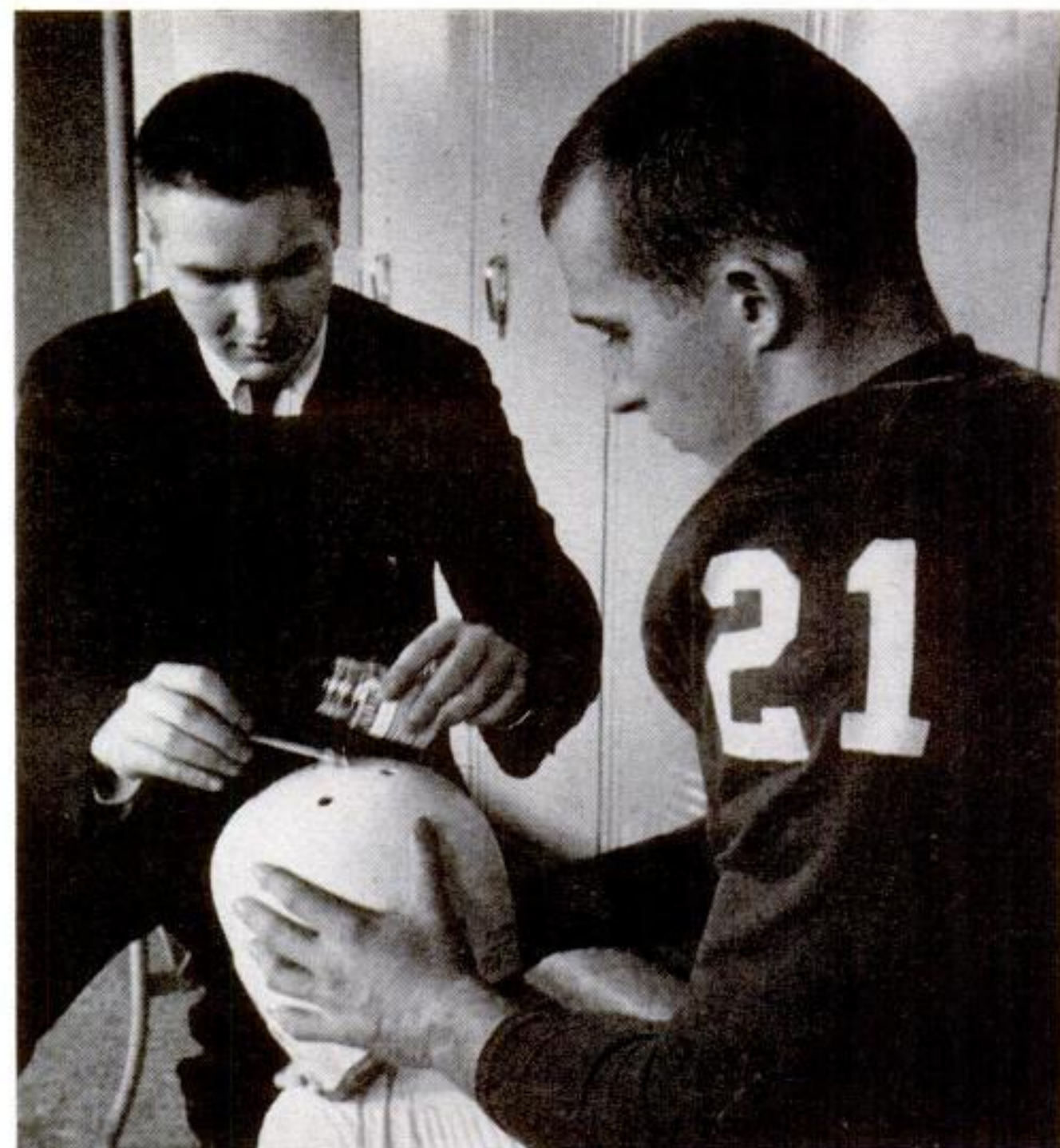
Extra-absorbent, too. It *quickly* absorbs excess moisture... soothes and freshens as it dries. Silky, pleasant, safe even for sensitive skin.

Be sure to get Johnson's for *your* family—the most effective medicated powder you can buy.

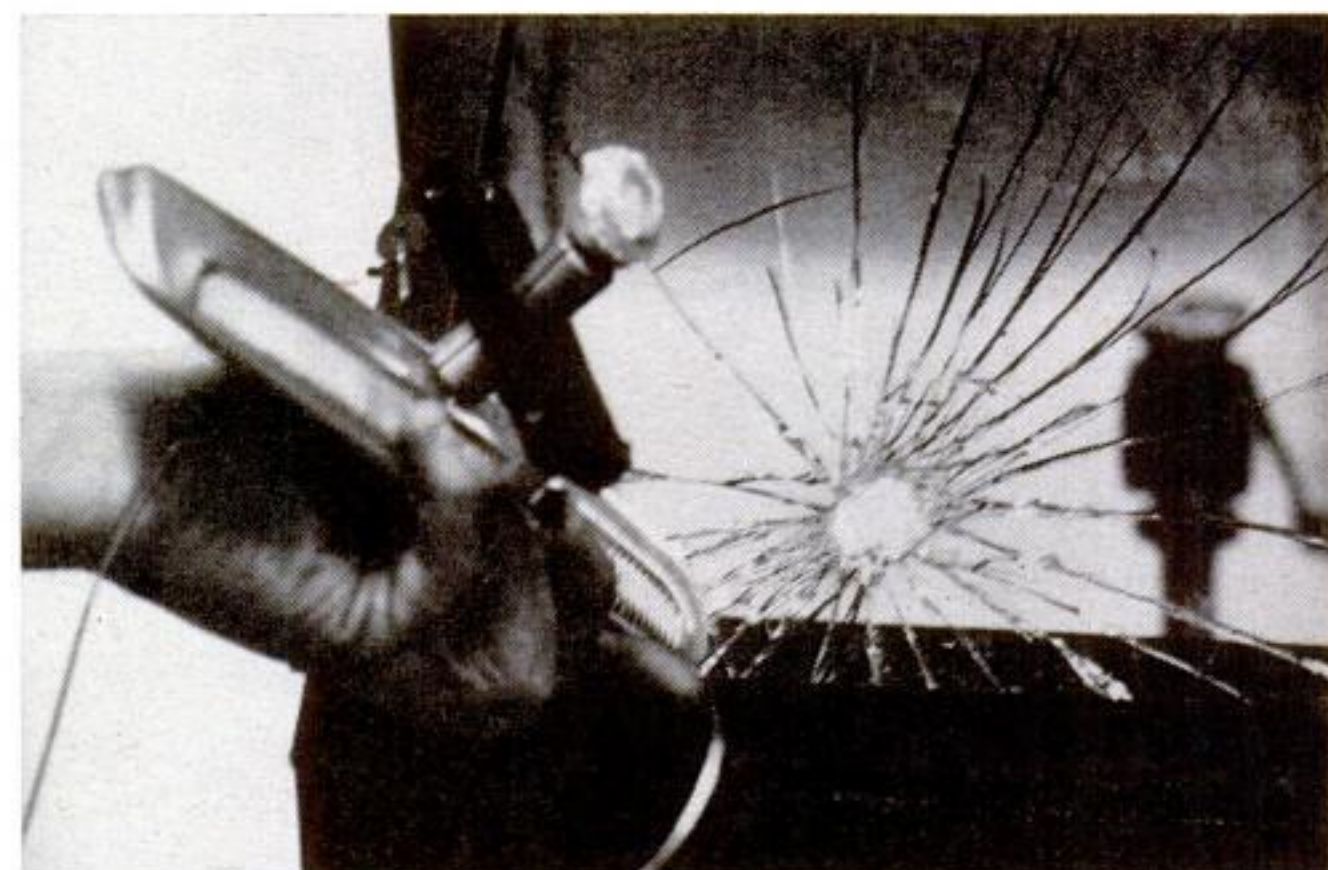


NEW **Johnson's Medicated Powder**

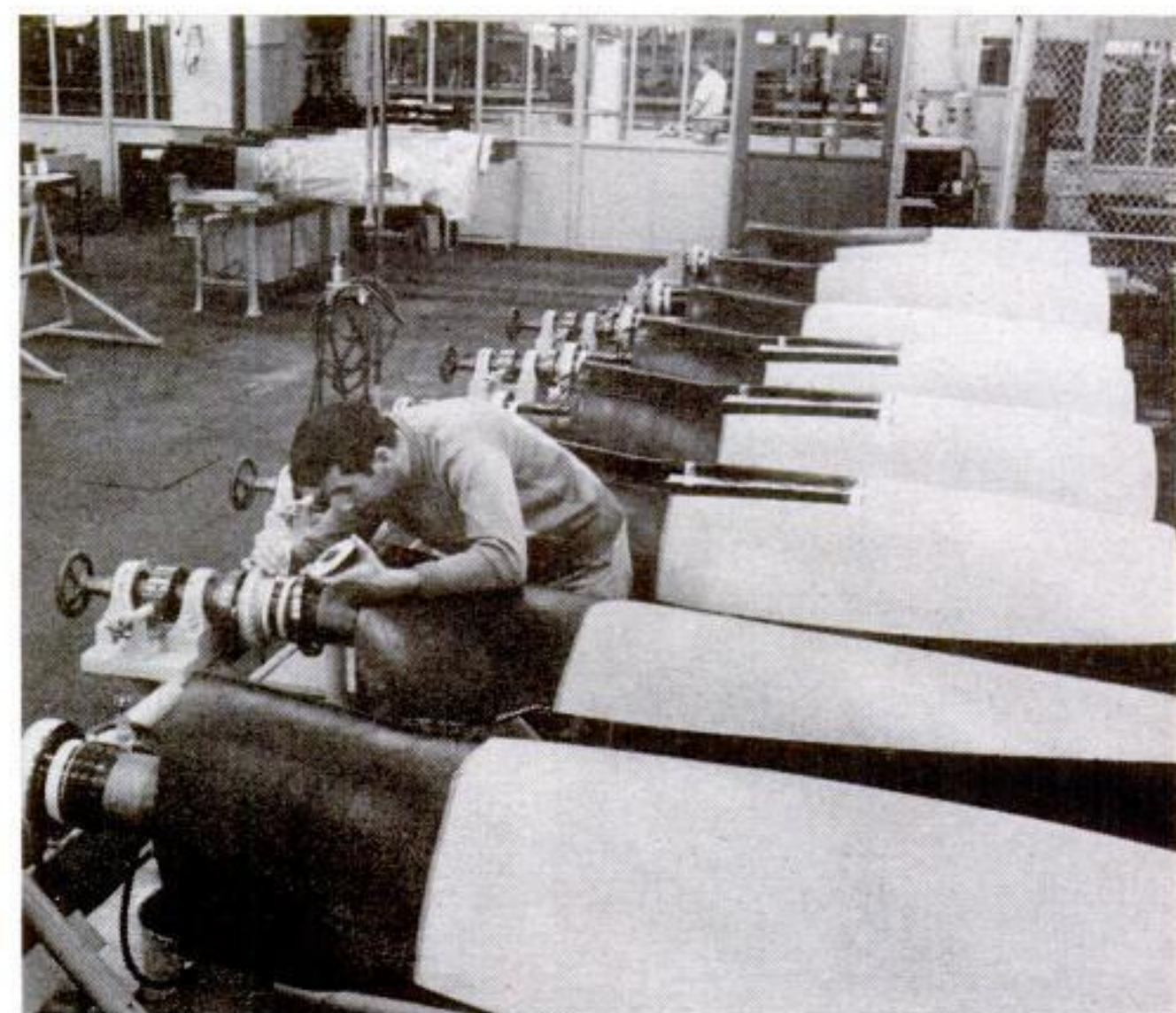
EPOXY CONTINUED



GLUE TEST on previous page is prepared by Bill Klenk (left), distributor of Epoxylite, as he applies glue to the helmet held by Bruce Maher. Helmet was first glued to crossbar, then Maher climbed ladder and put head inside.



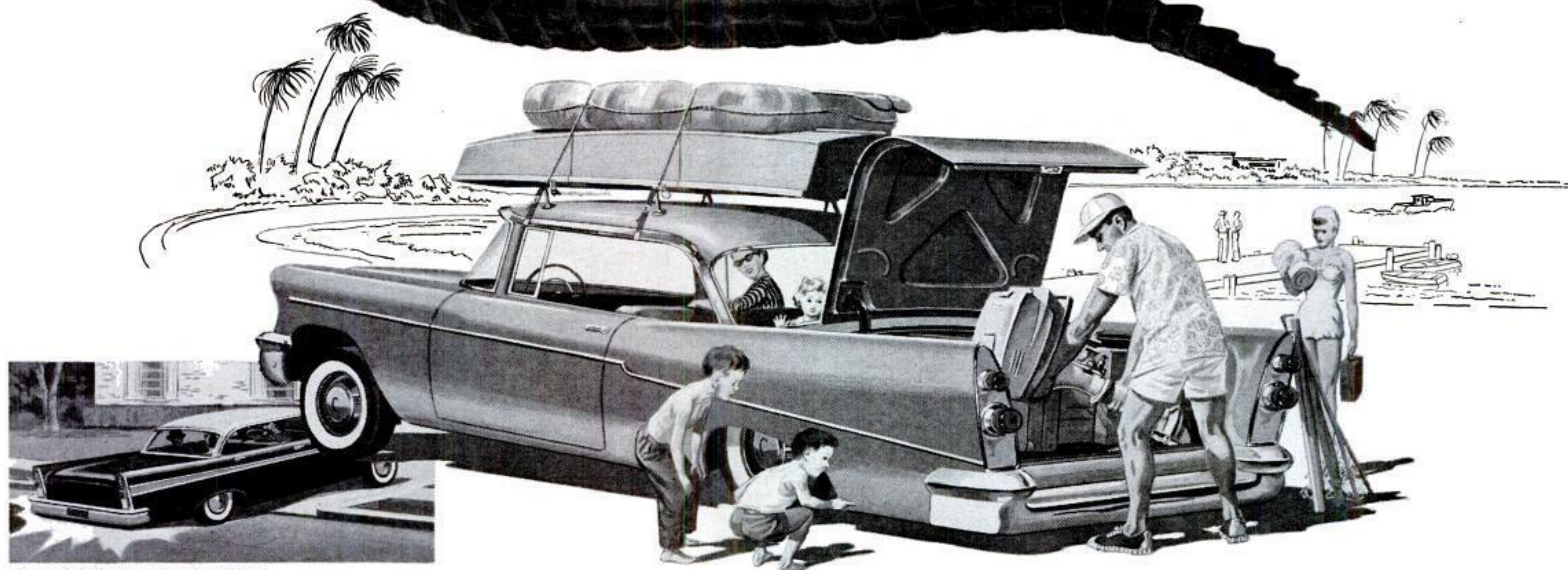
REARVIEW MIRROR, stuck on car windshield with epoxy glue in experiments at Ford, breaks glass instead of the glue bond when yanked off. Auto-makers expect many such uses for glue, even fastening chrome trim to body.



PROPELLER HUBS have strips of the friction-resistant plastic Teflon attached between certain moving parts with epoxy. The antifriction qualities of Teflon stem from fact that almost nothing sticks to it except epoxy glue.



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Walt's walls come tumbling down



"I'll bet my chips on Lady Luck," beamed carefree Walter Glenn,
 "Her services are free—why fuss with those insurance men?"
 A trusty Travelers man avowed to break this sales resistance.
 Said Walter, "I give in to *reason*—not to mere persistence.



"To get the policies I'd need would take a whole platoon—
 Which man to call to make a claim? I'd be all afternoon."
 "We offer *all* the kinds you need," said Travelers' man, "call *me*
 For life, health, home or auto—I have *every* policy."



"Admit those bills are budget-busters," Walter cried, dismayed.
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 He bought; next day a windstorm made reluctant Walt a claimant.



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 That guarantees you this and more. Call up a Travelers man.

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WINNER JANIE TUTTLE AND RUNNER-UP TONY TUNG HOLD THEIR ARRANGEMENTS. JUDGES FELT TONY'S FLOWERS WERE NOT AS WELL COMPOSED AS JANIE'S

Floral Artistry by Sixth Graders

Among the hundreds of flower arrangers at the International Flower Show in New York's Coliseum last week were a hundred entrants who scorned usual garden-club amenities. When an arranger's daffodils toppled, derisive shouts arose from fellow floral artists. One entrant looked at a neighbor's effort and said, "Gee, that's sure a mess." The mavericks were sixth graders from New York suburbs who, having won prizes in their schools, now moved into the flower-show bigtime to compete against each other.

The children all arrived at the show clutching handfuls of greens from

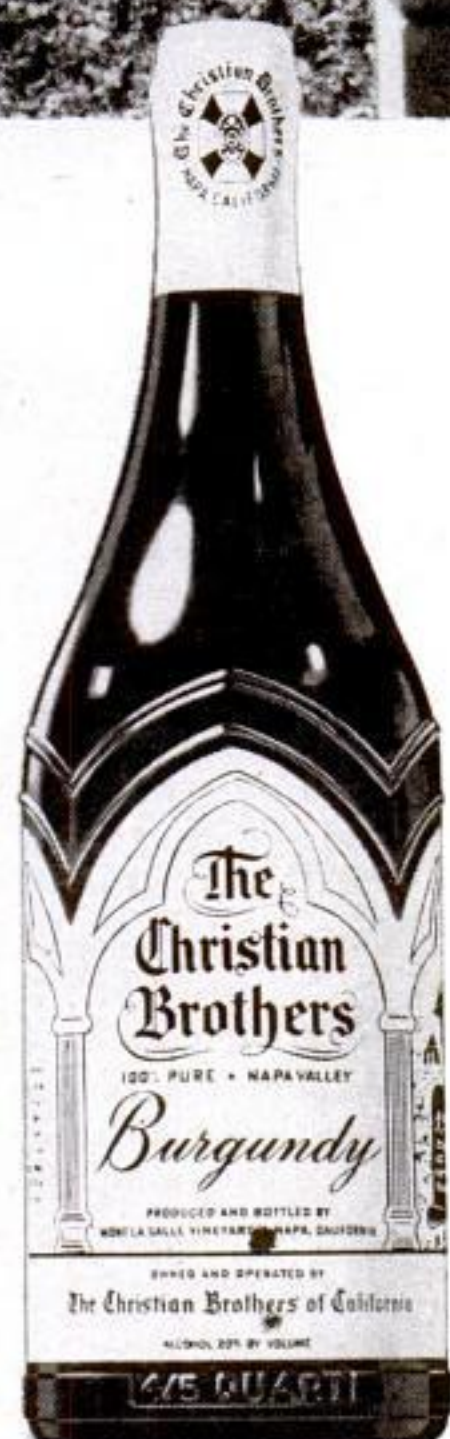
home. Some also brought pussy willows and a crisis arose when an official said they could not be used. Protesting children backed him up against a wall where he blurted weakly, "I'll get a ruling on pussy willows" and escaped. Pussy willows were finally approved and the children were all given daffodils, pompons, a breadpan and some needle-type flower holders. For two hours, until the prizes were awarded (*above*), the children worked away and though their decorum was a little off beat their earnestness and intensity met the highest flower-show standards (*next page*).



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FLORAL ARTISTRY CONTINUED



DOUBT is written on face of Buster Rahtes as he adds a daffodil. Later he said critically, "I left too many spaces." But he got an honorable mention.



WORRY BESETS Linda Lawrence as she completes her exhibit. Arrangements were judged on unity, balance, grace, color harmony and distribution.



ELATION overcomes Marji Gold as she twists her greens into shape. Marji is more experienced than the others. She belongs to a junior garden club.



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SO MUCH OF IT FOR SO LITTLE?

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- More inner room to outer size than any other (three feet shorter, seats six)
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- Best performance per pound of any but a sports car (*one trip behind the wheel will prove it*)
- Drive The Lark at your Studebaker Dealer's today and see—it's the most!

Other models—2-Door Sedan, 4-Door Sedan, Station Wagon.

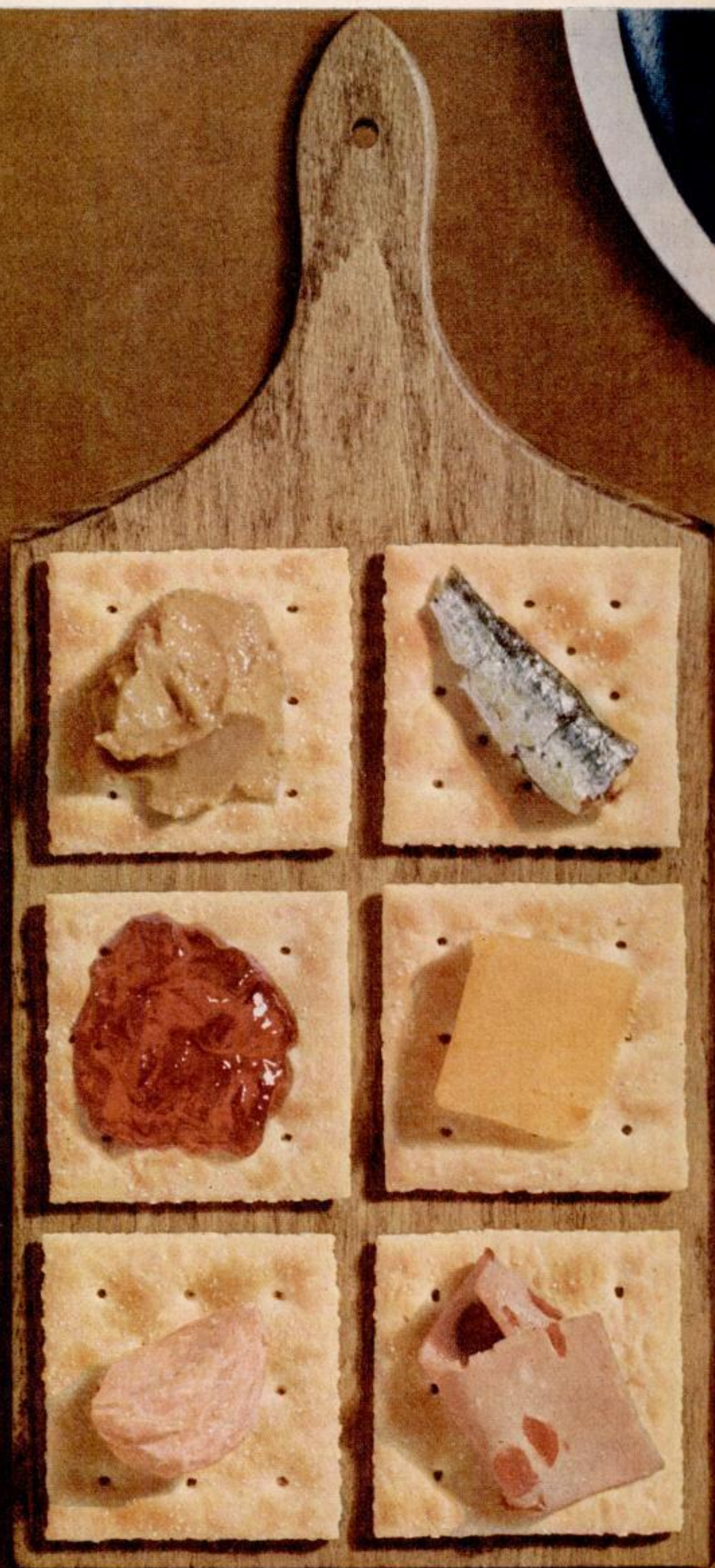


Automatic transmission optional on all models.



Open
'em up...
close
'em back

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Stack
Packs
keep
Premium
Saltines
crisp
to the
very
very
last
cracker!



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GLOW baked. And Premium *stay* crisp to the last because of the *reclosable*, wax-wrapped Stack Packs inside the package. You don't need an outside wrapper. Outside



You open it up . . .



Crackers are singly stacked . . .



The Stack Pack keeps 'em crisp . . .



wrappers can't be reclosed, won't protect crispness after one cracker is taken out. Only Premium have *reclosable* inner wax wrappers that keep moisture out. They

serve you one cracker at a time, too. No old-fashioned cracker blocks to break apart. Stack Packs serve you Premium Saltine Crackers one by one, and every one fresh!



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RARE. Do you know of any other beer that prints its ingredients right on the label, the way Budweiser does?



THE FAST RISE OF A FILLY

Silver Spoon beats the boys to become a Derby favorite

The filly's sire was Citation, racing's first millionaire horse, and her owner was millionaire C. V. ("Sonny") Whitney, so she could hardly escape the name of Silver Spoon. But a gimpy hip which made her favor a hind leg and a femininely nervous temperament led Whitney to put her on the block. Entered in an \$8,000 claiming race, the lanky lady won going away. But no one claimed her. Racing men habitually shy away from fillies because they are seldom as strong and fast as colts, and the races-for-ladies-only are less profitable.

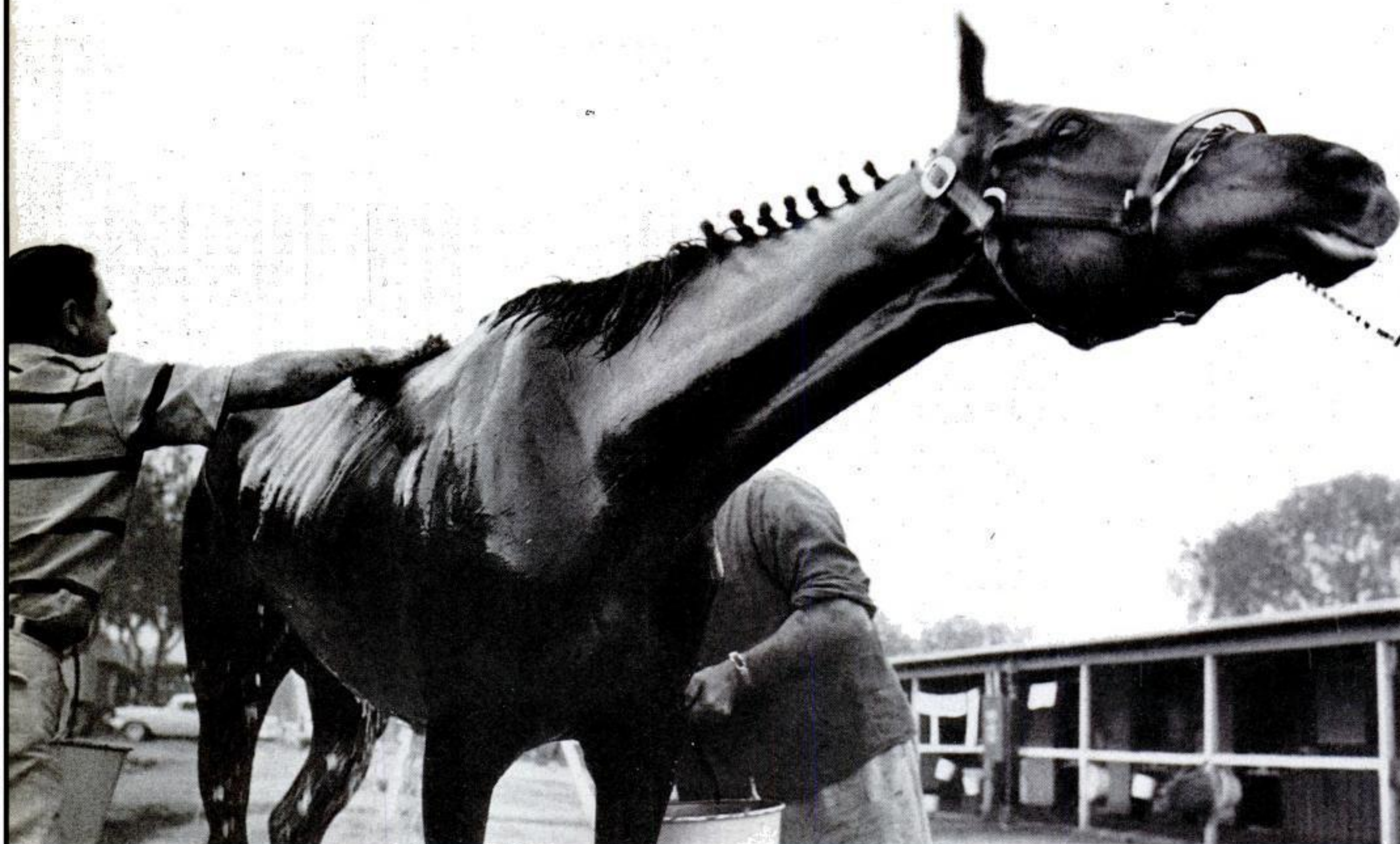
Whitney kept Silver Spoon and ran her against other fillies in California this winter. Soothed by a radio next to her stall which played all-night music and forgetting all about her limp once on the track, Spoon won four in a row. Then, in her first crack at the colts, she won the \$150,000 Santa Anita Derby in 1:49, a fifth of a second off the derby record.

Now Silver Spoon is one of the favorites for the Kentucky Derby in May. But spring is the mating season for thoroughbreds and this often throws a filly off form. Even so, Silver Spoon will have precedent going for her: the only filly ever to win the Derby was Regret in 1915, and she was owned by Mr. Whitney's father.



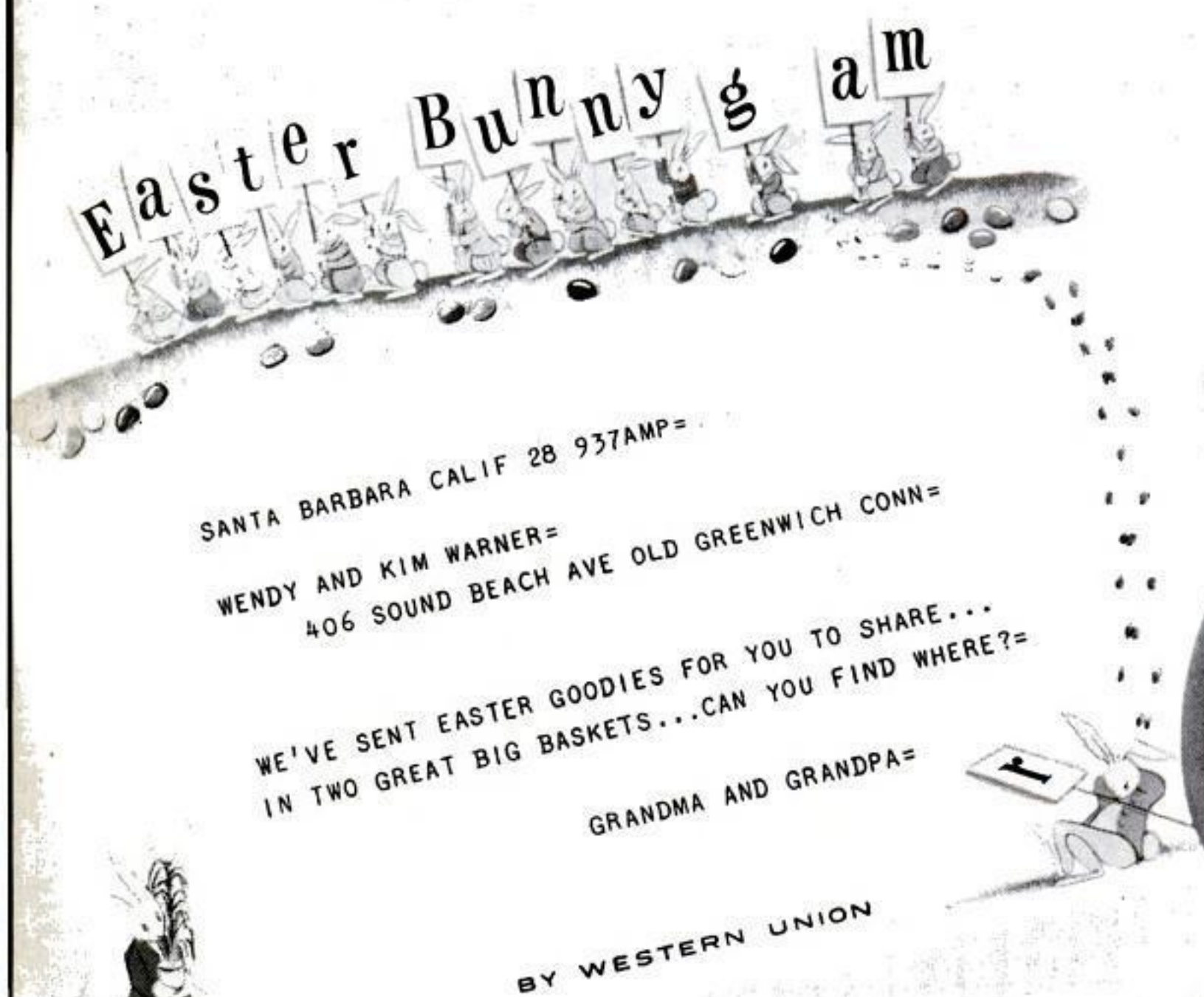
← **FAVORING HIND LEG**, which sometimes tightens because of a lame hip, filly takes a relaxing stance.

GENTLE EXCHANGE is made between John Donaho and Spoon as filly takes sugar from exercise boy.



ENJOYING A BATH after Santa Anita Derby, Silver Spoon stretches with pleasure. She is a large filly, over 16 hands (5 feet 5 inches).

ASKING FOR SUGAR Spoon pushes her muzzle—here distorted by a wide-angle lens—out of stall as a handler approaches with sweets. →



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HOME FRIDAY WITH YOUR EASTER BASKETS. LOVE=

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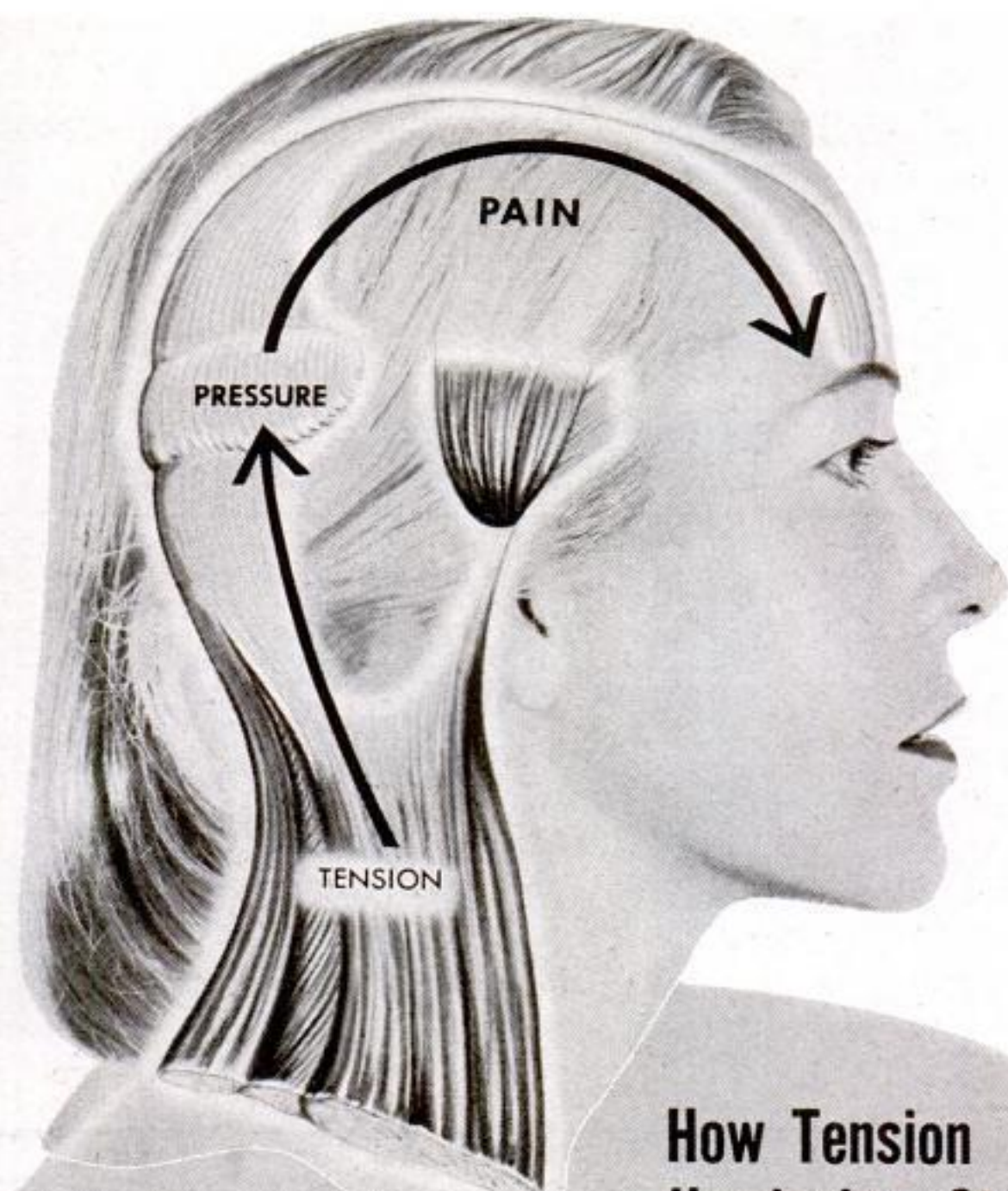
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Better than aspirin even with buffering added



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*3 out of 4 doctors
recommend
the ingredients in*



FILLY'S FAST RISE CONTINUED



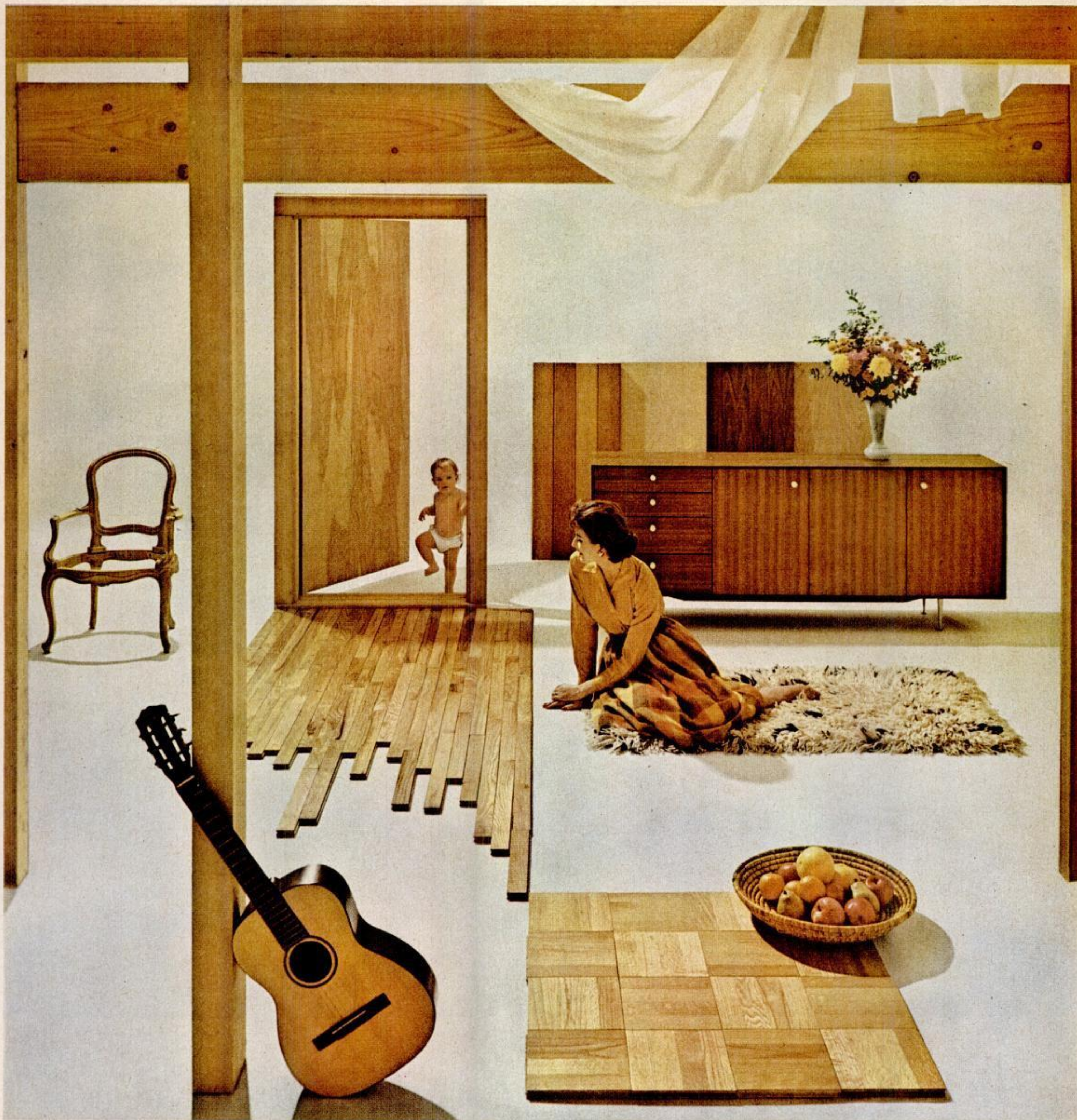
1915 WHITNEY WINNER, the filly Regret is held by Harry Payne Whitney after she won Kentucky Derby. Sonny Whitney inherited stable in 1930.



WINNING A BIG RACE, the 1959 Santa Anita Derby, Silver Spoon finishes 2½ lengths in front of the field. She was the only filly among 10 entries.



SILVER SPOON'S GOLD CUP is shown off after victory. From left: track's Leigh Battson, Whitney, Jockey Ray York, Mrs. York, Trainer Bob Wheeler.



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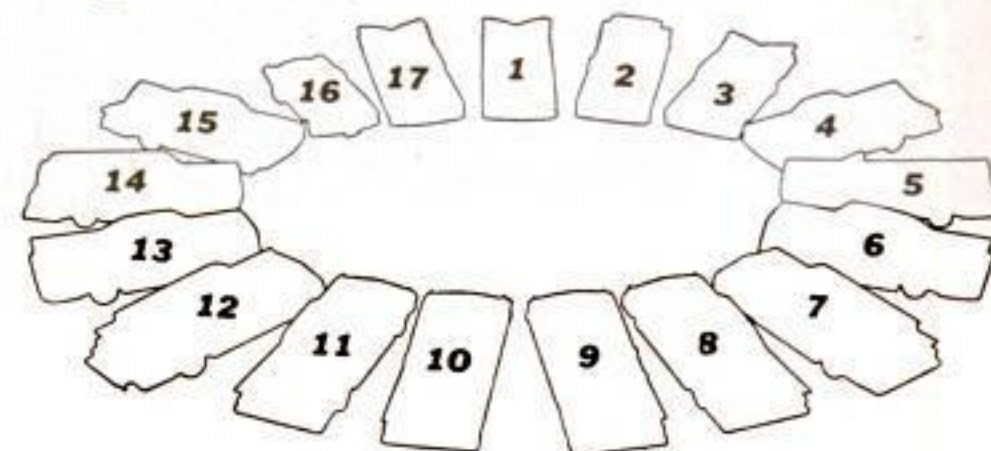
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3—IMPALA 4-DOOR, most elegant family sedan in the line, makes you wonder why anyone would want a car that costs more.

4—EL CAMINO combines stunning passenger car styling with the load space of a pickup. Good looks never carried so much weight!

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7—NOMAD 4-DOOR, 6-passenger station wagon—finest of Chevrolet's 5 wonderful wagons.

8—BEL AIR 4-DOOR. As luxurious as it looks, yet priced just above Chevy's thriftiest sedans.

9—BROOKWOOD 4-DOOR. Chevy's lowest priced 4-door wagon seats 6, holds 92 cu. ft. of cargo with rear seat down.

10—BEL AIR 2-DOOR, distinctively styled inside and out, carries a price tag just a notch above Chevy's thriftiest 2-door sedan.

11—IMPALA SPORT SEDAN. Here's a 4-door hardtop with the kind of looks and luxury you'd expect only on the most expensive makes.

12—KINGSWOOD 4-DOOR, 9-passenger station wagon, offers rear-facing third seat and power-operated rear window at no extra cost.

13—IMPALA SPORT COUPE. It's one of Chevy's full series of elegant Impalas for '59. And you won't find a handsomer hardtop anywhere!

14—PARKWOOD 4-DOOR, 6-passenger station wagon, distinctively trimmed inside and out, priced a shade above the thrifty Brookwoods.

15—BEL AIR SPORT SEDAN. It's Chevy's lowest priced hardtop—and it makes beautiful sense!

16—CORVETTE. Take the wheel of America's only authentic sports car and treat yourself to the snappiest, happiest driving you've known.

17—BISCAYNE 4-DOOR, thriftiest 4-door sedan in the line, is another big reason Chevy's the car that's wanted for all its worth!

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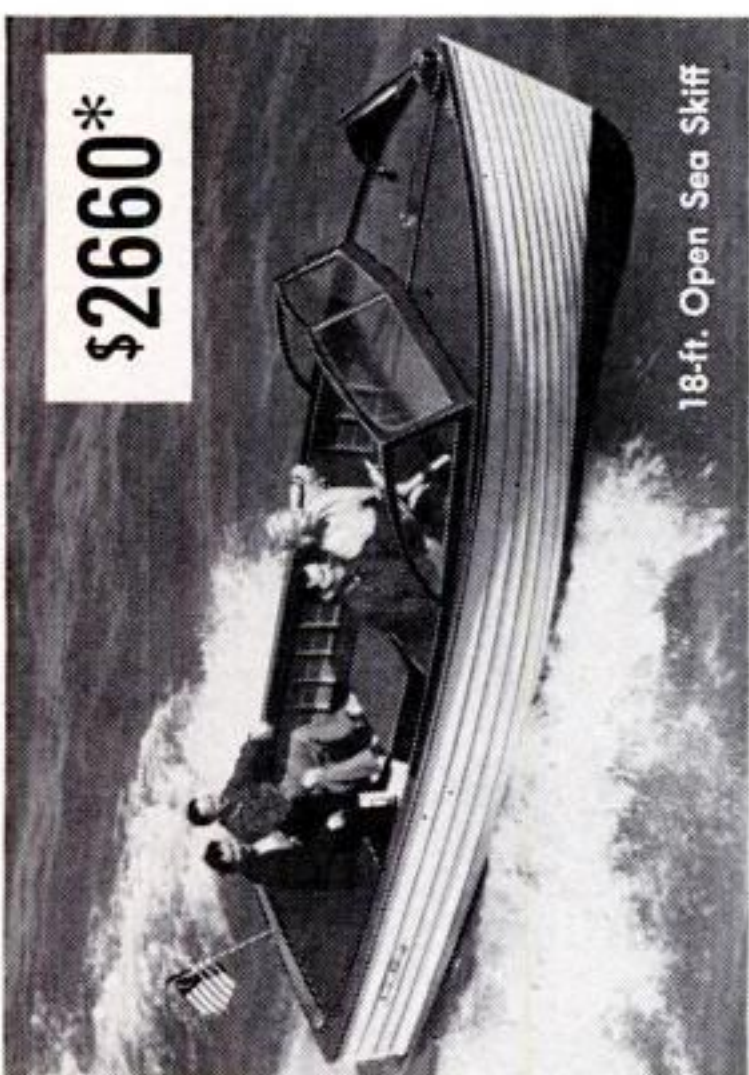
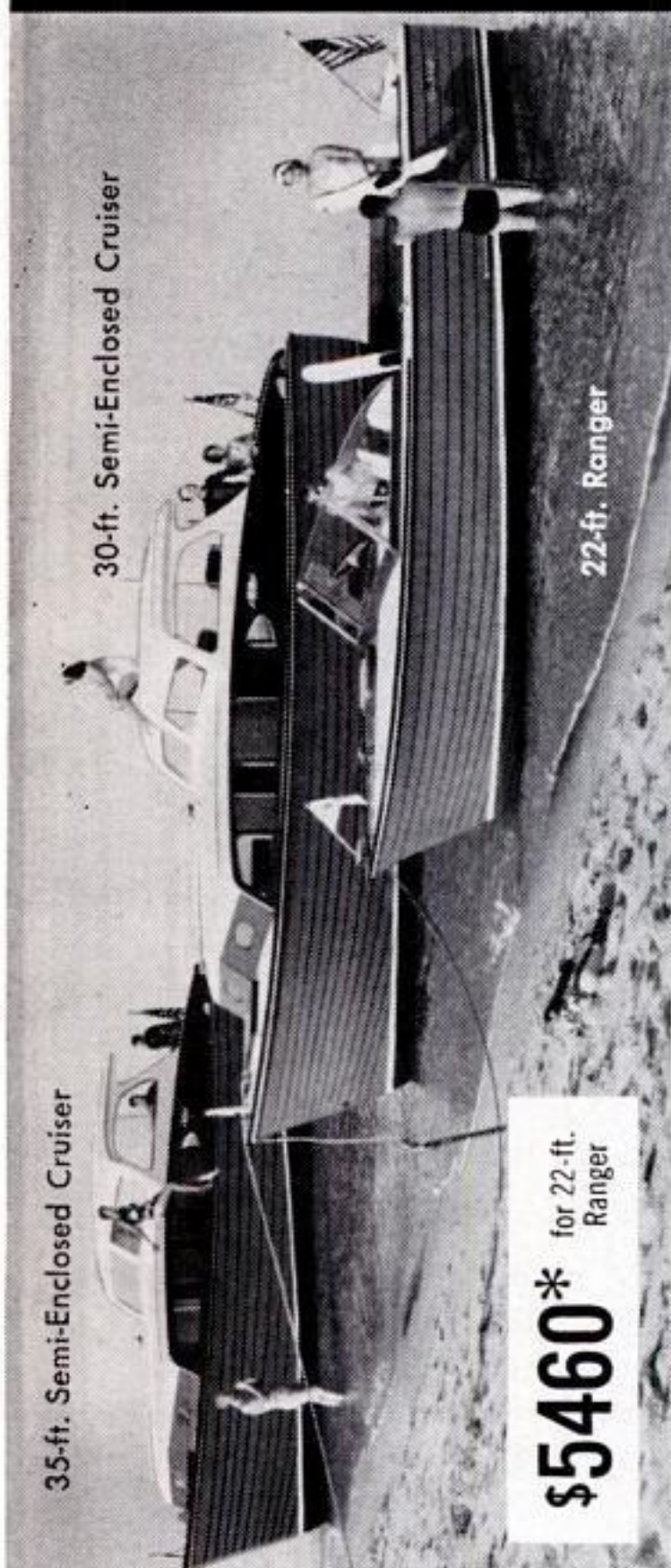
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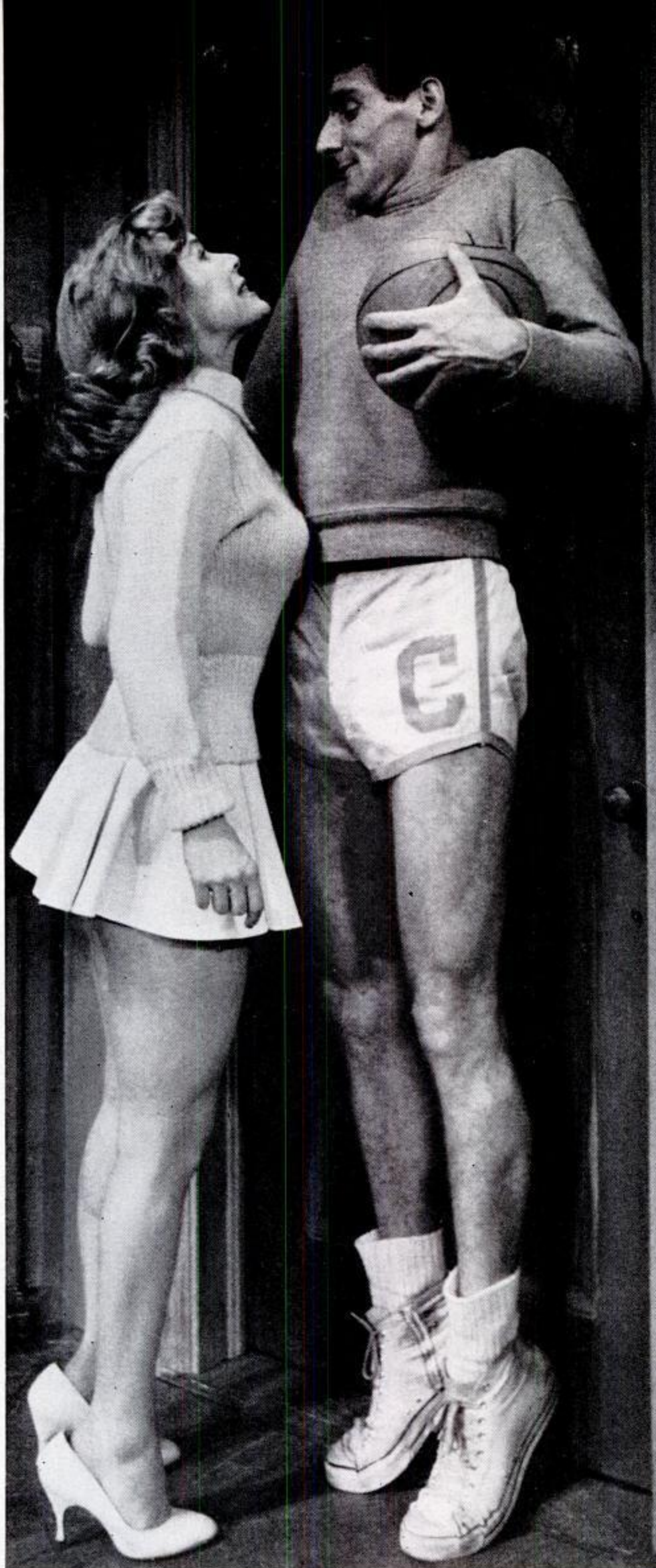
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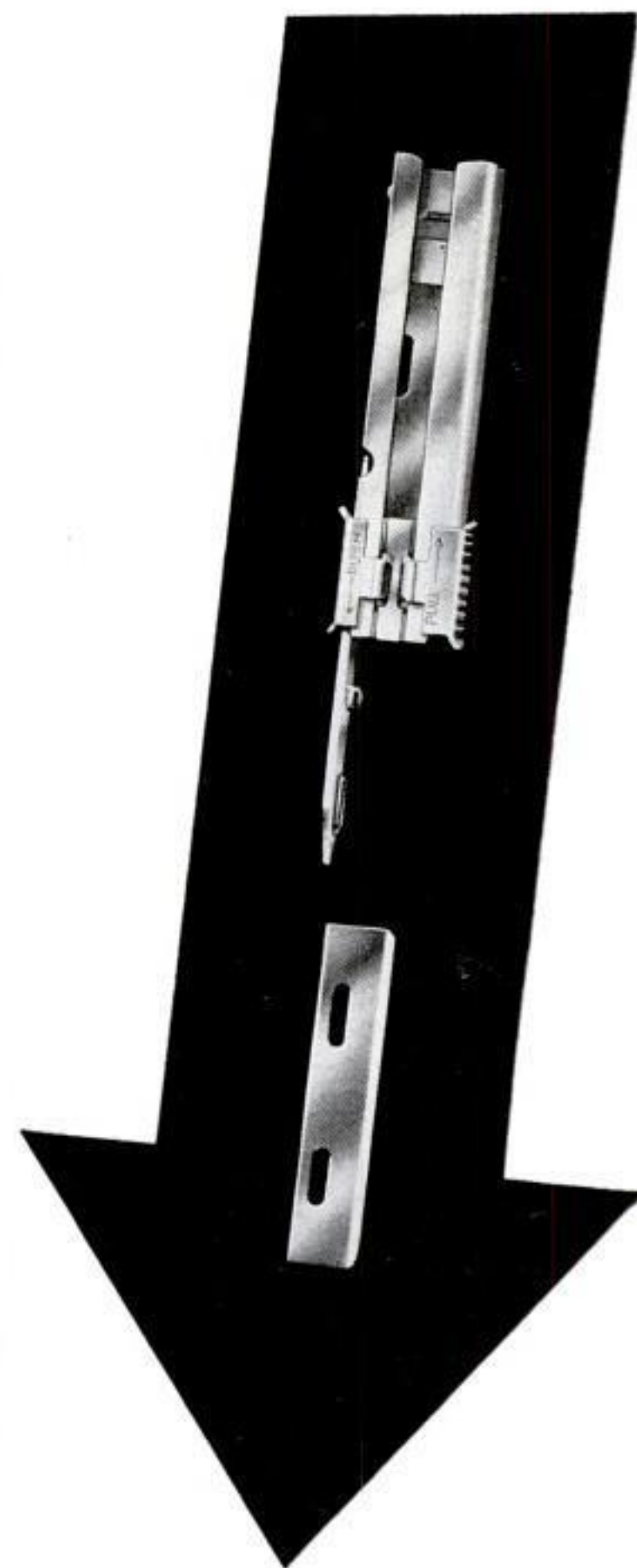


Tall Temptation

BROADWAY MAKES SPORT OF LOVE

The string-bean Romeo above is lanky Robert Elston, who plays the role of top scorer on the Custer College basketball team in Broadway's loud and rollicking new comedy, *Tall Story*. As high-minded as he is tall, the hero tries to stand off his pretty fiancée (Nina Wilcox), whom he finds almost unbearably attractive when she invades the coach's office in her scanty cheerleader's costume.

This comic behavior was dreamed up by Playwrights Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, who set their hero a terrible problem. Is it ethical for a basketball player to take a bribe, throw a big game and use the gamblers' money to buy a house trailer and wedded bliss? Here, in the show's funniest scene, the amorous athlete, beset by the girl who thinks he came honestly by the boodle, tries to face the question.



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Softly feminine shoes are the fashion for Spring, and you'll find them in ENNA JETTICKS in the newest silhouettes for daytime and dress . . . shoes as soft and flexible as hand-made imports, beautifully-fitting, exquisitely comfortable. Try them on at your favorite store carrying ENNA JETTICKS.



Gem



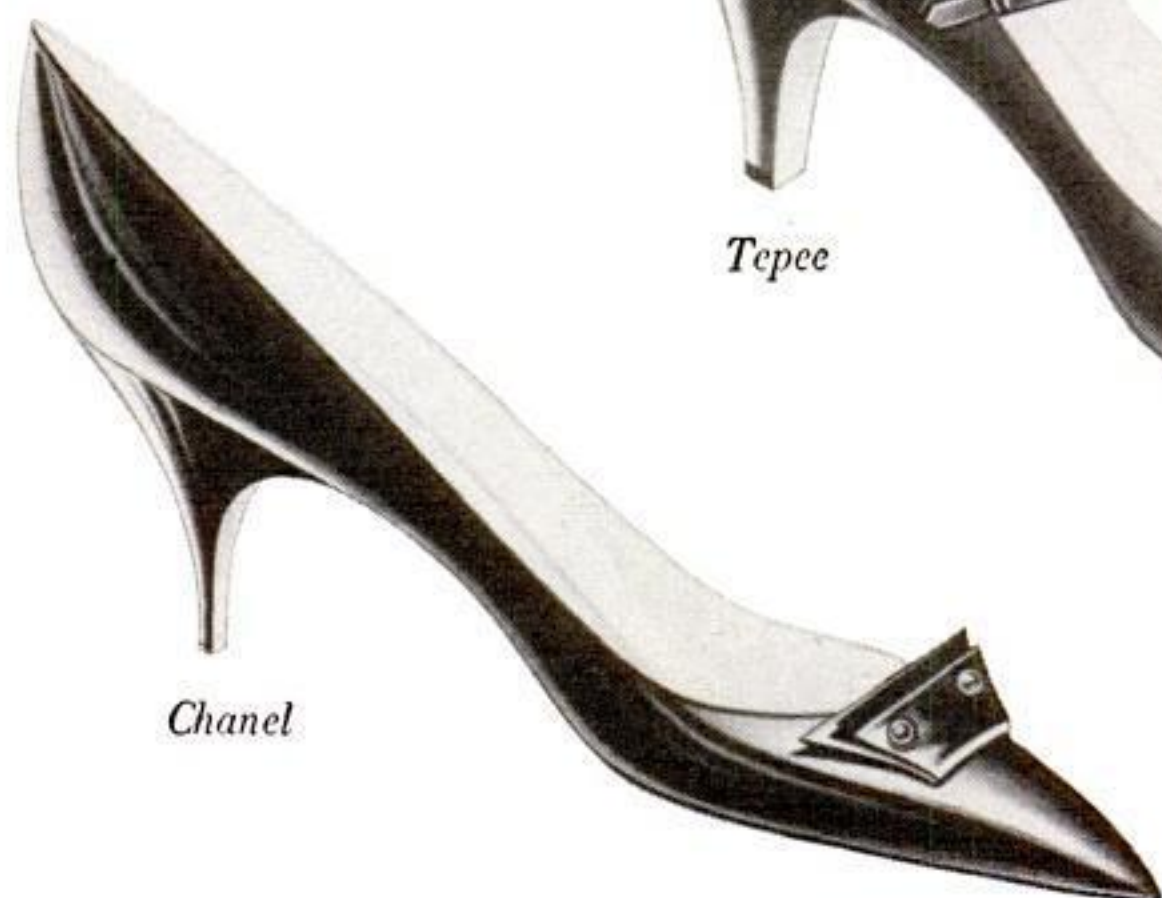
Priscilla



Peek-a-boo



Teepee



Chanel

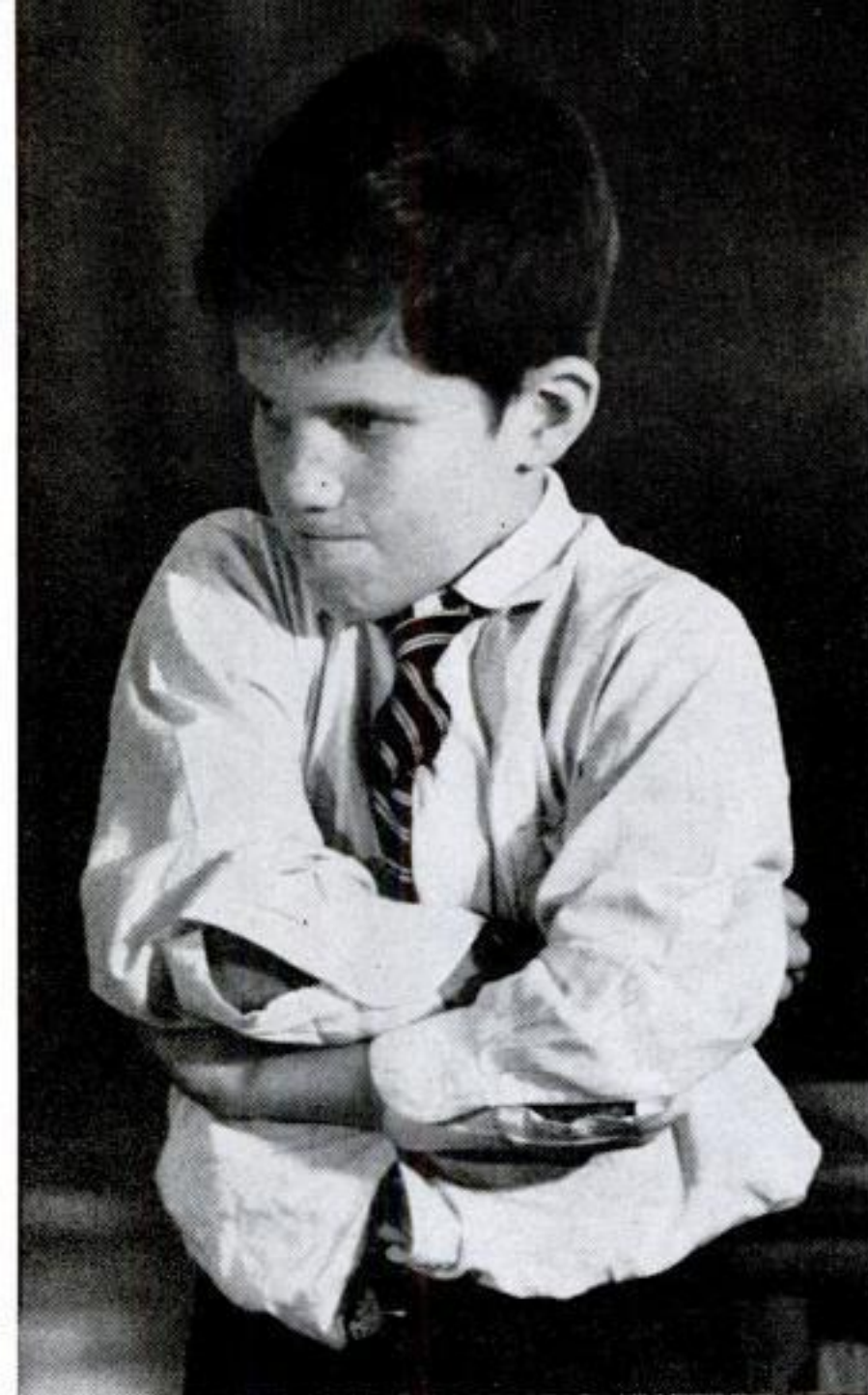
ENNA JETTICK SHOES, INC., AUBURN, N. Y.

The Altar Boy— Momentary Angel

Immaculate in his lace surplice, Michael Clancy, 10, lifted his eyes toward the altar and, as he solemnly spoke the Latin responses, became the angelic image of the 380,000 altar boys who daily assist U.S. Roman Catholic priests at Mass. Minutes later, Michael was tearing around the altar boys' sacristy, joining his cohorts in backstage skylarking and shouting, "Who swiped my cassock?"

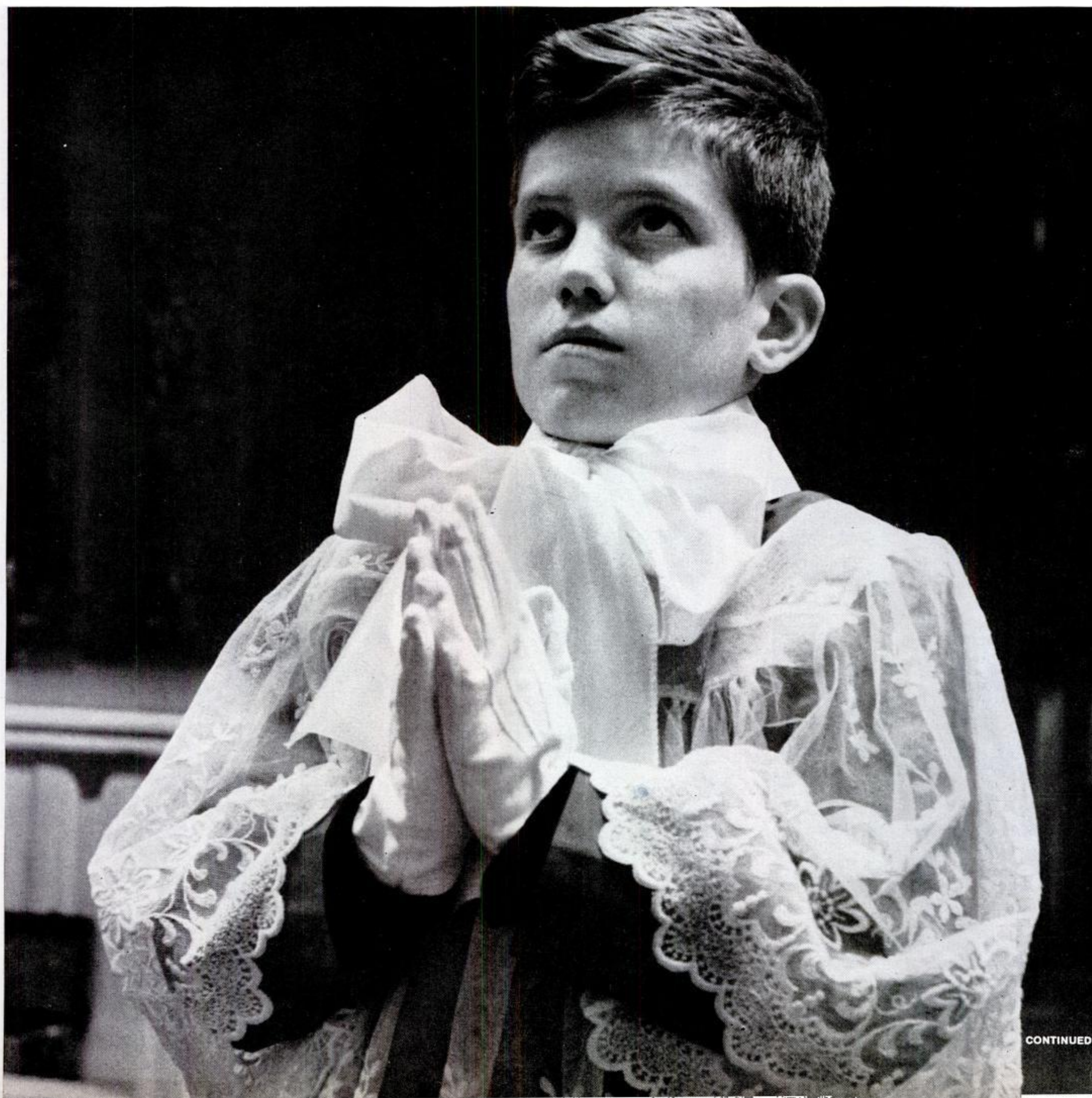
Michael Clancy is an altar boy at the Church of the Most Precious Blood in Walden, N.Y., where he and his 55 fellows, aged 8 to 17,

divide the duties of serving at the 7:30 a.m. Masses six days a week, at a Monday evening Benediction, and four Masses on Sunday. The process of creating these momentary angels out of the parish's rambunctious youngsters falls to Walden's patient Father Matthew Crosson. The pictures on the following pages show how he miraculously manages to teach his charges the intricacies of Catholic ritual. They also learn some much deeper lessons. "On the altar," admitted one of the leading cutups, lowering his eyes, "I feel very close to God."



AS RUMPLED TRAINEE, Michael Clancy when reprimanded by older boy, mutters, "Big show-off."

AS SPICK-AND-SPAN ALTAR BOY, MICHAEL CLANCY REVERENTLY ASSISTS AT MASS WHERE HE IS, BY CATHOLIC LITURGY, REPRESENTATIVE OF CONGREGATION



CONTINUED



LEARNING TO WALK, not run, the altar boy "recruits" parade piously in weekly practice session in church basement. "Don't rush," directs the priest. "You're in church, not on a ball field."



ROUGHHOUSING CASUALTY. Stephen Kersten, 9, bursts into tears after Lyle Churchill (at right), 9, poked him in eye. "Whenever my back is turned," says Father Crosson, "it means trouble."



IN PROFOUND BOWS, done when Blessed Sacrament is exposed, trainees try posture of deep reverence—all but bewildered Hoyt twins (left), Gary and Jeffery, 9, who are up when they should be down.

The Step-by-Step Schooling in



LETTING OFF STEAM at altar boys' outing in a pizza restaurant, David Whitmore (left), 9, Lyle Churchill and Paul Otis convulse with laughter. They had been peering at Father Crosson through

comically distorting lenses of Paul's glasses held at arm's length. Watching disapprovingly is David's sister, Cathleen. "The girls will tell Mama," says Father Crosson, "so the boys stay in line better."



Solemn Duties



STAGE FRIGHT before going onto altar for first time overtakes torchbearers as they stand nervously in front of Altar Boy Society president Joe Kuehn (right), 17, listening to last-minute instructions.



LEARNING LATIN by repeating response read by Father Crosson. Paul Otis struggles to utter tongue-twisting phrases with a mouthful of chewing gum. Ultimately the boys learn more than 60 lines.



PRAYER POSITION is copied by trainee Gary Hoyt as Father Crosson demonstrates how the hands are brought together, first at the finger tips, then palm to palm in the traditional reverent attitude.



AT HIGH MASS the altar boys stand in ranks behind Father Crosson. The tall boy in front is the master, the leader of the group. On either side are two acolytes who assist priest in ritual. Behind are

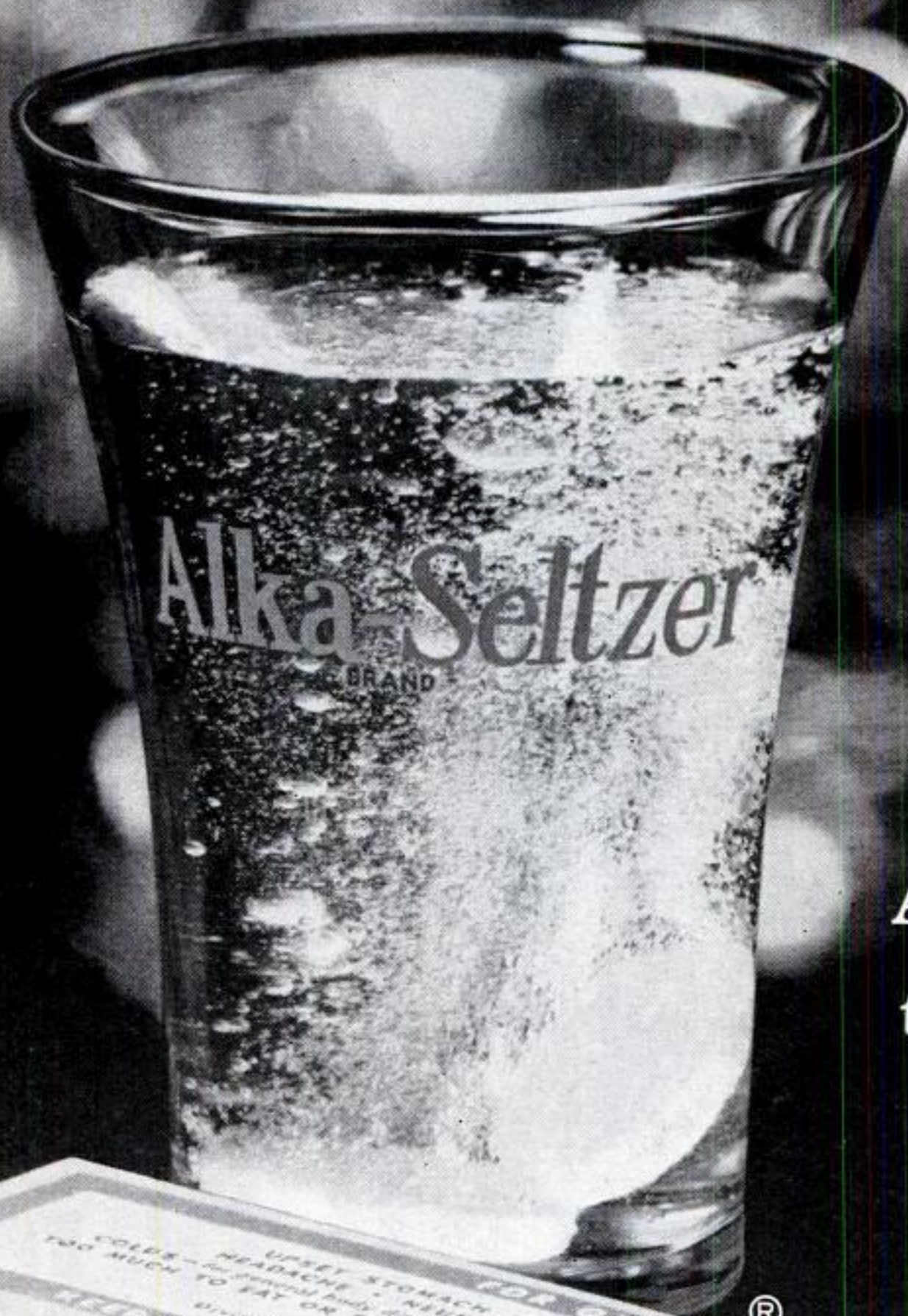
the master of torches and six torchbearers, who during Mass leave altar and return with torches. Altar boys in front row of pews are extras who dressed in cassocks and surplices, but were not required.










REJOICING WITH SON, Mrs. Exilda Otis cries, "You did wonderfully," and proudly hugs Paul who had just finished his debut as torchbearer. Like most parish parents, she was eager to have her son an altar boy. "You can't buy this kind of

satisfaction," she said. Mrs. Otis is a church sacristan who helps dress the smaller boys and curb their tumultuous energy. "I love the children," said she, "but if only they wouldn't fence with torches. . . . They're always fencing with the torches."

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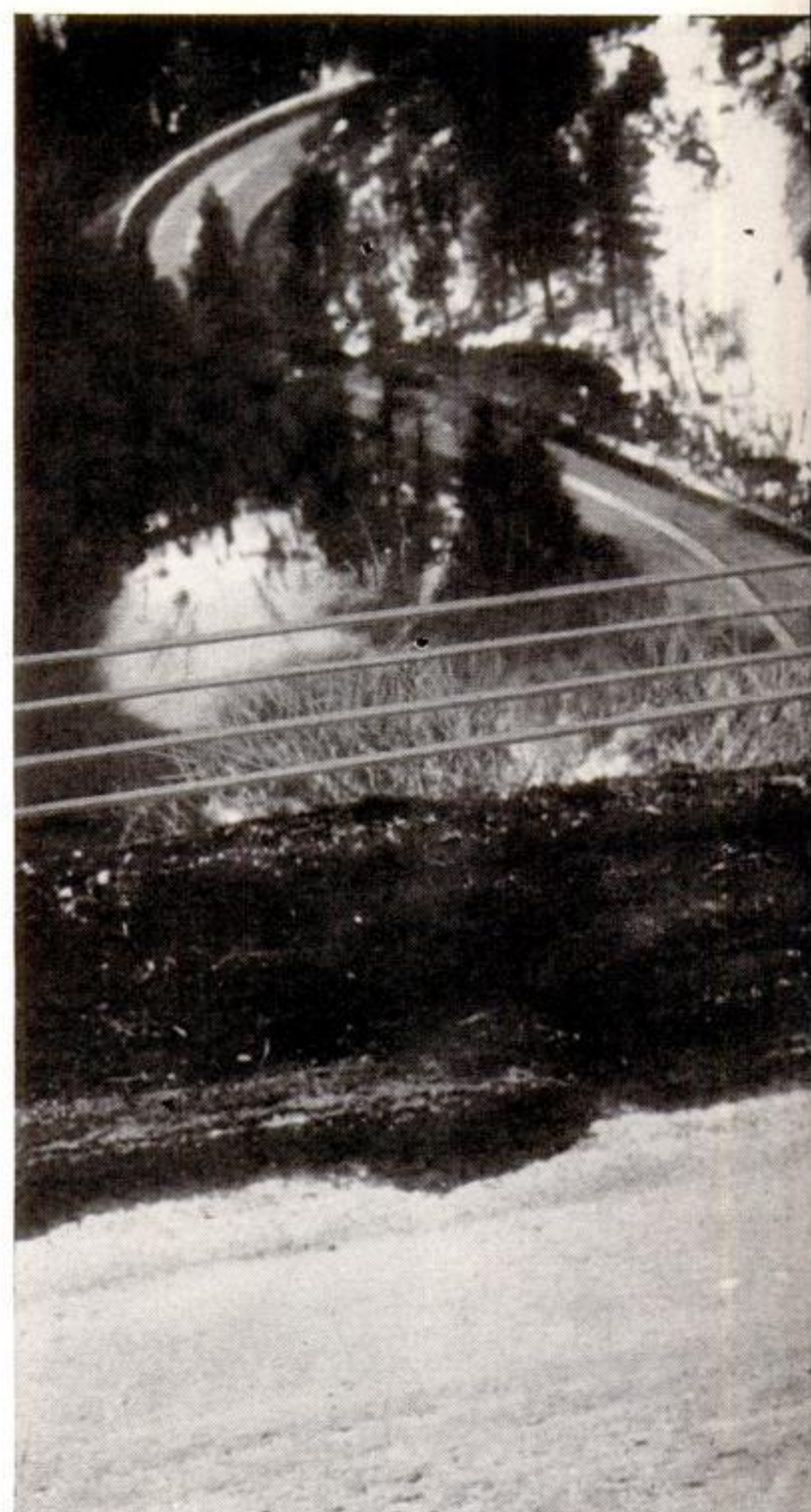
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49
GALS.

OVER
MAKE
"G"

113
GALS.

OVER
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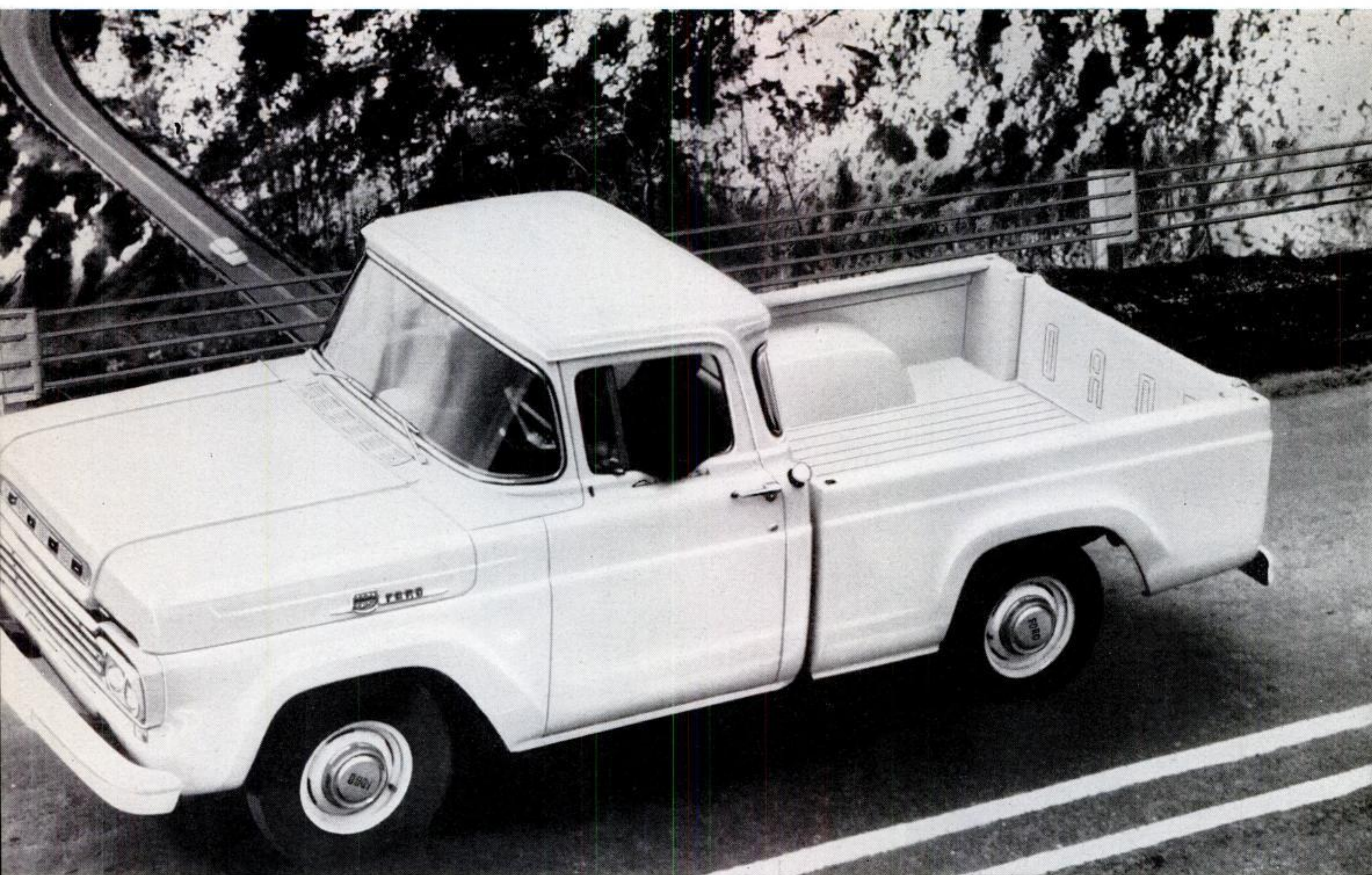
160
GALS.

OVER
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"I"

219
GALS.

OVER
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"D"

Here you see the gas savings you may expect in the first year alone—savings that can add up to *hundreds of dollars* over the years you own a truck. The full, factual report of Economy Showdown tests—filled with information never before available to truck owners—is at your Ford Dealer's now. It can mean money to you. Be sure to see it!



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Thus was born Economy Showdown USA, the biggest program of truck economy tests ever conducted by an independent research organization. Altogether, the tests involved 534 pickups—new models and old—of the six leading makes.

All new '59 pickups—Ford and competitive—were bought from dealers, just as you would buy them. After break-in, all were tuned to manufacturer's recommended specifications.

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trials: constant-speed driving at 30, 45 and 60 miles an hour . . . various stop-and-go tests. And to reduce any human factor, test drivers were continually shifted from truck to truck.

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Short Stroke design. This new type of engine is basically far more efficient than the long-stroke Sixes of other pickups.

Second, to this modern engine, Ford has added a new economy carburetor. Standard at no extra cost, Ford's new carburetor meters fuel more precisely at both low and high speeds. Thus it boosts gas mileage in every kind of driving.

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FORD TRUCKS COST LESS

Less to own... Less to run... Last longer, too!



FIRST OF TWO INSTALMENTS

RED AGENT'S VIVID TALE OF TERROR

**A historic defection gives U.S.
first full story of secret police**

by PETER DERIABIN and FRANK GIBNEY

For five years Peter Deriabin, a former officer of the Soviet security police, has been living in the U.S. Because of the sensitive nature of the information he brought to the West his presence has been a secret. Here his story is told for the first time. A more complete account will appear next fall in a book, The Secret World, to be published by Doubleday and Co.

ON the evening of Feb. 15, 1954, four very nervous members of the Soviet intelligence network sat in Vienna, waiting.

Sergei Feoktistov, a Russian-born engineer who had lived for years in Austria, was at his regular table in the Graben-Cafe, a brightly lighted rendezvous for bridge and chess players on the corner of one of the city's fanciest shopping streets. Feoktistov was a Soviet undercover agent. The man he waited for was a ranking officer of Russian intelligence in Austria known to him as Smirnov.

On the other side of the city an attractive French citizen named Lisa Kotomkina sat in her apartment and from time to time dialed a familiar but very private telephone number, U6-1875. Lisa was secretary to Louis Saillant,

a top official of the Communist-dominated World Federation of Trade Unions, and she needed to change an appointment she had made for the next day. She had been scheduled to meet with a Soviet official and give him a complete account of her boss's office conversations. The official, whom she was now trying to reach, was a man named Korobov.

In the Hotel Imperial offices of the Soviet high commission (soon to become the Russian embassy) Counselor Evgeny Kovalev was expecting an official with an urgent report. Kovalev's prominent diplomatic position hid a much more important assignment: he was the head of the far-flung Soviet intelligence apparatus in Vienna. The man he was waiting for was his most valuable subordinate, who had been investigating a recent Soviet defection to the West. The subordinate's code name in the Soviet Union's State Security network was Konstantin.

In the embassy garage Anotoli Yelfimov, a chauffeur for the embassy by circumstance but a noncommissioned officer in the State Security by profession, was standing by, waiting for instructions from his superior, Major Peter

CONTINUED

FLEEING HIS PAST, the defecting Deriabin emerges in this symbolic picture toward a bright future in the free world from darkness of his life in Soviet State Security. Among his hateful tasks as member of secret police he had to post machine gunners at ceremonies (left) to protect Kremlin leaders from possible attacks by Russian people and help arrange kidnaping of eminent anti-Red (center).



IDENTITY CARD of the kind carried by Soviet citizens abroad lists Peter Deriabin's occupation as "employee in the Soviet High Commission." This "cover" title insured him diplomatic protection but it masked his true position as a major in the Soviet State Security.

Harvey Schmidt

RED SPIES' VIENNA HANGOUTS



PRATER PAVILION in Vienna's amusement park is restaurant with outdoor cafe where Deriabin would meet agents. He once supplied 15 bottles of wine for some Soviet churchmen having party in upstairs room of building at rear.



GRABEN-CAFE in the center of city was a favorite meeting place for Soviet State Security operatives. Russian agents would drink wine, play bridge and chess with elderly cafe habitués while waiting for their contacts to show up.



MOULIN ROUGE was high-priced strip-tease joint where State Security officials sometimes took important visitors. To preserve decorum only wine was served at floor tables. Whisky drinkers had to move to nightclub's balcony.

AGENT'S TALE CONTINUED

Sergeievitch Deriabin, local chief of Soviet internal counterintelligence.

The four nervous people were all waiting for the same man—and they would have a long wait. Two hours earlier, Major Deriabin—alias Smirnov, alias Korobov, code name Konstantin—had walked into a U.S. military headquarters in Vienna and asked for political asylum.

The Russian-speaking officer who interviewed Deriabin was as staggered by what he heard as were Deriabin's Soviet associates when they learned of his escape. For Deriabin was no ordinary defector. In crossing the border between the Communist and free worlds he had cut short a career which was taking him straight to the top of Soviet Communism's New Class leadership. Since childhood he had been a member of the Communist Party or its affiliated organizations, and he had risen to an important position in the Party. He was a four-times-wounded veteran of Stalingrad, a wartime graduate of the Soviet army counterintelligence school, a graduate of the Institute of Marxism-Leninism which trains high-level Party propagandists—and a survivor of 15 years of uninterrupted Soviet security checks.

But what made Deriabin's defection all but incredible was the fact that for the last 10 years he had been an officer of the dreaded Soviet State Security apparatus (now called the K.G.B. and formerly known as the M.G.B., N.K.V.D. and O.G.P.U.). Deriabin had spent the first five years of this period in the Okhrana, or Kremlin Guard Directorate, the Moscow organization charged with the protection—and sometimes the surveillance—of the nation's leaders. The role of an Okhrana officer is so sensitive that no former member of the organization is supposed to be given an assignment outside the borders of the U.S.S.R. But after his Okhrana service, Deriabin worked in the foreign intelligence section in Moscow, then got assigned to Austria during a period of bureaucratic confusion. At the time of his defection he was stationed at the Soviet embassy in Vienna. There his job, ironically, was to spy on his own people to make sure they did not leak information or defect to the West.

After 10 years in the State Security, Peter Deriabin looked back on his career and decided to defect himself. Within the Soviet world he held a position of rank and esteem. But to achieve it he had been forced to lie, cheat and plunder, and he found the thought of the future intolerable. So one day he walked out of the embassy and never returned. As far as is known, he is the only Okhrana member to escape from Soviet control.

For the last five years Peter Deriabin, now 38, has been living under cover in the U.S. He hopes soon to receive his citizenship. As co-author of this article, he has chosen to refer to himself in the third person. Now living a new life under a new name, he feels no personal relationship whatsoever to the man who once worked for the good of the Soviet Union. Some of the information Deriabin brought to the West must remain classified, but what can be told comprises an unparalleled picture of Soviet intelligence operations, seen through the eyes of a man who played an important role in them.

Deriabin's story appears in *LIFE* in two instalments. This week's article describes his work with foreign intelligence in Moscow—the cynical formulation of policy, the engineering of the famous Linse kidnaping, the ruthless recruiting of agents to penetrate the West—and his counterintelligence work in Vienna, where his host of secret agents investigated not only prominent Soviet officials but even one another. Next week's article will describe Deriabin's experiences guarding the Kremlin leaders and his remarkable life as a member of the New Class. Altogether, U.S. experts consider Deriabin's revelations the most thorough single report on Soviet intelligence that the West has ever obtained.

The depredations of Soviet spies

THE foreign intelligence section of the Soviet State Security consists of a well-trained corps of some 3,000 operational officers in the Moscow headquarters and another 15,000 officers and civilian agents in the field. Almost no country in the world has escaped the depredations of this agency or its sister service, Soviet military intelligence. The U.S. and Britain in particular have reason to respect the Russian spy setup. There is little question that Soviet agents played a major role in robbing the West of its nuclear superiority. "If it weren't for our work in the U.S. and Canada," Deriabin heard the deputy chief of the State Security say in 1952, "the Soviet Union would still not have the atomic bomb."

When Deriabin joined the State Security's foreign intelligence early in 1952, its unpretentious headquarters was the old Cominform hotel building on Tekstilchikov Street in Moscow. Its various departments consisted of low-ceilinged offices packed with filing cabinets and numerous safes. Deriabin's department was the Austro-German branch. With almost 80 officers, it ranked next to the American branch in size and importance—an interesting indication of how obsessed Russia is with German problems. Deriabin quickly learned that the intelligence arm is one of the few agencies in the U.S.S.R. with direct access to the tiny group of men in the Central Committee's Politburo who rule the Soviet Union. One of the first questions he was asked (and it was clear that his

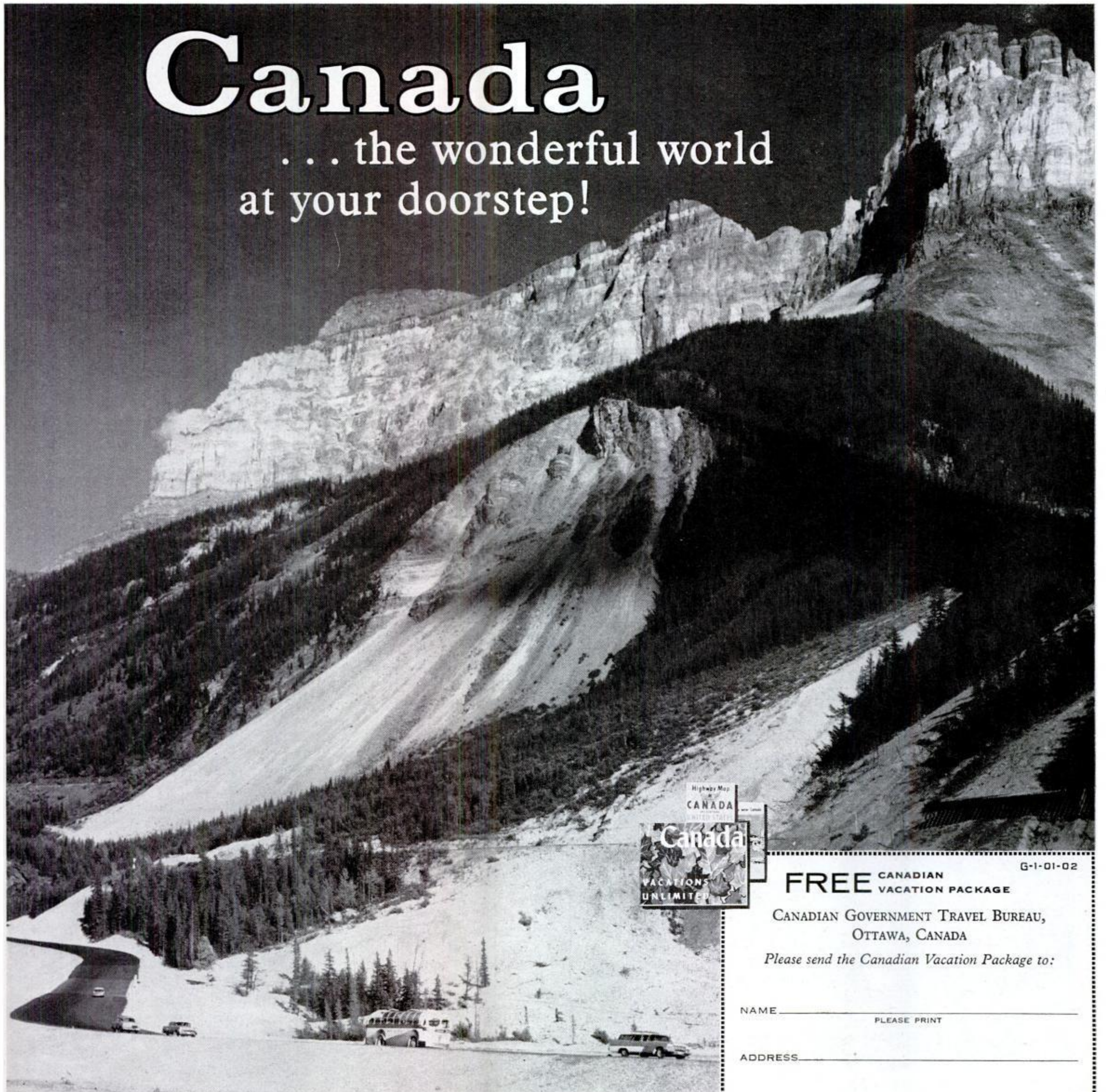
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PRELATE, Orthodox Metropolitan Nikolai is agent in secret police.



AMBASSADOR Panyushkin was State Security official while in U.S.

SOVIET AGENTS IN THE WEST

STATE Security agents are planted in almost all Soviet agencies abroad. Most Soviet consuls and vice consuls are members of the Russian secret police; among other things their job is to prepare dossiers on visa applicants and try to force Russian *émigrés* in their areas to return to the homeland or enlist as spies. Other State Security officers are to be found in Soviet embassies and traveling delegations, where they keep an eye on touring Russians.

Since coming to the U.S. Deriabin has amused himself by spotting former colleagues among visiting Russians. When he saw the Moiseyev dancers perform in New York he spotted his old friend Lieut. Colonel Kudriavtsev sharing in the curtain calls as a member of the production staff. In 1957 a Soviet trade delegation to the U.S. included another State Security acquaintance of Deriabin's, Major Sergei Zagorsky. The major, listed as a "construction engineer," had once worked at the unconstructive job of amassing incriminating evidence for the Moscow dossiers of East German officials. A delegation sent to the U.S. in 1956 by the Russian Orthodox Patriarch of Moscow was headed by Metropolitan Nikolai Dorofeyevich Yarushevich, who is both second-ranking prelate of the Russian Orthodox Church and a State Security agent of long standing whom Deriabin once met in Vienna. During the Brussels Fair Deriabin saw a news picture of a group of visitors at the U.S. exhibit. One of them was a State Security man from his old office in Moscow.

Most Westerners underestimate the brazenness with which the State Security dispatches its agents. While Alexander Panyushkin was ambassador to the U.S. from 1947 to 1952 he was a major general on active duty in the State Security. He later became boss of the foreign intelligence directorate in Moscow.



BRUSSELS FAIR VISITORS examining a U.S. mail order catalogue included man (far right) who took State Security classes with Deriabin in Moscow.

entire future hung on the answer) was: "Can you write a good report for the Central Committee?"

The men working in intelligence were an extraordinarily sophisticated group. Well educated and widely traveled, they included a high percentage of technical specialists and accomplished linguists. (During World War II, for example, one State Security officer, Colonel Alexander Korotkov, had passed himself off as a trusted staff worker at Wehrmacht headquarters in Berlin. Later, as deputy director of Soviet foreign intelligence, he supervised the activities of such agents as the recently exposed Colonel Rudolf Abel and the U.S. double agent Boris Morros.) The foreign intelligence officers were a breezy, cocky crew, heedless of the heavy discipline that is usually found in Moscow governmental offices. They all had military ranks, but they rarely wore uniforms. Instead of greeting their superior with stiff salutes, Deriabin and his colleagues would call out a cheery "Hallo, boss!" in English. Among themselves they habitually referred to him, also in English, as "the Chief."

But the use of English did not denote any softness toward the English-speaking world. There was no nonsense about "peaceful coexistence" in this atmosphere—nor had there ever been. As far back as 1944, when Deriabin attended an Army counterintelligence school in Moscow, he had been startled to discover that U.S. and British intelligence methods were studied as intensively as the techniques of the German enemy. "Remember," the colonel in charge told his class, "your allies today are your enemies tomorrow." In 1952, in the Moscow of the Cold War, there was no question who "the enemy" was. Deriabin and his friends would talk endlessly about the operations of the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency and other foreign intelligence organizations, speaking with the familiarity born of constant bitter rivalry. "Well, Peter," his friend Vasili Romanovich Sitnikov, an expert on the U.S., would say, "old Allen Dulles has fixed us in Austria. But in Berlin . . ."

If these men had few illusions about Communism's Cold War aims, they had equally few about the system's internal flaws. They were too urbane to be fooled by the standard propaganda that poured from the Kremlin. As part of their job, they read the Western press assiduously, and their travels enabled them to make firsthand comparisons between the Soviet and Western systems. As Communist Party secretary for the Austro-German branch, it was Deriabin's job to exhort these worldly intelligence officers with the stock slogans about the glories of Marxism and Leninism. More than once he detected the beginnings of a smile among the members of his sophisticated audience.

But there was no protest from these officials. They knew Communism was not what it claimed to be, but they also knew that they were among its principal beneficiaries. Their elite status was reflected in their high salaries and perquisites: apartments, cars, long vacation trips, handsome summer villas, and many other things far beyond the reach of the average Russian. Deriabin's monthly salary was 4,200 rubles; the average engineer's was 1,500.

The role of Russian intelligence

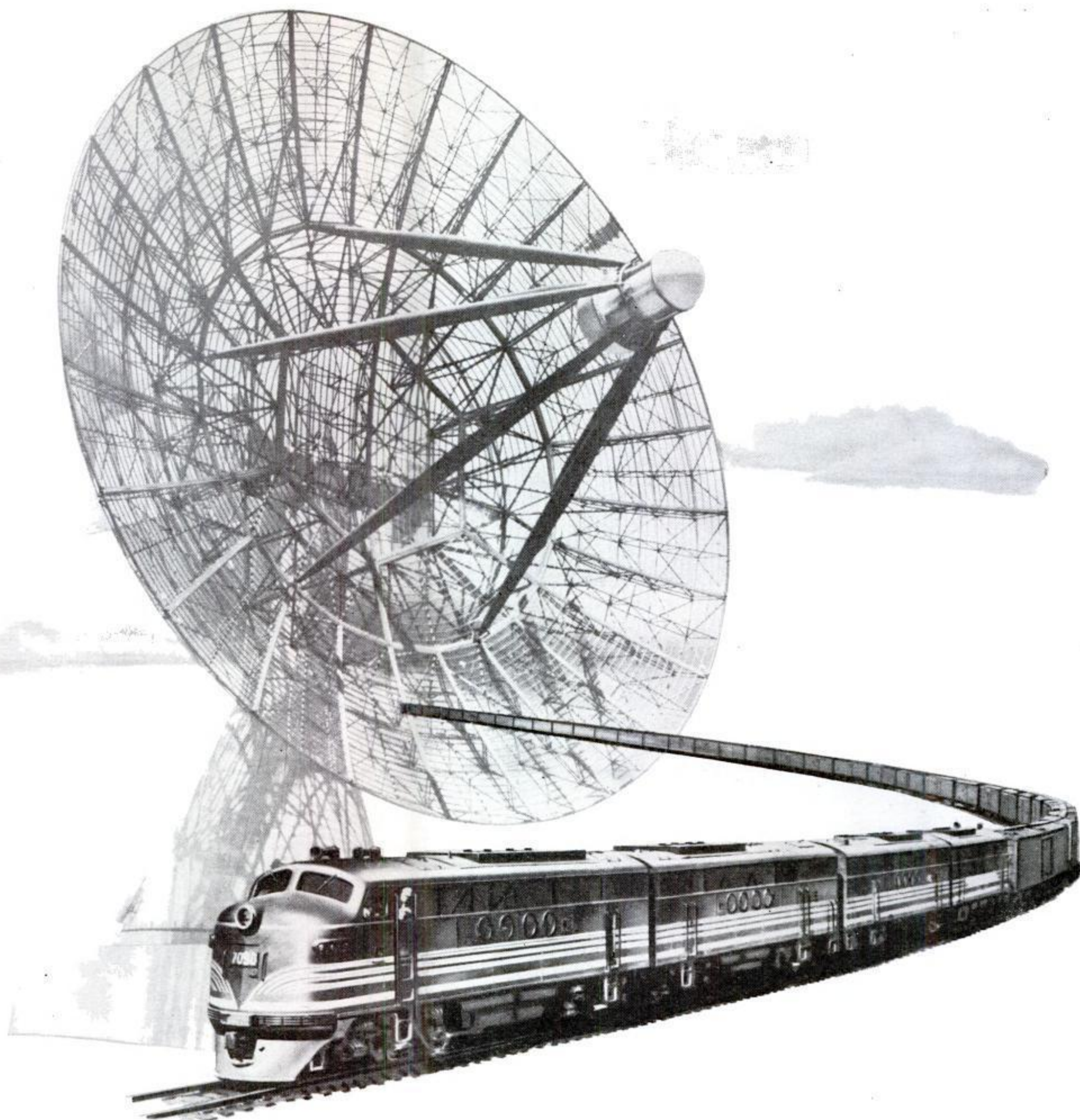
DERIABIN quickly learned that his Austro-German branch, like others in the intelligence setup, had three functions, two of them obvious, one less so. In the course of its routine operation the branch was charged with: 1) seeking out intelligence information about Germany and Austria as well as about all allied military forces on the soil of those two countries and 2) watching Soviet military and diplomatic personnel and officials of the East German government for any signs of contact with Western officials. (It was not until 1953 that the State Security allowed East German officials to move out of their easily watched residential compound near Soviet headquarters in Berlin. Before that, they were in effect prisoners in the area.)

The third and less apparent mission of the Austro-German branch was one not usually associated with intelligence. Unlike Western intelligence organizations, the Soviet State Security makes policy as well as reporting on it. As part of this function, it engages in a wide variety of criminal activities—including assassination, terror and sabotage. Deriabin soon got a taste of this work.

In the summer of 1952 Europe and the U.S. were aroused by the abduction from West Berlin of Dr. Walter Linse, a respected lawyer and vigorous anti-Communist. Early one morning his neighbors had been startled by sounds of a struggle on the sidewalk outside Dr. Linse's home. There was a shout for help, followed by a shot. Passers-by, hurrying toward the scene, saw a man being thrown into the seat of what looked like a West Berlin taxicab. The cab was later seen speeding across the border into East Berlin. One of Dr. Linse's shoes was found on the pavement outside his house.

The Russians reacted indignantly to suggestions that they were involved in the kidnaping. The Soviet high commissioner in Germany appeared astonished when he was questioned about it by the U.S. High Commissioner, John J. McCloy. "You do not think, I hope," he

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ESSENTIAL TO THE NATION'S ECONOMY

A GALLERY OF SOVIET AGENTS



SPY MASTER in Vienna was Colonel E. I. Kovalev.



DEPUTY BOSS of Vienna agents was E. K. Galuzin.



DERIABIN'S SUPERIOR was Vladimir N. Pribytkov.



EXPERT ON U.S. was V. Sitnikov, now in Bonn.



LADY SPY was known to Deriabin as Suchkova.



AT SOCCER MATCH in Vienna, virtually entire intelligence contingent from embassy turned out to cheer official State Security team from Moscow, the Dynamos. They got choice seats. Those identified by Deriabin are: 1) Lieut. Colonel Anatoli Vlasov, a repatriation official; 2) Lieut. Valya Gavrilova, interpreter; 3) Colonel Mikhail Zhukov, who was engaged in Yugoslav intelligence in

Austria; 4) Mrs. Vladimir Korneyev; 5) Colonel Vladimir Korneyev, Austrian operations chief and second secretary of embassy; 6) Lieut. Colonel Ivan Guskov of the Soviet emigration section; 7) Lieut. Colonel Mikhail Gorchakov, an expert on U.S. affairs; 8) Major Aleksey Samozhenkov, in charge of French intelligence in Austria; 9) Colonel S. N. Zelenov, Austrian intelligence, now in

Bonn; 10) Major B. A. Solovov, Austrian intelligence, expelled from Italy last year for spying; 11) Mrs. Evgeny Galuzin; 12) Colonel Evgeny Galuzin, the deputy chief of State Security in Vienna; 13) Major Vitali Nikolayev, who worked with Deriabin in section concerned with security of Soviet colony in Austria. All State Security people held additional "cover" jobs in Soviet embassy.

AGENT'S TALE CONTINUED

said, "that the Soviet Union would have any complicity in this plot!"

The Soviet Union, of course, engineered the whole thing, with Deriabin's boss, Colonel Kovalev, supervising from Moscow. Here is the full story of the Linse kidnaping, made public for the first time.

In early 1952 Soviet intelligence found out that an anti-Communist German group, the Investigating Committee of Free Jurists, planned to run an international congress of lawyers in Berlin that August. The Soviet regime in East Germany had suffered much from the Free Jurists' activities. Through its own operatives, the Committee was sometimes able to learn when a man was being tried on faked charges in East Germany. Often the anti-Red organization was able to penetrate the operations of the East German courts and free those unjustly accused. The U.S.S.R. had become more and more irritated by this harassment, and the prospect of a world congress in Berlin, focusing attention on the criminal activities of the East German satellite, was the last straw.

Deriabin drew up a report outlining the activities of the Jurists. On the basis of the report the Soviet director of foreign intelligence ordered that the forthcoming congress be wrecked, preferably by taking action against its organizers. An order for the kidnaping of the Jurists' president was drafted by Deriabin, approved by his superiors and sent to State Security headquarters in East Berlin for action. (Like all such top-secret directives, the order was handwritten. Only Deriabin and three of his superiors saw it.) Then, just as the Soviet agents were about to move, the president suddenly left on an unannounced trip to Sweden, leaving his deputy Dr. Linse as acting head of the organization. The Soviet general commanding intelligence in East Berlin thereupon requested—and received, through Deriabin—permission to kidnap Linse instead.

On the night of July 7, East German agents of the State Security stopped a West Berlin cab driver in East Berlin, held him overnight on charges of black market activity, and transferred his cab's license plates to the kidnaper's car. Early the next morning three East German musclemen parked in the kidnap car near Linse's house. When he came out on his way to work, one of them asked him for a light. While he was fumbling for a match, another pinioned his arms and tried to throw him into the car. Linse struggled furiously, breaking free once and continuing the fight after he had been forced into the car. When he managed to get one foot outside the door, one of the agents calmly shot him in the leg. Then the car raced across the border to East Berlin.

Linse was immediately interrogated by the Russians. Wounded and

terrified, he was no match for them. His arrest was swiftly followed by a methodical hunt for agents and sympathizers of the organization throughout East Germany.

As the U.S. fired off protests to the Russians, the State Security received a plaintive interoffice communication from the Soviet Foreign Ministry: "With regard to the disappearance of Dr. Linse, we would like to know how we should reply or react." After checking with his superiors, Deriabin sent back a rather thin guidance reply: "We know nothing about this matter."

That was only for the record. At a higher level more guidance was needed. The deputy head of foreign intelligence telephoned the deputy foreign minister and said: "I think that it would be best to answer in this way regarding the Linse affair. Although they found his shoe in the West sector, this proves nothing. There is no other evidence. As for the car, it had a West Berlin license plate. So the whole business must have been instigated by people inside West Berlin." Subsequently, the Soviet high commissioner in Berlin disclaimed any knowledge of the Linse kidnaping, in notes to the West that said almost exactly what the State Security had ordered.

Deriabin meanwhile had written a report on the Linse operation for Georgi Malenkov, then deputy premier, and other Politburo members. He stated that the Free Jurists had been found engaged in "anti-Soviet" espionage under U.S. guidance, and that as a countermeasure one of the organization's leaders had been led to East Berlin and arrested. The words "kidnaping" or "abduction" were scrupulously avoided.

As for Dr. Linse, he was sent to a Soviet prison. Deriabin does not know where.

Recruiting Soviet agents

FINDING agents to undertake such dirty work as the Linse kidnaping was no problem. While Deriabin was in Moscow, the Soviet Union had hundreds of agents in both Germany and Austria. Recruiting such agents was an important part of Deriabin's Moscow job. Behind his desk was an imposing array of filing cabinets, many of them filled with derogatory information about foreigners who might someday be blackmailed into becoming agents for the U.S.S.R.

Many of the best Soviet agents in Germany and Austria were recruited from among prisoners of war after World War II. A special team of State Security officers combed every prison camp in the Soviet Union looking for prisoners in four broad categories: 1) men who

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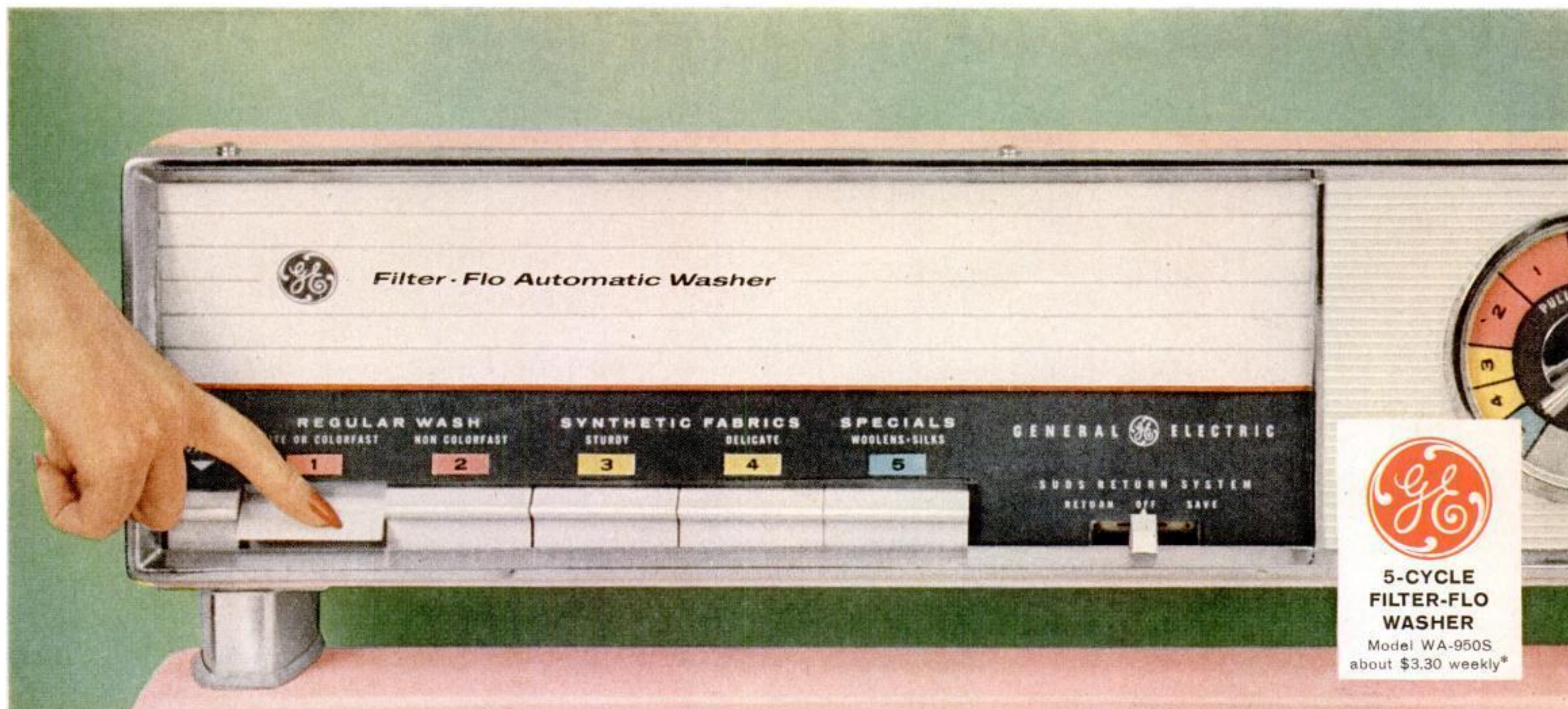
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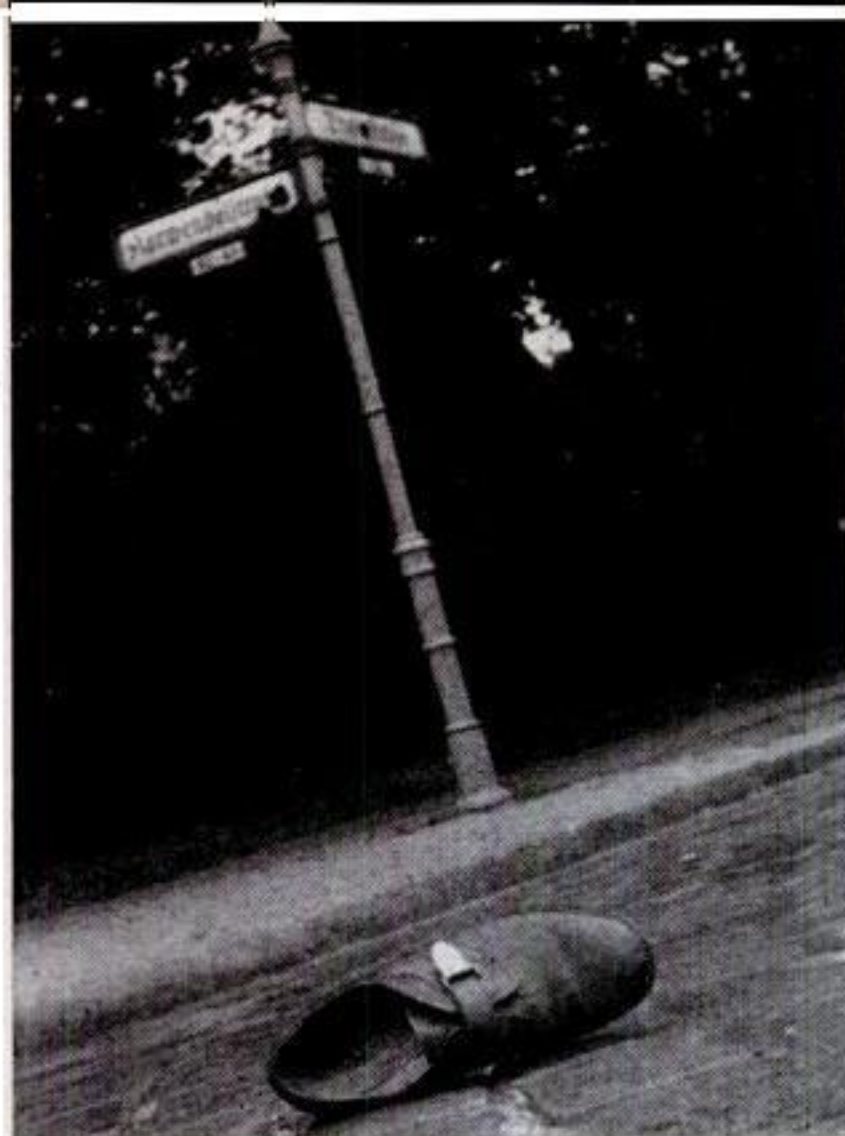
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KIDNAP VICTIM Walter Linse, well-known anti-Communist, was abducted from West Berlin in 1952 on Soviet orders. Only trace found of him was shoe (left) lying on sidewalk near his house.

AGENT'S TALE CONTINUED

had informed against their fellow prisoners while in camp, 2) men with such good connections back home that they would be particularly valuable as spies, 3) long-term prisoners who would be likely to agree to almost anything to obtain their release, 4) members of Nazi intelligence or counterintelligence groups, well-trained operatives who presumably would work for anybody.

When a good agent possibility offered itself, the State Security spared no efforts to enroll him. A colleague of Deriabin's, Major Georgi Litovkin, spent six months tracking down a prisoner named Schmidt, a wartime German intelligence officer who was fluent in Russian and Polish. When Schmidt agreed to work for the Soviet Union, he was brought back to Moscow for instruction in Soviet intelligence techniques. There he was given a large room at the Balchug Hotel, all the money he needed, and the free run of the city—subject only to some unobtrusive surveillance. He had the pick of the State Security's own corps of party girls—a few dozen attractive working girls who had been so compromised politically (e.g., by being seen with foreigners) that they were grateful for a chance to have their moral compromises accompanied by a generous retainer. Ultimately Schmidt, now a full-fledged agent of the U.S.S.R., was quietly released with a group of legitimate German PWs returning to West Germany.

Even when the Russians had absolutely no intention of releasing a prisoner, they often tried to use a fake promise of his release to enlist one of his relatives. Soviet agents arranged a meeting in Germany with the wife of Colonel Hans Pieckenbrock, assistant head of the German Military Intelligence in World War II, and said he would be freed if she would help them. They showed her a forged letter, ostensibly in the colonel's handwriting, urging her to agree to this arrangement. The woman went to West German Intelligence and revealed the whole Russian plan. Thereafter West German agents kept her under watch during all her meetings with the Russians.

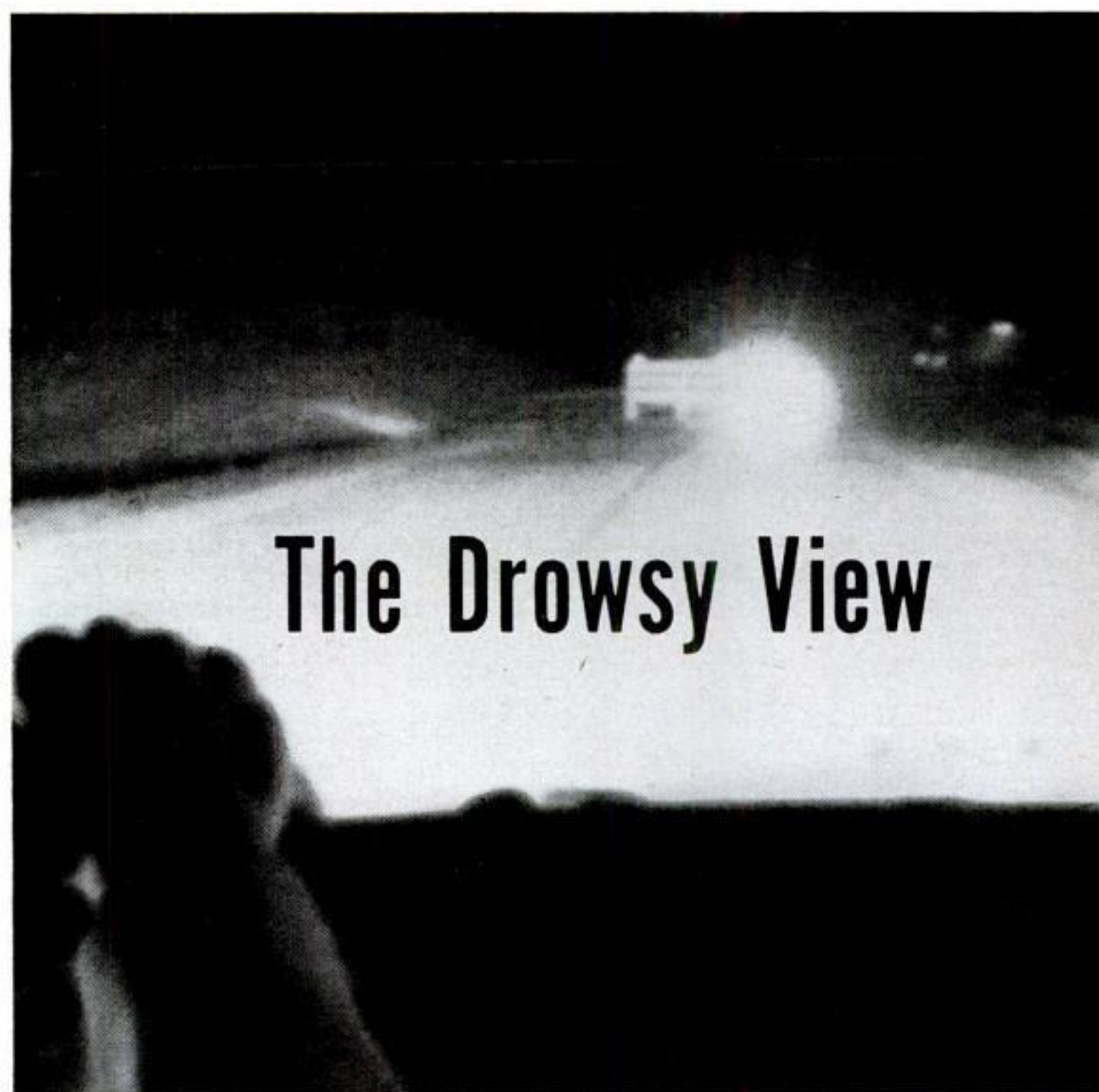
This would seem like a notable intelligence victory for the West, except for one detail: through Soviet agents inside West German intelligence, the entire surveillance procedure was reported to Moscow the moment it was arranged.

The outcome of the Pieckenbrock incident offers a curious example of what might be called counter-counterintelligence. It illustrates a major purpose of the Soviet espionage system: to get inside the West's espionage setup and make it useless. To accomplish this the Russians are prepared to go to fantastic lengths.

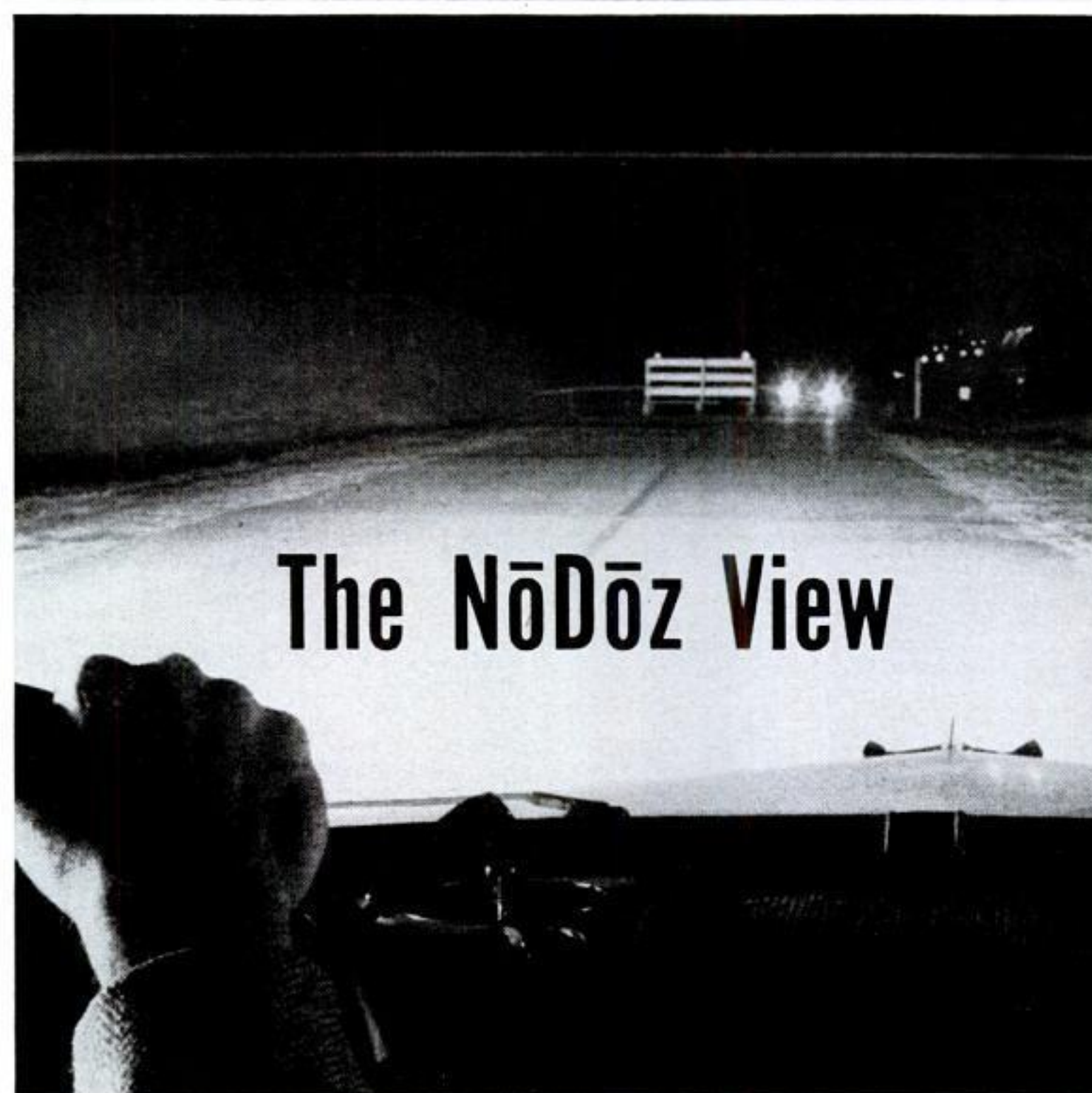
In 1952 they decided to find out how the U.S. "introduced its agents into Siberia," a matter which had sorely troubled them for some time. (Actually, it is doubtful whether any U.S. agents were there.) To achieve this, they decided to infiltrate one of their own agents into the U.S. intelligence setup. They picked a veteran informer with the code name John who lived in Vladivostok and was an expert on Siberia. Deriabin became involved because it was decided, improbably, to work John into the U.S. intelligence system through Germany. That way, figured the Soviet officials in a tortuous variety of Communist triplethink, the U.S. would never guess that John's ultimate secret destination was Siberia. To explain his absence from Vladivostok, John told his neighbors he was being transferred to a job with a special supply mission in the Arctic Sea. Then he headed for Moscow, where Deriabin met him, installed him comfortably in a hotel room and began an intensive two-month briefing period.

From Moscow, John went to Rostock in East Germany for a stay of nine months, long enough to establish a new identity as a purchasing agent of the Soviet fishing monopoly there. In Rostock he was to act the part of an inefficient official, lazy, overtalkative, fond of drink

CONTINUED



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AGENT'S TALE CONTINUED

and women. At last (according to the plan) he would be recalled to Moscow for disciplining—but instead would “flee” to the western sector of Germany. Once he got there he was to describe himself to U.S. officials not as a Siberian but as a Ukrainian. This, the Soviet officials deviously reasoned, would enable him to ask for U.S. intelligence duty in Siberia—because the Ukraine obviously would be a hot spot for him and Siberia is about as far from the Ukraine as a man can get and still be inside Russia.

After all this elaborate scheming John was picked up by U.S. officials shortly after he reached the West, and the whole structure of the Soviet plan was exposed.

That did not keep the State Security from trying similar plans again. A few years ago newspapers in the U.S. and Europe carried accounts of the flight to freedom of a former slave laborer who had endured months of privation making his way to the West from a camp in Siberia. This man, whose identity is being kept secret by Western officials, was a fake and was eventually taken into custody. Actually he *had* escaped from the labor camp guards, but with the connivance of the State Security, in accordance with a plan Deriabin's office had been working on for years. On his “flight” through the Soviet Union and its satellites, intelligence officers met him at convenient points to give him food, clothes and directions to the next point of contact. When Deriabin heard of this man's flight to the West he was incredulous. In Moscow he had argued that no sane person would ever believe the man's “escape” story.

Even more closely guarded than the schemes for planting agents were the preparations for sending outright “illegals” into foreign countries. An “illegal,” in Soviet intelligence lingo, is a State Security agent who works inside a foreign country without any sort of diplomatic protection—in other words, a professional spy. An illegal's identity and his communications with Moscow are matters of the highest security, usually entrusted to a single officer in headquarters. One such illegal was Colonel Abel, the convicted Soviet spy who was caught in Manhattan two years ago. Although Abel was unquestionably doing active espionage, some illegals are sent into foreign countries with orders to stay inactive, sometimes for years, until Moscow notifies them to start working. Meanwhile they develop cover occupations and try to merge with the life of the local population.

One of Deriabin's last jobs while he was in Moscow was to supervise the training of two such “cold storage” agents, as they are called, as part of a project which offers an astonishing insight into Soviet planning. The two illegals were expert conversationalists in German and English. They were ordered to East Germany, where they were to pose as an Austrian and his English wife. They were to set up a business and then wait for further orders—which would be forthcoming only if East Germany passed out of Soviet control! In that event they would immediately go into action as operating spies.

A welcome chance to transfer

ASSIGNMENTS in Western Europe were viewed as plums by officers in State Security. (One of Deriabin's friends made enough money selling bedspreads he had bought in Rome to be able to build his family a small villa outside Moscow.) In 1953 when Deriabin was given a chance to leave Moscow headquarters and go to Vienna, he jumped at it. As a former Okhrana officer, he should never have been transferred outside the country, but his superior officer in Moscow, Colonel Kovalev, who was himself being transferred to Vienna, managed to get Deriabin assigned with him in the confusion of the post-Stalin days. There was a little back-scratching involved too. Deriabin, as Communist secretary for the Austro-German section, repaid Kovalev by giving him a glowing recommendation in the Party records.

In Vienna it was Deriabin's chief job to watch not Austrians or Americans or other foreigners, but Russians. It was his duty to investigate any suspicion of disloyalty on the part of any Soviet citizen in Vienna, from the ambassador down. One adverse report from Deriabin would be enough to send the average Soviet officer packing to Moscow, on his way to anything from a reprimand to a long term in prison as an “enemy of the people.” Even if such a man successfully established his innocence, Deriabin's unfavorable report would prevent his ever again getting a job of importance in the U.S.S.R. Deriabin also was responsible for some direct counterintelligence—seeing what the other side was doing.

Deriabin was one of 71 State Security officers in Vienna. Each had a “cover” job to mask his identity as an intelligence operative—some within the embassy, others as officials of Soviet-run businesses in Austria, or as newspaper correspondents. Major Deriabin was given a high-sounding title to approximate his State Security and Party rank: assistant to the chief administrative officer of the embassy.

Deriabin's office in the Hotel Imperial, the huge baroque building

CONTINUED

A wife's
warmest
welcome
is well
chilled...



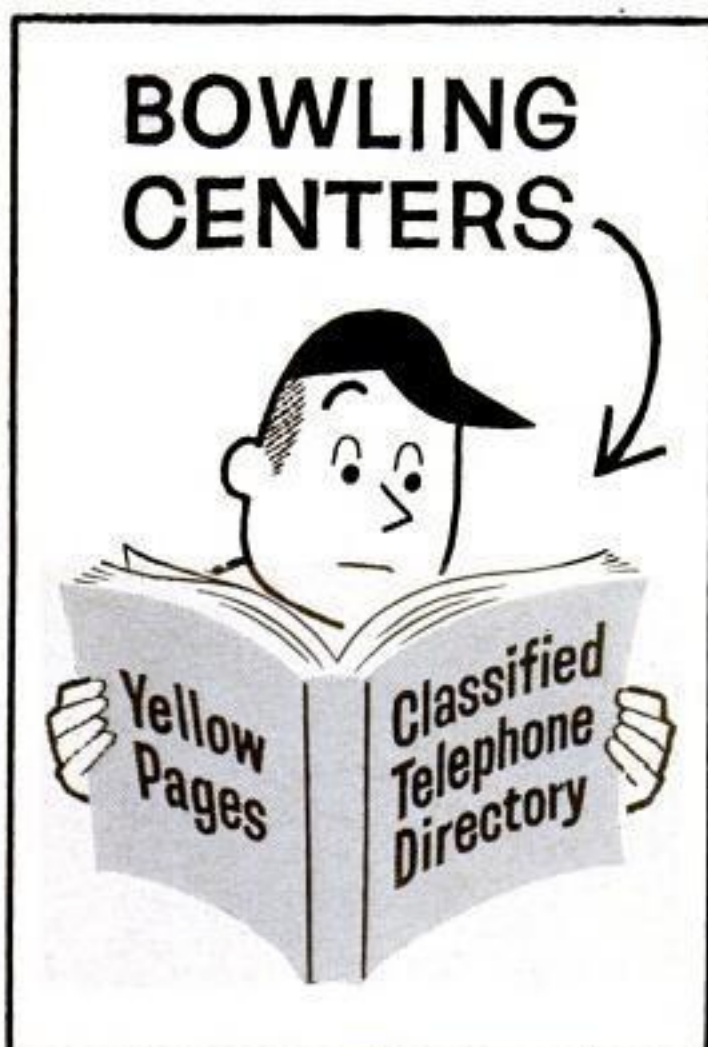
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SOVIET RESIDENCE in Vienna was Grand Hotel, shown with sign proclaiming May Day. As security officer, Deriabin had keys to every room.

AGENT'S TALE CONTINUED

which the Russians used as their administrative headquarters, was a bare gray room with a large Austrian safe in the corner. The safe had only a few documents in it (Soviet embassies store all their important papers in the code room), but it contained a small arsenal of weapons: machine pistols, automatics and carbines. There were four telephones, which were kept unplugged when not in use. Since the telephone exchange was in the international sector of the city, the Russians suspected the Americans of ingenious wire-tapping schemes. One of the phones was on the regular city exchange, another led to the embassy, a third was a special intercom system for the 16 top officers in the embassy, the fourth was a direct wire to Soviet military headquarters in Baden (when using this phone, Deriabin had to give the code word of the week before starting any conversation).

Although Deriabin was not at first identified among embassy personnel as a State Security officer, the word quickly got around. As part of his work he used to listen to the broadcasts of the Voice of America and Radio Free Europe. One day the man next door, the chief of the embassy's finance section, reported him for this anti-Soviet activity. Nothing was done about the report (the officer to whom it was made was one of Deriabin's agents) and the finance officer continued to look angrily at his new floormate. Then suddenly his attitude changed and suspicion gave way to groveling servility. Deriabin knew that one more of his fellow citizens had tumbled to his thin "cover." But though most of the embassy personnel soon realized Deriabin was a State Security official, few were aware that his duties involved their own day-to-day surveillance.

A man of many names

IN his work Deriabin dealt with a number of agents, taking care that each knew him by a different name. By keeping his various identities carefully compartmentalized he was able to prevent his agents from comparing notes about him and his activities. He also had a code name by which he received communications from Moscow—plus his real name, by which he was known in the embassy. Deriabin's agents were planted in key spots. Most embassy officials lived in the Grand Hotel and had to sign in with the duty officer if they came home after the curfew hour of 10 p.m. All duty officers were Deriabin's men. So were the chief of the communications section, the lieutenant in charge of the embassy motor pool and the officer in charge of the embassy garage. Through them Deriabin could keep close track of the movements of any member of the embassy staff. Sometimes this surveillance reached ridiculous lengths. For example, while the agent Feoktistov was watching certain Austrian contacts, another Deriabin operative named Nekrasov was watching Feoktistov.

Deriabin did not hesitate to use his intramural network of agents to straighten out occasional clashes of authority. One occurred with his nominal boss, the embassy's chief administrative officer, Major General Sergei Maslov. Maslov, a bibulous Red Army oldtimer, objected to Deriabin's overriding his own authority and took out his spite by petty harassments: interfering with the work of State Security noncoms, allocating them the worst rooms and making them use the worst cars for their work. After the ambassador had dressed down Maslov once for his interference, without noticeable effect, Deriabin took steps of his own. He asked one of his stellar agents, the chief telephone operator at the Grand Hotel, if Maslov had any girl

CONTINUED

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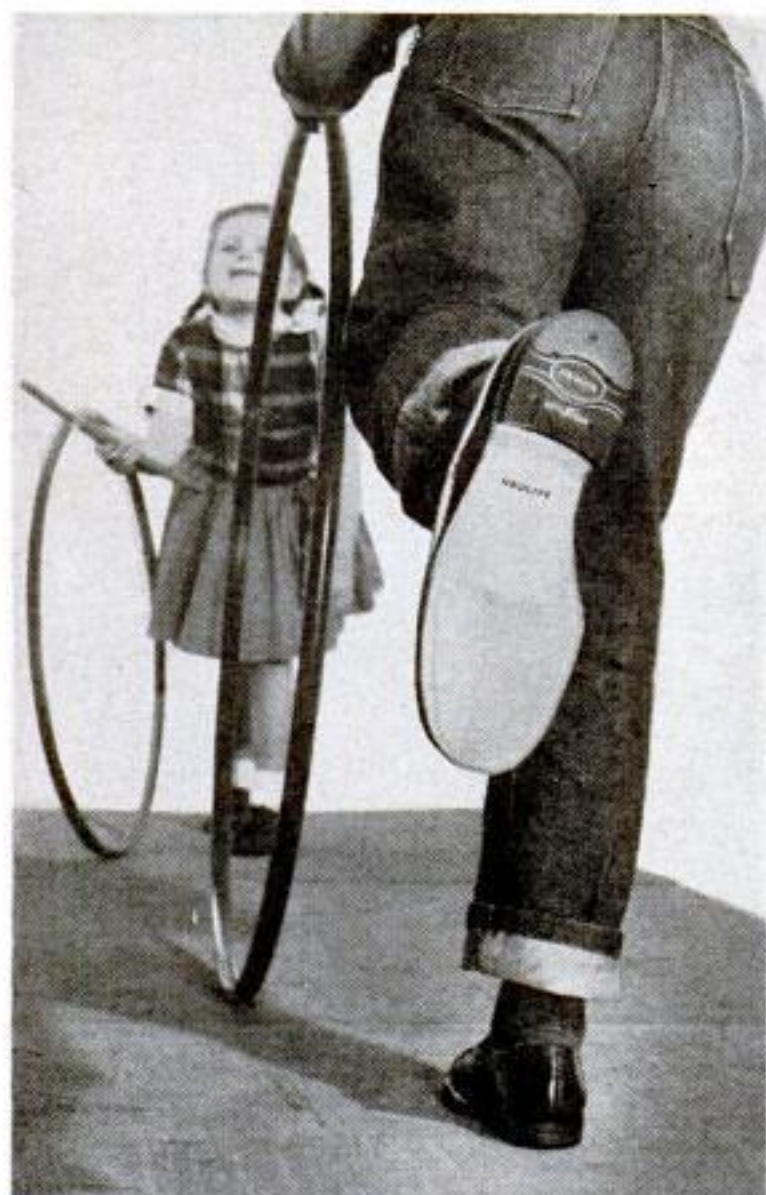
Here's how it works. Use eyes **A** to look for "Sanforized" **B** on shirt **C**. Then you know that your comfort (not pictured) is assured, because the shirt **C** can't possibly shrink out of fit. This kit can be used both by husbands who buy their own shirts and wives who buy their husbands' shirts.

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AGENT'S TALE CONTINUED

friends whom he was in the habit of visiting. The operator knew of one, a personable stenographer named Katrina. Deriabin ordered the operator to notify him the next time the couple made a rendezvous.

So it was that on a certain evening, Major Deriabin hung up his telephone, took a camera out of his closet and marched upstairs to the room where Katrina and Maslov were "visiting." After one loud knock, he opened the door with his passkey. There was a long, embarrassed silence as Katrina and the general scrambled to their feet. "Well, General," said Deriabin at last, "I think we had better talk about this downstairs. Highly irregular procedure . . ."

The very next day the State Security chauffeurs received by direct order of General Maslov the pick of the embassy motor pool: a new Czech Tatra and a highly prized 1949 Buick.

As embassy security officer, Deriabin viewed with suspicion the slightest contact of any Soviet citizen with foreigners. To investigate such cases Deriabin's section recruited amateur informants from among the subject's close personal friends. Sometimes these informants were formally hired as State Security agents; sometimes they were merely questioned. Either way, the informant had to take an oath never to reveal anything he might learn about the work of the State Security in Austria.

It did not take much to get an investigation started, and in this respect high officials and minor employees got equal treatment. During his time in Vienna, Deriabin investigated: a Soviet businessman named Okreshidze, who had been heard to say that it would not be difficult for someone in his position to transfer a million Austrian schillings to a Swiss account and escape to the West; a secretary who suddenly began sending home gifts that she obviously could not afford (she proved to be a shoplifter and wound up being sent home herself); and the chief of the embassy's foreign political section, Andrei Timoschenko, who had long been suspected of an unseemly liking for the West.

Visitors from the U.S.S.R. came in for particularly close scrutiny. Deriabin was ordered to put extra close surveillance on the veteran Soviet literary propagandist, Ilya Ehrenburg, when he stopped in for the Soviet-sponsored World Peace Council in November 1953. Ehrenburg is known for his contacts with the West. "We have a big file on him," said a visiting official, "so keep a good watch."

As the months passed, there began to be something ironical about Deriabin's position as the Russian who watched other Russians. For ultimately the one who most needed watching was Deriabin. He was in some ways a typical product of Soviet society. He had grown up believing that the ideals of Marx and Lenin were destined to produce a Utopia. But when he got close to the Utopia's leadership, he began to experience deep disillusionment. He now knew that the secret police apparatus, functioning on a mixture of fear, suspicion and force, was the Soviet regime's principal source of power.

In Vienna the contrast between the relative freedom and riches of life in the West and the meanness and corruption of his job began to weigh more and more heavily on him. In Moscow, at foreign intelligence headquarters, he had been relatively detached from the viciousness of the system. But since coming to Vienna he had become a part of it—personally participating in the lie that enabled the U.S.S.R. to recruit and hold its agents. For example, one of his agents, a Western European citizen, was married to a Russian officer who had been recalled to the homeland. She would never see him again, but she did not know it. Deriabin, who did, had to keep her working for him with the promise that soon, any day now, she and her husband would be restored to each other. The fact was that her officer had been sent home because he had married her, an outsider.

In October of 1953, at a WFTU "labor" congress in Vienna, Deriabin met a Spanish Communist delegate who had slipped out of his country illegally so that he could attend. "What a great country the Soviet Union is," the Spanish delegate exulted. "I hope in Spain someday we can build a fine socialist country like that." "Ah, yes," said Deriabin, who was at the time having a high Soviet official, a delegate to the congress, shadowed on the Kremlin's orders. "Yes, you must fight to achieve that. It's a great life we have in the Soviet Union." It was daily becoming harder to give the right answers.

On the morning of Feb. 14, 1954, Colonel Kovalev called Deriabin at 5 a.m. and told him to start an immediate investigation of a reported defection. A Soviet official named Anatoli Skachkov had been reported missing by his frightened wife. He had come home drunk



GENERAL MASLOV got in Deriabin's way, was trapped by Deriabin in room with stenographer.

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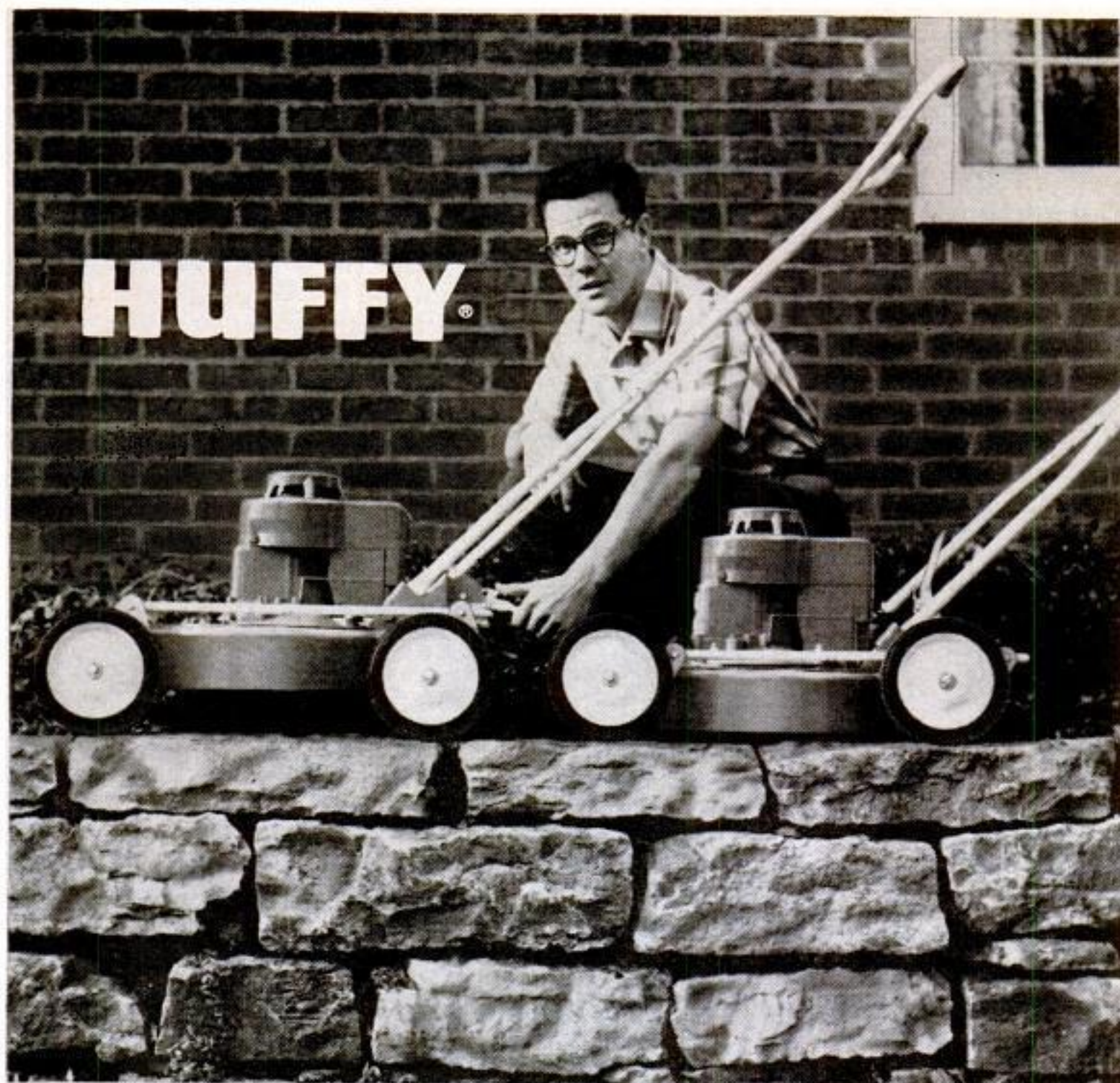
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DERIABIN'S REFUGE when he defected in 1954 was the U.S. military police headquarters in Vienna. Building is now an Austrian army barracks.

AGENT'S TALE CONTINUED

after an evening on the town with a visiting State Security officer and had bluntly told his wife he was leaving to join the Americans. He had packed some clothes and left. Deriabin spent the next 24 hours working on the case. It interested him. Had Skachkov really defected, or had his meeting with the State Security man been the prelude to a rigged defection leading to a counterespionage assignment? If he had defected, where was he now, and how did he feel? What was it like to leave behind the Soviet state and all it stood for?

At 3:30 p.m. on Feb. 15, Deriabin walked out of Skachkov's apartment house, still not much further along in his investigation, and strolled thoughtfully toward the food market at the edge of the French sector. He was slowly reaching a tremendous decision. It was a steel-gray, chilly day. At one of the market's open stalls he stopped and ordered a sausage and a bottle of beer. Then he hailed a taxi and rode to a large department store near the border of the Soviet and U.S. sectors. He stood on the sidewalk and looked up and down the street, trying to get his bearings in the unfamiliar American sector. A streetcleaner was passing by, pushing his long-handled broom along the gutter. "Pardon me," said Deriabin suddenly, "where is the American Kommandatura?"

On Feb. 21, 1954 the United Press carried this dispatch from Vienna: "Soviet authorities asked Austrian police to join the hunt today for two Russian factory officials who vanished after a drunken nightclub spree and may try to escape to the West." The Soviet announcement named Skachkov and Deriabin as the two "factory officials."

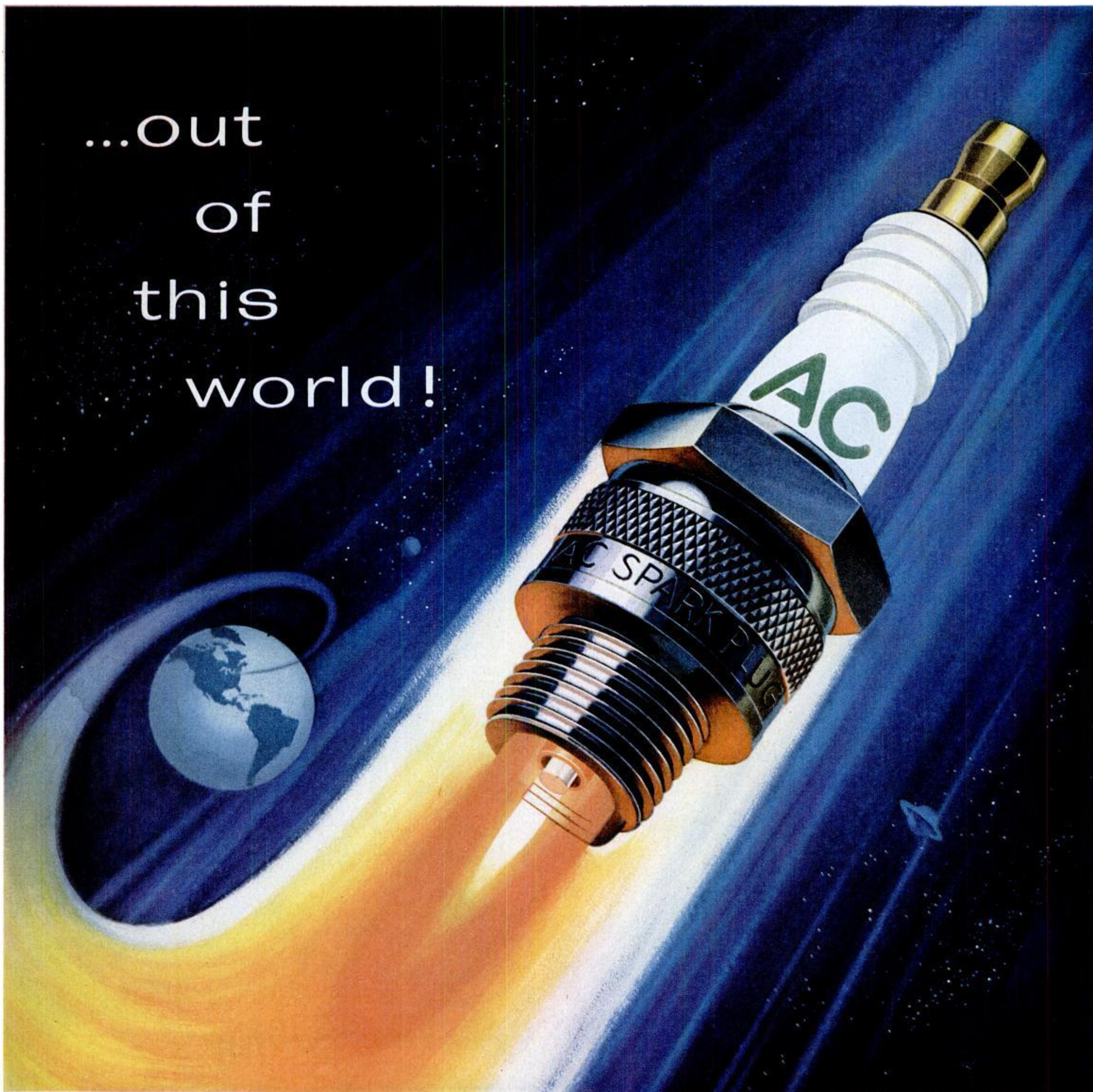
Soviet troops had been ordered into position astride every possible escape route leading from the city. They were too late. Barely 24 hours after his escape, Peter Deriabin was in the U.S. zone of Austria, safe forever. So, for that matter, was his onetime quarry, Anatoli Skachkov.

GUARDING THE KREMLIN


Next week's instalment reports Peter Deriabin's experiences in the Okhrana, the hard-bitten corps that guards Russia's leaders in the Kremlin. It tells of debauches by top officials, of quick death for hapless citizens who crossed the path of the Kremlin cops—and of the time Deriabin stood watch over Dwight Eisenhower with a loaded pistol.

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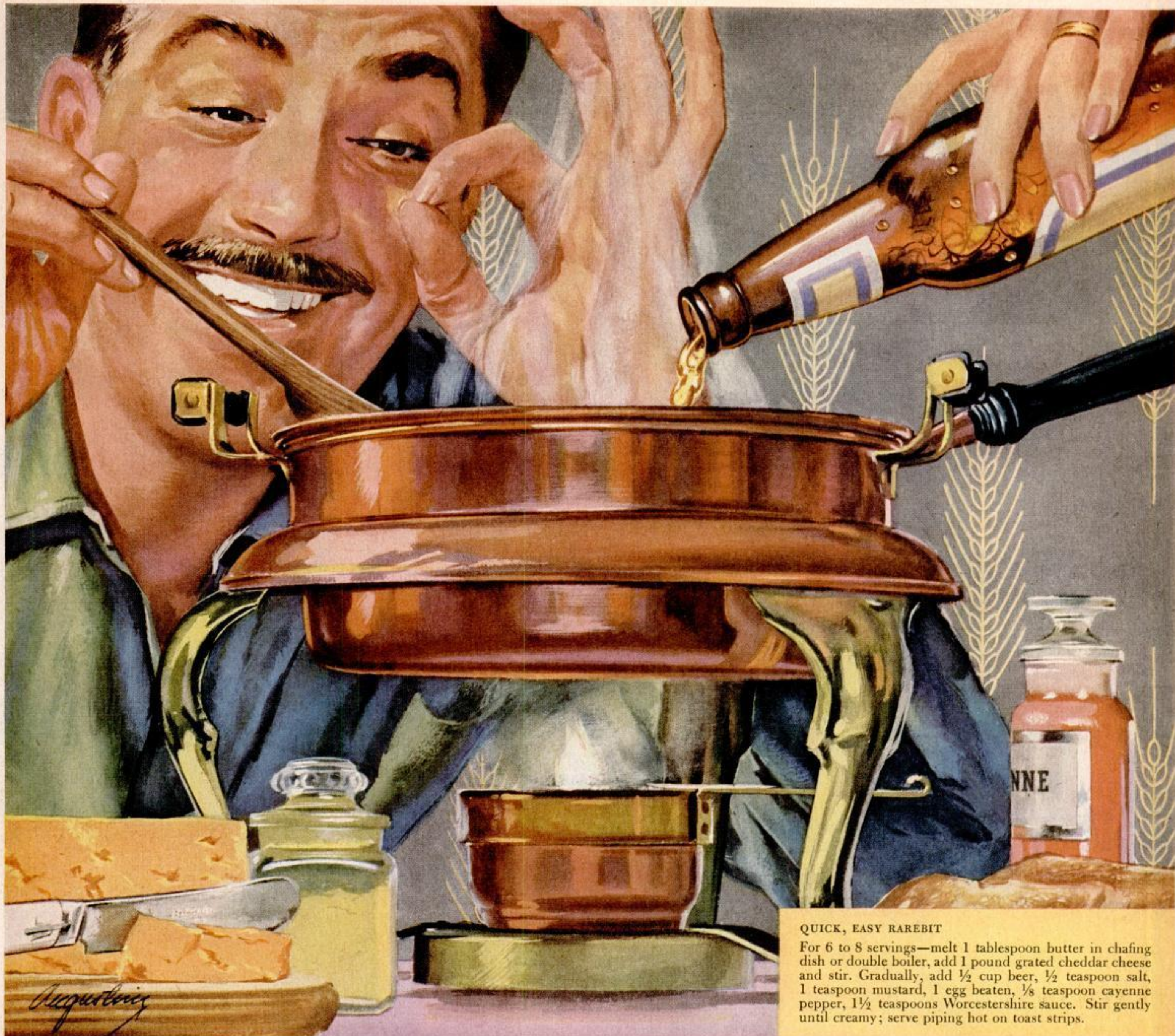
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BLIND DATES GET LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER ON STEPS OF CULVER CHAPEL. HERE SUSAN RONAN OF DEERFIELD, ILL. WALKS OFF WITH CADET RICHARD BLAIR

Blind Date en Masse

One blind date is company, two is a crowd, 120 could be a disaster. That was a chance the cadets at Culver Military Academy in Culver, Ind. took at their annual Infantry Ball. Sixty cadets needed dates so the chaplain invited busloads of girls from private schools and a club. The afternoon of the dance the girls were deposited at the chapel (*above*) and Culver Inn (*right*) where they were assigned dates. By the time the girls got together again to dress and compare notes, one of them was crying out of disappointment and another announced, "I'm in love with my date, I think, but I can't remember his name."

At the dance the switch began. Tall girls with short dates changed to taller boys. Upperclassmen took over attractive girls from underclassmen too lucky for their own good. Almost everybody wound up happy and when the girls departed the following day, some were wearing trophies of conquest—cadet rifle pins.

FIRST MEETING of other busloads of girls and their dates took place in the lobby of Culver Inn

where girls were housed. Here Peg Malott of Converse, Ind. meets date Emilio Castillo of Guatemala.



CONTINUED

Copyright material

BLIND DATE CONTINUED



DATE SWITCH brings together upperclassman Mark Oser and Terry Rooney. He took over while her own date was away getting her refreshments.



COMPARING NOTES the girls talk over their dates in their rooms. One decided to switch because her first date was not interested in dramatics.

AT LEAVE TAKING the day following the dance Larry Stolberg, a battalion staff sergeant with plans for the future, jots down his address for his date.





I'm gonna buy it, Larry!

That he is, Larry. When he saw that ad, he just had to go to see the product.

Of course, it won't be advertising that'll open your friend's pocketbook. When he does buy, it'll be his conviction, his decision. But advertising did open his eyes.

Just as advertising opened your eyes to many of the products you use right now.

And you still wouldn't know about some products unless companies knew advertising worked. This conviction gave them enough assurance of a market. And this assurance

started them making the products in the first place.

Certainly, advertising is the only way you can learn so much about so many products in so little time.

Think of it this way, too. Every time these products turn up in a magazine like this one, they're appearing in court. They have to be right.


Advertising never "sold" you anything. But just maybe, it told you enough to make your life more agreeable in countless ways—smoother, smarter, more comfortable and more fun. Look at the things you use and see.

Another example of how advertising helps everybody. TIME INC., publisher of LIFE, TIME, FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, HOUSE & HOME, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and International Editions of LIFE and TIME.

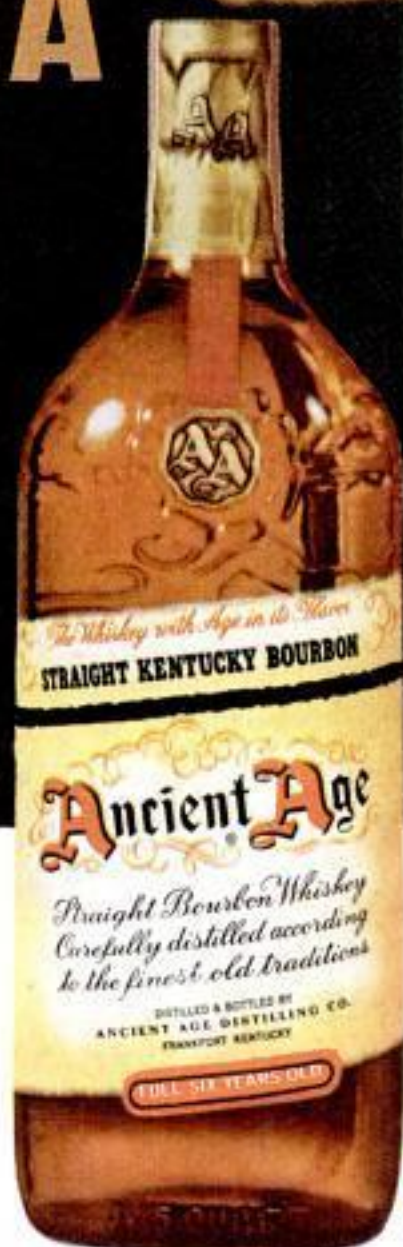
A CLOSE CALL IN A BOOTH

A movie stunt man, Chester Hayes is a specialist on stilts and, wearing them, has teetered on the brink of the Grand Canyon and walked a high wire. But Hayes finds the most trying stunts on stilts are often those acts that are routine when he has his own legs to stand on. During a break in the shooting of Allied Artists' *The Big Circus* he had to make a rush call to his casting office about a job. Like most stilt men, Hayes goes to any length to avoid the 15-minute chore of removing his extra legs. So, balancing carefully, he bent over at a phone booth until he could squeeze in a call.





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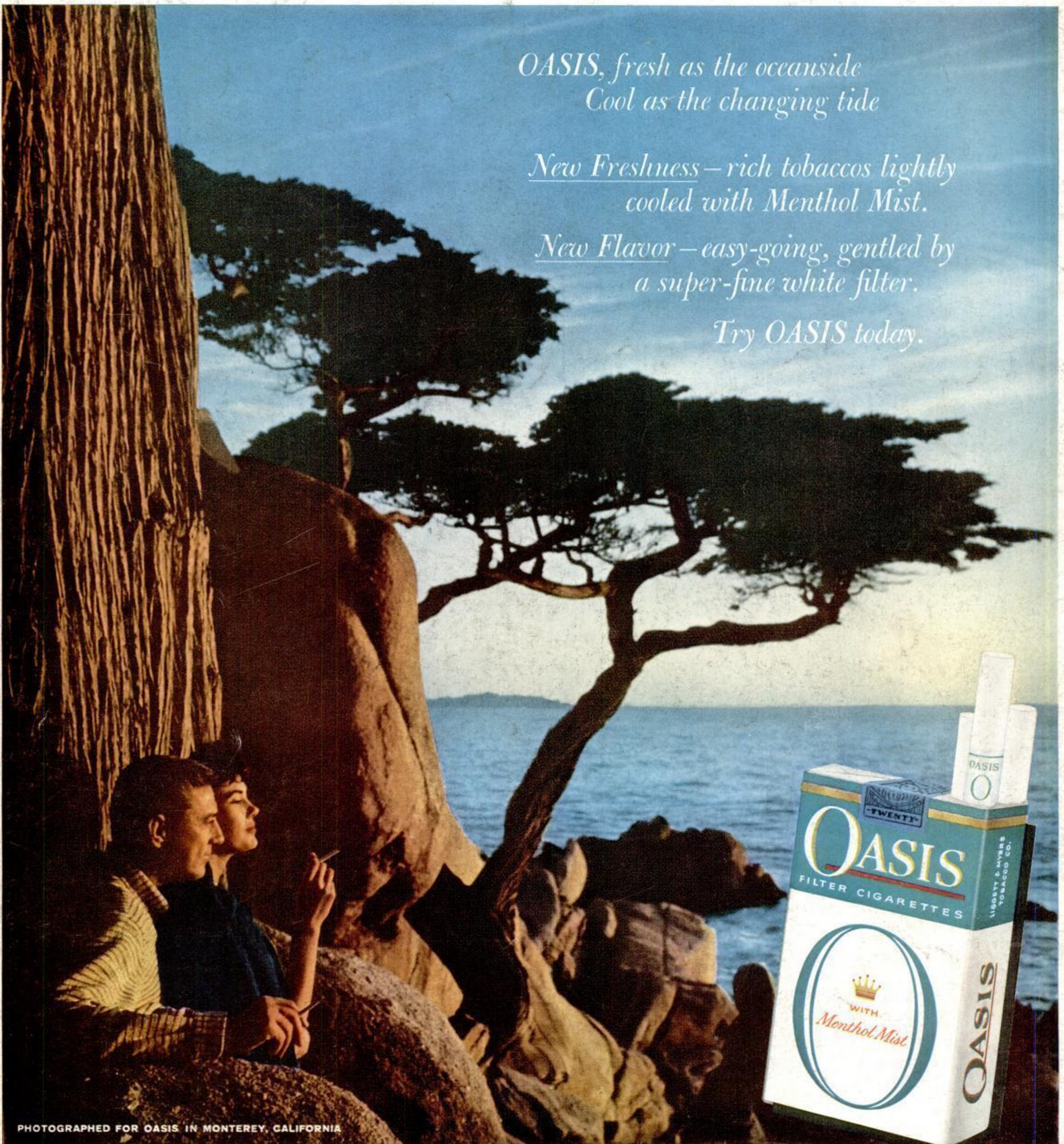
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